THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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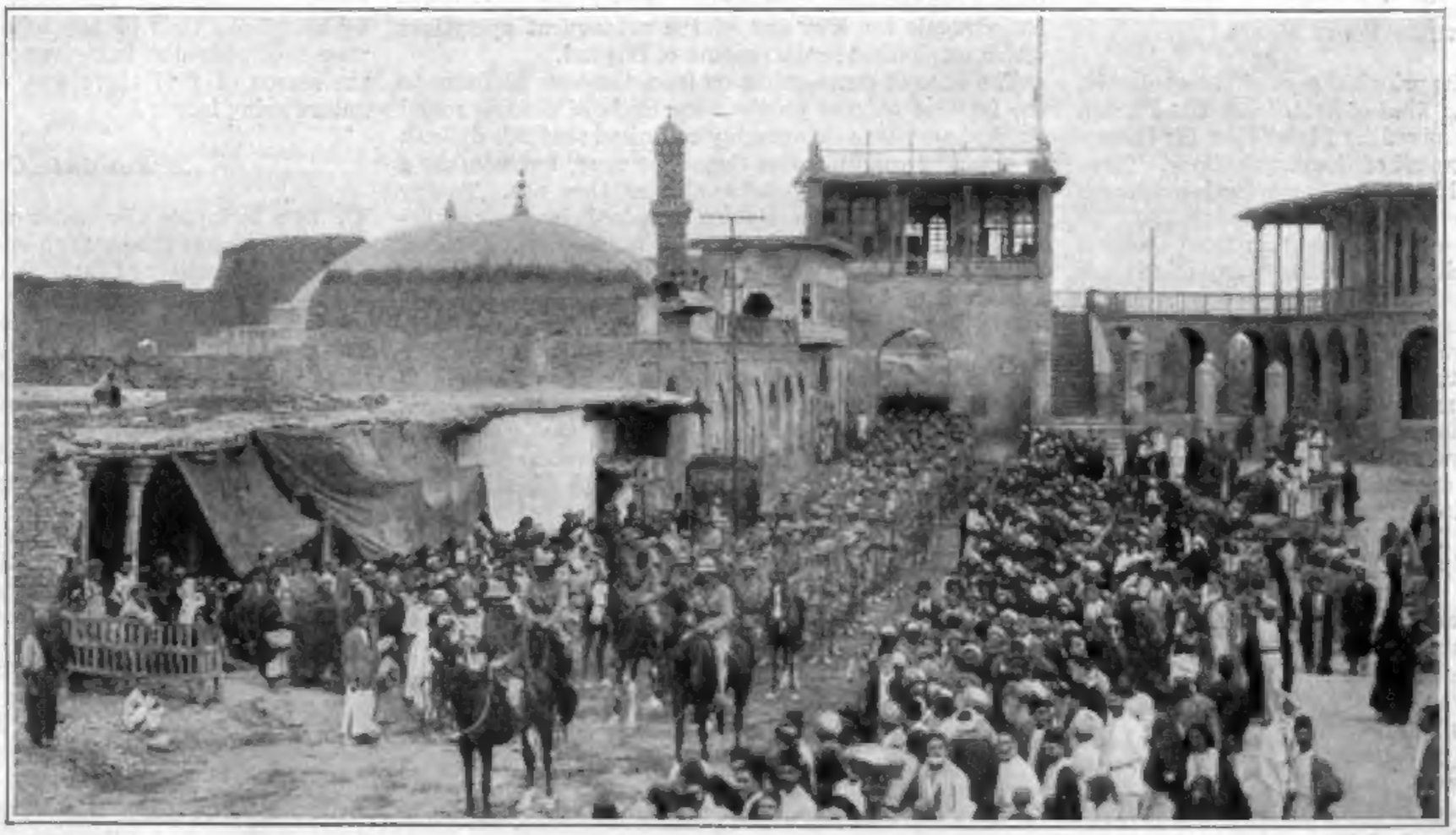
Muffled Drums in Mesopotamia

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

THE realization of my desire to visit Mesopotamia depended entirely on the decision of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Stanley Maude, Commander in Chief of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force; and he had always been rigidly opposed to admitting to the Mesopotamian war zone anyone who did not belong to some service directly connected with his military operations. As for admitting a woman, that he would never do, and he had repeatedly refused even to consider it.

I knew all this when I arrived in India, and I spent a good many anxious hours wondering what I could do to overcome what seemed to me to be his unwarranted prejudice.



Troops Entering the North Gate, Bagdad

It was difficult enough to get to India—India also being closed to visitors—but I managed that, and when I reached Bombay I found I had been commended to the distinguished consideration of His Excellency, the Governor. I was not too precipitate in disclosing my ambitious project; because, to tell the truth, it impressed even me as being slightly unreasonable; but when Lord Willingdon said:

"Now, what specially may we have the pleasure of doing for you?" I answered:

"Well—I want to go to Bagdad!"

He laughed in a way that should have discouraged me utterly, and assured me that half the women in India—wives and mothers of men serving in Mesopotamia—wanted to go to Bagdad.

"But it is impossible!" he said. "General Maude would never consent to it. He wouldn't have a woman within a thousand miles of Bagdad if he could help it."

"We might ask him," I suggested.

And we did. It was an innocent conspiracy of sorts and I have no intention of going into the details of it, but I see no harm in emphasizing the fact that it was thought by everybody to be a quite useless performance. I was the only person connected with it who was in any degree optimistic; but considering the fact that my request went from the Governor of Bombay to the Viceroy of India, and through the Viceroy and the Chief of the General Staff at Simla to General Maude, it seemed to me that my optimism was justified. Thinking how difficult it would be to improve upon such a channel of communication with the great man, I sat down to wait with hopeful patience for his reply.

It should have come at the end of about five days, but four times five days went by without so much as an indication that a message concerning me had ever reached Mesopotamia. All of which I write with the object, principally, of showing how long General Maude occupied in my personal scheme of things a position of first importance. That he should make of me a conspicuous exception to his inalterable rule seemed too much to hope for, but for some reason I had an unwavering faith that eventually he would.

On the twenty-second day of waiting, however, my faith—according to my journal of events—deserted me quite, and I made hasty and rather precise arrangements to accept an invitation I had received to visit the court of the Maharaja of Mysore. This sounded almost sufficiently alluring to relieve in some degree my pangs of disappointment, and I made a determined effort to forget Mesopotamia and all its works.

I went into the big hotel dining room for luncheon that day, and the first person I saw was Gen. Stukely St. John, the Port Commandant of Bombay. I had already made with him all necessary arrangements for the trip up the Persian Gulf in case I should be allowed to go, and in a sense he had shared my expectations and disappointments as the days went by.

I was passing his table with a casual greeting when he rose to his feet, thrust his hand into a pocket of his tunic and drew out a folded paper. He handed it to me with a kind of "we win" smile and the superfluous comment:

"I think this may interest you."

It did. Though at the moment the only thing in it that I was able fully to grasp was the word "permission." It was a decoded message—marked "secret" for some reason—that had come to Lord Willingdon, Governor of Bombay, from the Chief of the General Staff at Simla, the Chief of the General Staff having received it from General Maude through London with the indorsement on it of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Outside the Walls, in a Bleak Burial Ground Far Away From the Homeland, Lies Maude of Bagdad, Who Led the Mesopotamian Force On to Unqualified Victory

When I realized what a gantlet my simple request had had to run I said to myself:

"Well—no wonder it took twenty-two days!"

General St. John told me a cabin would be reserved for me on a troop ship sailing the day after to-morrow at noon, and I spent the intervening forty-eight hours unmaking all other plans I had made and in getting ready for what has proved to be the most extraordinary experience that anyone could possibly have.

And now, since the preposterously impossible has happened, how am I ever going to write about it! The story of the voyage with British troops up the Persian Gulf and other stories about the wonders to behold in Mesopotamia must wait. They have joy in them and jubilation, while the air we breathe in Bagdad to-day is heavy with the reverberations of minute guns and the roll of muffled drums. General Maude is dead.

That it should be given to me to write this; that it should have been given to me to be with him during the last week of his life—seems very strange. The only woman in Bagdad not officially attached to the services of war, I was his guest when he died and stood alone in the midst of his army at his graveside. And through it all I have felt, as I feel now, curiously like an intruder upon the scene of a great historic event with which—if there be an eternal fitness of things— I can have no possible connection.

When Maude Went North

I LANDED at Basra, the principal port of Mesopotamia, fifty-five miles up the Shat-el-Arab from the Persian Gulf, and there I was received by Major Gen. Sir George MacMunn, Inspector General of Communications. Three days later I started with him up the River Tigris in his own boat, a celebrated old stern-wheel craft called the S-1. In the meantime I had received a telegram from General Maude and a letter which served to dispel any misgivings I may have had with regard to the quality of the welcome he might be expected to extend to me. I need not hesitate to say that I stood in awe of him, and that there was very little doubt in my mind that he had consented to my visit in the first place with considerable reluctance. But I was to learn afterward that he never did anything reluctantly. Indecision and halfway measures were impossible to him, and he could never have sanctioned anything in a spirit of compromise. He wrote to me:

"I am afraid you will find things a little bit rough out here, but I have asked General MacMunn to make you as comfortable as possible. You will find him a perfect host and I am sure he will do everything for you that is reasonably possible under existing conditions. He will be able to advise you as to your tour in Mesopotamia, as he knows the ins and outs of things perfectly. So will you just say what you want to see and he will be able to suggest the best way for giving effect to your wishes.

"I shall be very glad to see you whenever it is convenient for you to come, and to put you in the way of seeing what there is to be seen. I hope, too, that you will come and stay with me at Bagdad. You will not, I am sure, expect too much, and all I can say is that we will make you as comfortable as we can. I hope your visit will be one of great interest, for this is indeed a wonderful campaign and, with its peculiarities and difficulties, a much bigger thing than most people imagine."

A much bigger thing than most people imagine! I began to realize that the moment I opened my eyes in the Mesopotamian zone.

"When Maude went north" is a phrase they use out here. It runs like a thread of something different through the usually gray fabric of local conversation about events of former days, and it lifts the hearts of the men who have been through it all; the men—so many of them still here—who went through the first advance; through the ill-advised original attempt upon Bagdad; through the retreat and the long siege of Kut-el-Amara; through the hell and the slaughter of the repeated endeavors to relieve General Townshend's beleaguered army; through the humiliation and heartbreak of defeat and surrender; through the test and the trial and the torture. How different it all became "when Maude went north"!

They carried him out through the old North Gate to-day, and one of his officers, writing afterward in the fullness of his grief, said:

Batteries have told the listening town this day
That through her ancient gate to his last resting place
Maude has gone north.

I would if I could convey an idea of how impossible, how unbelievable this seems to us who are here in the midst of the silence and the sadness. Three days ago General Maude was the strongest living force in this vast section of the world. He was in every man's mind—the army commander; on every man's tongue—the army commander; a figure so potent that to think of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force without his calm intelligence behind it, directing it in its ever-victorious progress, was not possible. He was preëminently the man of Mesopotamia.

On the way up the River Tigris I went ashore at one point after another, following the course of the long-drawn-out struggle for Kut and of the subsequent operations which culminated in the capture of Bagdad.

The lines of communication from the base at Basra to the farthest outpost on the wide circle of defense round Bagdad are now so thoroughly organized that it is difficult to visualize conditions as they once were, but one has a record of the facts—unbelievable as they are. To-day there are more than sixteen hundred boats—paddle-wheelers, stern-wheelers, barges, tugs, hospital ships, launches and steam craft of every description—plying in an almost unbroken double line up and down the River Tigris, but when the first advance was made there were less than a dozen bottoms all told, and none of them of the best. Moreover, the great unruly river is now patrolled, its channel is buoyed and its narrows are under block-signal control, whereas in those days it was a constantly changing puzzle to be solved with varying degrees of success and not infrequent disaster by each man at a boat's wheel on each trip up or down.

Where now there are railways along the banks of both the Tigris and the Euphrates and branch lines spreading fanwise from fully stocked rear bases of supply to advanced bases at points behind the farthest battle lines, there were then no rails at all, and the armies at the Front, depending solely upon the iniquitously inadequate river transport, were living literally from hand to mouth.

Now every town and military station between the gulf and Bagdad is ablaze with electric lights, where before all was in absolute darkness; and whereas now the overland routes for troops and animals and wheeled convoys are marked, protected from floods by bunds along the river banks and broken at intervals by strongly stockaded and defended marching posts, then all was practically an unmapped straightaway into the desert and the treacherous marshes. "When Maude went north" he had his lines of communication well laid for him, and since Maude went north they have been strengthened by tremendous percentages.

General Townshend surrendered at Kut late in April, 1916, and the shattered army that had fought so hard and lost so grievously in repeated attempts to relieve him settled down to endure the tortures of a hot season.

Men do live and work and accomplish things in Mesopotamia between May and October, but the requisites are sun helmets, spine pads, deep dugouts or thick walls, and a larger measure of pure grit than is necessary in any other country on earth that I know of. And in spite of all the precautions that are taken more men are killed each year by heatstroke than by any other natural agency. There were five hundred and nineteen of them in 1917, and during the season of 1917 there was very little of a strenuous nature going forward.

A Resolute Offensive

IT IS a fortunate circumstance for the British that the Turks can stand the heat no better than they—not nearly so well, as a matter of fact; it takes the Anglo-Saxon to win in a long-distance endurance test—and that no organized offensive need ever be anticipated in the hot season. The British Tommies call the months from October to May "the open season for Turks," and if the Turks know anything about game laws they probably have some similar expression on their side.

General Maude took command of the army August 28, 1916; and according to his own report to the War Office he devoted himself up to about mid-December to preliminary preparations for a resolute offensive, the enemy's plan apparently being to hold the British on the defensive in the Tigris River region while they developed a big drive through Persia that would threaten India. It is not my intention to review the campaign that resulted in the capture of Bagdad and the banishment of the Turk from "the Land of the Two Rivers," but I would if I could present some kind of picture of the final tremendous action.

Preliminary arrangements included getting into fighting trim large bodies of troops who had suffered the fiber-destroying effects of a record hot season in addition to the demoralizing effects of defeat; developing resources; perfecting lines of communication; establishing adequate hospital services; and accumulating reserves of supplies and ammunition at both rear and advanced bases. To appreciate the difficulties of all this one has only to take into consideration the fact that practically every pound of the thousands upon thousands of tons of materials requisite to the maintenance of the army comes from overseas.

It was on the night of December 13, 1916, after General Maude had accomplished the concentration of his forces near the enemy positions south of Kut that the big drive began, and until those forces surrounded and passed north of captured Bagdad on March 11, 1917, they were in practically continuous action.

(Continued on Page 41)

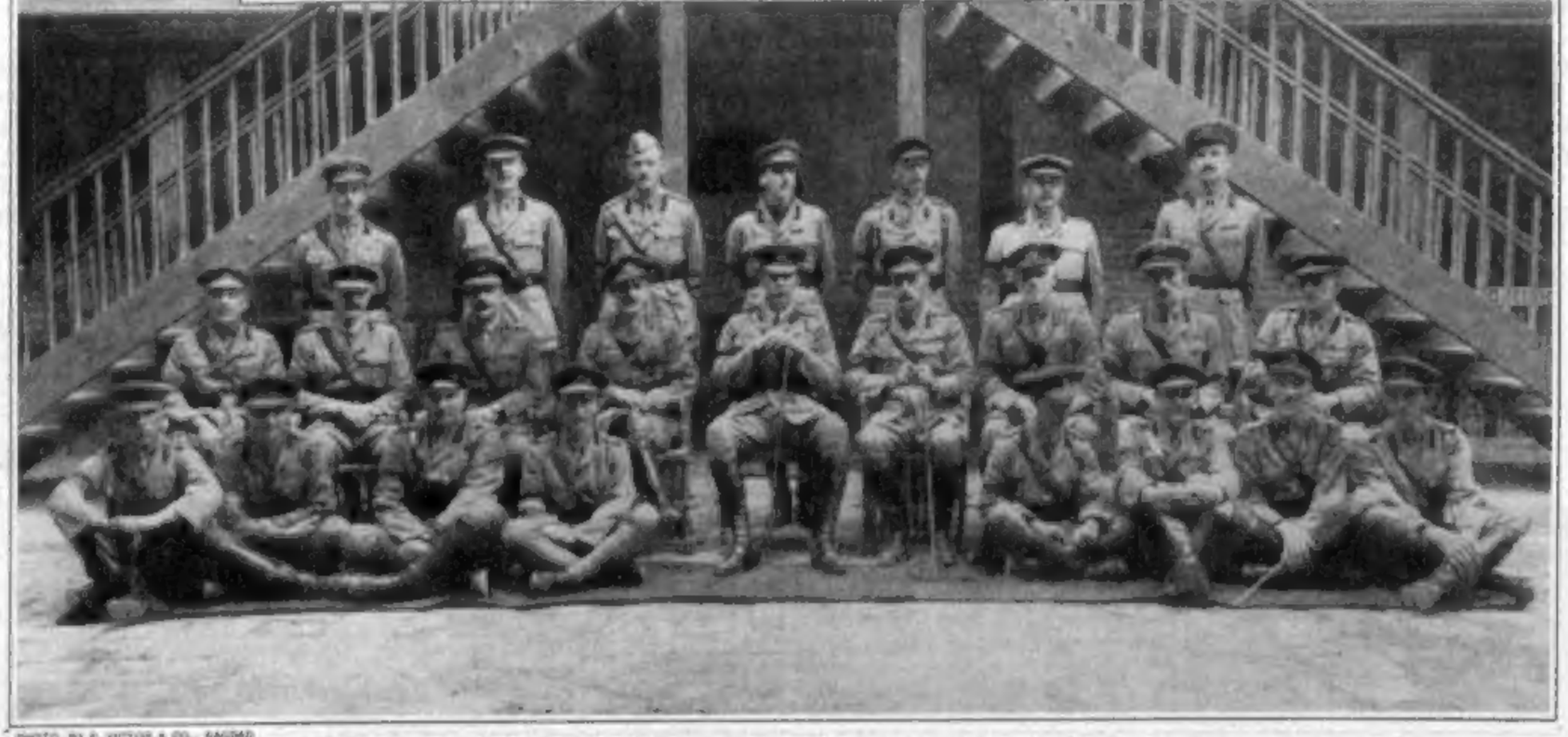


PHOTO. BY P. VICTOR & CO., BAGDAD

Lieutenant General Sir Stanley Maude (Seated in Center) and the Staff of General Headquarters, Bagdad
Above—The British Residency, Now General Headquarters

THE SILVER GREYHOUND

With Much of the Old, Old Nerve Surging Through Him, He Reached Upward and Was Over the Wall

By Henry Leverage

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SWIRLED in the maze of a slow awakening, dropped through an abyss from zenith to nadir, the prisoner came out of his dreams and stared through the bars of his door to the pearl gray of the coming dawn.

C–45—better known in international underworld circles as Chester Fay, alias Edward Letchmere—was serving ten years at hard labor for the crime, committed against the peace and dignity of the country, of opening—by means unguessed by Scotland Yard—a jeweler's strong box in Hatton Gardens; which is, aside from the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," the strictest patrolled district in the entire city of London.

Chester Fay studied this crack o' dawn as it crept over the man-made barricade, through the slotted windows of the cell house, and bathed the harsh walls of the place with the rosy light of pearl changed into ruby and ruby into gold.

And there was something prophetic in the mellow magic of the chromatic changes in the English sky.

A bell sounded at the front of the prison. A key turned in a lock. An iron door clanged. Shuffling feet sounded, like an old woman's in a lane. C–45 lowered the edge of his shoddy blanket, stamped here and there with the broad arrow, and watched where the grated bars of the door formed tiny crosses against the gray of the wall.

The shuffling came nearer. It stopped. A key clicked against another. The shuffling was resumed. A surly beef-and-beer face blotted out the light as Fay raised himself upon his hinged shelf.

"C–45?" inquired the turnkey.

"Yes," breathed Fay.

The turnkey squinted at a paper. He eyed the door number.

"C–45," he said. "Get your clothes on. You're going out."

Had the slate roof of the stony coffin dropped down upon him Fay could not have been more surprised. He twisted his body, touched his toes to the flagging, stood erect with his heart beating like an imprisoned bird within his breast.

The peering face beyond the bars, the tiny red-rimmed eyes, the thick lips of the turnkey, represented British justice carried to the furthermost limit of caution and concern for His Majesty's prisoners. Fay had hated the guard over the five years at Dartmoor as he had hated the gruel served in the morning or the gummy oakum piled in the cell to be picked strand by strand in an unending drudgery.

Now the "screw," so called, had said the sweetest words ever dropped into human ears. Fay never knew how he dressed. It was done. He pressed against the iron bars with his ears straining to catch the sound of the thrown bolt.

The great key turned. The door swung open. He glided out and stood at attention with his hands touching against the seams of his dirt-gray prison trousers.

The guard locked the door, consulted the paper for a second time, glanced at the number upon the stone overhead, then started up the long corridor of the white-flagged cell block. Fay followed, with his head thrown back, his pale, chalked face lighted by sanguine eyes which were fixed upon the iron door to liberty.

This door swung open after a signal was passed between guard and keeper. Fay passed through, waited, breathed silently, compressed his lips, then was pushed along a narrow hallway into an open court, whose one high-barred gate was flanked by two castellated towers.

MacKeenon, of Scotland Yard, stood in the center of this courtyard. At the inspector's feet a kit bag rested. Over the inspector's arm an overcoat was hung. Within the inspector's light-gray eyes was the dry twinkle of recognition.

Fay moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. He advanced foot by foot. He had last seen the inspector upon the witness dais at the September Assizes. It was MacKeenon's testimony concerning a certain finger print that had carried the jury. Such a little trifle!

A hand crept up MacKeenon's chin and covered his mouth. It was like a sly old dog warning another not so sly, not near so old. Fay understood. He turned toward the "screw."

"Follow me," he heard him say.

The way led through a small stone arch into a Bertillon room, then to where a shower plashed upon well-scoured flags. Fay undressed, laved his lean, long-limbed body, mopped his silver-gray hair. It had been brown when he entered the castellated gate, five years before the coming of MacKeenon.

The clothes awaiting him had been brought to Dartmoor in the kit bag. They fitted. They were of price and rich texture. There were also the little things a gentleman carries—a high-grade watch, a neat pearl pin, cuff links, a cigarette case.

Fay took these with that abstract air of one born lucky. He did not understand the meaning of it all. Discharged men—those who had paid and repented, perhaps—were fitted with H. M. P. garments made of shoddy, by piecework prisoners, whose hearts were elsewhere.

"Hall ready, sir?" asked the turnkey with new civility.

Fay drew down the plaid cap that matched so well the suit of tweeds, bowed his head, then followed the cicerone out into the glad light of the dawning day and across the stone-flagged yard to MacKeenon.

A prison clerk—one of those rat-eyed trusties whom nobody trusts—hurried out from the governor's office with an oblong of printed paper. MacKeenon signed it with the butt of an indelible lead pencil, glanced at Fay, then said distinctly—too distinctly:

"A receipt for C–45. Yes, he may b'back. Ye canna tell."

To the man who had hunted the world like a tiger in a jungle—to the third cracksman then living who could open a modern cannon-ball safe or stop the four tumblers of a bank vault in their correct position—this sly aside of MacKeenon's was enlightening. The old dog, whose scent was keener than a Louisiana bloodhound's, was baying down the trail again for some wolf pack of the underworld. So thought Edward Letchmere, or Chester Fay, as he followed the inspector out through the raised gate and stood, widening his eyes to the moorland and the rising towers of Prince Town beyond the morning mist.

A sleeve-valve motor, black, tired with steel-studded rubber, purring with life and the desire to roll up the road, stood at the beginning of the long causeway. Into the tonneau of this MacKeenon tossed the kit bag and the overcoat, turned and assisted Fay, who had hesitated for the minutest fraction of a second.

Liberty was over that causeway. Freedom might be gained by a try at the marshes and the moorland. The mist was thick enough to hide in. The world beyond was very wide indeed. A chance might never come again. Fay had lost opportunity too often not to prize the next that offered.

He thought better of it. The car leaped forward as he stood in the tonneau where MacKeenon had assisted him. The surge, as the driver glided through second, third and into fourth, was just sufficient to cause him to sit down upon the seat, where MacKeenon, with solicitude, offered one-half of an auto robe, whose woolen texture felt like silk to a man who had slept under shoddy for five years.

The moors were crossed over rumbling bridges of plank or hollow arches of stone. The main highway, which swung from west to east upon the troubled isle, was reached. Into this the driver turned, stepped upon his governor throttle and opened wide the triple-jetted carburetor. A hissing sounded. Air struck back and cut the cuticle of Fay's chalked cheeks. They reddened with the rush of blood up through his sagged veins. He felt then the wine of life and living—the clean vision and grip of the wide places.

MacKeenon had said no word. He sat like the watchful hound, ready, alert for any overt act. Fay had weighed his chances as the great car slowed for traffic—for the tide of war that was flowing Londonward. He feared no living man. He had played the game according to his code. It had been a losing one, perhaps; but he had held it down to the last grim brush with the law hounds in the Court of Assizes. He had not whimpered. He had not squealed. There was that rat, Dutch Gus, and that pigeon, Saidee Isaacs, who might have stuck by a pal. They were gone now with their telltale eyes and their overextended sympathies.

The inspector had played his hand in taking advantage of information. Down in his heart Fay did not blame MacKeenon for sending him away. It was an added corollary to the old axiom: "A sleuth can make a thousand mistakes and yet may get his quarry—the offender dare not overlook a single trifle."

Noon passed. Night drew its shade across the eastern world. The car hurtled on without being stopped, without question. There was magic in its H. M. S. plates that hung from front axle and rear trunk rack. Fay, letting slip a hundred chances for escape, found himself in the gripping clutch of the unknown which was before him. MacKeenon had a plan in the back of his long Scotch head. Its very uncertainty gripped the cracksman in a passive nip of steel.

The inspector would talk, yes. Fay knew that he would discuss the weather, the progress of the war, the earth beneath and the heaven above, without betraying the one thing the cracksman wanted to know. This thing was the reason for taking him out of the living hell of Dartmoor before the years of his penance had expired. It was unusual; it was extraordinary, save in the case when a crook squealed and turned crown's evidence. MacKeenon most certainly knew that he had no such man to deal with.

The reaching fringe of London was entered with the great car brightening the road ahead with twin cones of flickering, dancing electrics. Hyde Park Corner was threaded. Piccadilly lay ahead. The car swerved to the river and the embankment. Fay gripped his oakum-stained nails deep within the palms of his hands. He had a premonition that their destination was to be New Scotland Yard. Prisoners were sometimes taken there for interrogation.

The house the car stopped at, with a grinding of brakes and a smell of hot oil, was inconspicuous among its neighbors. A faint light shone through closed blinds. Two iron lions graced the top of the steps. A constable stood at attention as MacKeenon opened the tonneau door, rolled up the laprobe, handed Fay the overcoat, then gently pressed him by the elbow with cunning, creepy fingers of no mean strength.

"Ye are 'ere," the inspector said as they crossed the pavement. They climbed up and waited before the dark-stained door, upon which MacKeenon rapped four times, then five; which Fay remembered was his number in Dartmoor.

He tossed away what he believed was the last chance as the door opened to a crack, then wide. There was all London to hide in. MacKeenon could be bowled over. He entered blindly.

There is that within the criminal's nature to distrust all things—law, order and government. Fay had lain too long on the hard plank at Dartmoor to believe in any of the

works of man. His country, his life, his world had been bounded by four stone walls. He had not soured—he had lived on to gain his end. This end was a certain amount of wealth, a place to spend it in, and friends of his own choosing who would be few and loyal.

The room into which MacKeenon gently thrust him had all the marks of a well-baited trap of the superior order. A long mahogany table, upon which were piled sheaves of papers and three black tin boxes bearing code numbers, extended from wall to wall. Behind this table a man sat who wore a mask which was not intended to hide a jaw so square and protruding it brought a smile to Fay's lips. He knew the man. It was Sir Richard Colstrom, chief of the investigation bureau.

The farce of the mask was apparent when Sir Richard spoke. He had glanced at MacKeenon first. Then in his quick way he had turned to Fay and said:

"I've had you brought to London, after some study of the right or wrong in the matter. We have your record," Sir Richard pointed toward the wall and the direction of New Scotland Yard. "However much we may enjoy enterprise and however many 'shilling shockers' we have devoured, the fact remains, Fay, that you have sadly misapplied your talents. But for you and your kind, perhaps, literature would be poorer; we'll grant that. But"—and here Sir Richard motioned for MacKeenon to close the door—"but as man to man we're in a knot, and I think, candidly think, you're the one rogue in the world who can untie it. See these?"

Fay followed Sir Richard's polished finger nail. It pointed toward the tin boxes. He stole a trick from MacKeenon and remained silent.

"Without mincing words," said Sir Richard, "we'll be brief as time an' get to the crux of the matter. These boxes, three in all, contain the secrets of the entire German dye industry. They are in a cipher to which neither Scotland Yard, the intelligence bureau of the army and navy, the French experts on such matters, nor the American secret service have been able to find the slightest clew. . The cipher may be so simple none of all of us can see it—like a large name across a map when you strain your eyes for a smaller.

"However the case may be, the key for this code was in the hands of a Berlin chemist who met with a most violent death in—we'll say a country north and east of here. Before he was killed by German agents he left a small package in the safe of a neutral nation's embassy. We want you to go to this country, and open the safe and bring us the package without being detected. It is a strong box similar to the one you opened in Hatton Gardens without—trace."

Fay slightly moistened his lips. The cat was out of the bag! The reason for MacKeenon's visit was apparent. England, who had severely punished him, now wanted a favor done. "My price," said Fay without emotion, "might be too high."

"No price is too high to pay," Sir Richard said, leaning forward. "The secret for making these dyes will save the world from a galling monopoly and make it just that much safer for democracy. We secured these formulæ through Switzerland, after three of our agents were waylaid and slain. We found then that the key had been sent out of Germany by a friend of the chemist who sold us the formulæ. It's to your country's and my country's lasting benefit, Fay, that we have the contents of that little packet left with the embassy. Can we call on you—or—or do you want to go back to Dartmoor?"

"There's no alternative," said Fay.

Sir Richard held his hand across the table.

"I never had any doubt," he said, glancing at MacKeenon as Fay clasped his fingers. "The matter is closed. Secrecy is the word for all time. We'll give out that you escaped from Dartmoor, entered London in some manner, then vanished. Also, at about the same time, there was a house robbery at Brixton, wherein a sum of money as well as clothes was taken. In addition, the house-owner happening to be a king's courier, a little silver greyhound was mysteriously missing. Here it is."

Sir Richard turned back his lapel, unhooked the insignia, and laid it in Fay's palm.

"Your passport," he said.

"To ——"

"To anywhere—save the *mittel* nations. I'm pleased and happy to meet a man who is as quickwitted as you are. You want money?"

"Two hundred pounds at least."

"It is yours. Anything else?"

"Yes; two things."

"Name them."

"First—what part of the safe is the packet resting in, and how shall I know it?"

"In the back of the vault, on the top shelf. It has been seen by an agent who could go no farther. The neutral nation is in a quandary concerning it. You will know it by a name in ink written hurriedly across one corner. The name is Otto Mononsonberg."

"I'm on!" said Fay. "Now, the other matter!"

"Yes. Name it."

Fay's eyes hardened as he turned toward MacKeenon.

"I want no hellhound of the Yard with me," he said.

Sir Richard hesitated for the fractional part of a minute before he answered. His eyes were upon MacKeenon as he said: "You may go alone; scot-free. All we want is the key to this cipher."

Sir Richard glanced at the boxes, after a last wink toward MacKeenon, which the inspector caught through the eyehole of the mask.

Fay leaned forward as the chief of the bureau threw back the cover of the first box, thrust his fingers inside with care and drew out a sheet of paper, stamped at the top in German:

SCHUCKER-MAINTZ-WERKE-BERLIN

Underneath this heading was an even row of ten-point capital letters, the first of which ran:

AAKZAAGBEERRRCLMMWSTOPIIII
DDSGGLLSTOPASSSGGGNNNOOSTO
PTRRRRQQAACCC

Fay counted thirty-two rows of similar letters, between which were double spaces of blank white. He lifted his eyes to the box. It was crammed with other sheets to the thickness of a ream or more.

They Waited Before the Dark-Stained Door, Upon Which MacKeenon Rapped Four Times, Then Five

"Now," said Sir Richard, replacing the sheet and closing the lid, "now, we have tried everything! When I say everything I mean that fifty of the keenest brains in Europe and America have attempted to puzzle this out. It does not follow Bacon's biliteral cipher or the Russian prisoner's key-word code. To be frank, Fay, we have about concluded that the lettered lines are a blind and the formulæ will be found in the blank spaces between. One chemist who has tried all the reactions claims to have detected a salt, but this may have been in the paper. We have steamed it, we have dipped it, washed it and painted it with everything from iodine to oxalic acid. No go! For this reason we have called upon the underworld. That big gopher in the embassy is our last resort."

Fay frowned slightly at the chief's use of an American yegg's pet name for a strong box. It placed him on his guard. It was the subtle touch of a master in his own particular field.

Sir Richard always prided himself upon a working list of thieves' argot. His finishing instructions were so couched that even MacKeenon was startled. The chief said, without moving his lips:

"You're hep! Now blow! Mum's the office. The ducats"—tickets—"kale and a plan of the touch will be slipped to you to-morrow night at eight at London Bridge Station by—Inspector MacKeenon—the niftiest gumshoe runner out of the Yard. Eh, Mac?"

"Weil, I don' know. I daurna disagree wi' twa o' yu'."

Sir Richard came back to respectability as he tossed Fay three ten-pound notes.

"Drop round Cockspur Street and the Strand," he said. "You'll find no deep-sea Greeks or international celebrities, but you will find, arm-and-arm, some men of your own breed and birth who are passing through on their way to the Expeditionary Force and the road to Berlin via Lorraine. Get wise to yourself, Fay! Watch your step!"

This last shot, delivered with the keen thrust of a keen mind, caused the cracksman to pause in his eastward stride and stand near where the black shadow of Cleopatra's Needle lifted against the leaden vault of the London sky.

"Yes," he said bitterly. "Yes, you, Richard, and you, 'Keenon! You would have let me rot in that hell on earth if you hadn't needed me. You're all the same—you coppers! You're a wise bunch! Just catch me now if you can. Catch me!"

Fay wheeled with swift concern. An American soldier, olive-garbed and burned to the color of old leather from outdoor exercise and sun, was coming along the Embankment.

"Say, mister," he said. "Say, will you please show me the way to my hotel? It's the Huntington, I guess. You guys in this burg call it the 'Untin'don, or something like that. Do you know where it is? My outfit's billeted there."

"Surest thing you know, old pal," said Fay, linking his arm under the soldier's. "Come along with me—I'm going right that way."

It was three minutes to eight o'clock the next evening when MacKeenon found Fay in the London Bridge Station. The silent inspector handed over a train ticket and a boat ticket for a port on the upper Channel. Also, there was a plain envelope containing a sheaf of Bank of England notes and a working plan of the ground floor of the embassy building.

MacKeenon eyed Fay sharply as he pocketed these and buttoned up the overcoat. A doctor's small, black bag rested at the cracksman's feet. It had clicked and clinked as he lifted it, thrust out two cold fingers, then hurried down the platform with a low "So long."

The inspector drew out his handkerchief, waved it slightly, blew hard twice, then pressed it back into his pocket. An old man with a bundle and a hacking cough passed him with surprising speed and hurried in the direction taken by Fay. By a coincidence this old man held a seat in the next first-class compartment. He stumbled in through the door as the train started at a wave of the hand of a station master who wore more medals than a German general.

The inspector's smile was that of a sly gray fox as he turned toward the river and the bridge. He crossed this last in the same car that had brought him up from Dartmoor. The driver knew his book, drove northward and deposited the passenger from Scotland Yard at Liverpool Street Station, where a train was waiting by which a number of the British Channel ports could be reached. Thus, though he never guessed it, Fay had company into the certain neutral country, and company coming by a roundabout route, despite Sir Richard's promise, for had he not said "scot-free"? And both shadows were Scotch.

It was nine o'clock when the Channel boat finished its passage through the last of the dredged lowland and warped to her quay. The cracksman had taken an inner midship cabin and slept through the most of the voyage. He felt slightly dizzy as he walked down the gangplank reserved for first-class passengers, showed the customs officers his little silver greyhound, then took their salute and his unopened black bag with a keen, drawn smile of business, urgent and most pressing.

Spies, agents for the seven governments, oversea salesmen, soldiers, interned or invalided—the froth and riffraff of the great conflict—thronged the narrow streets of the quaint old capital. Fay hurried through these, secured a room at a little hotel, then went out for a survey of the embassy and other details of the projected undertaking—such as, at least, two avenues of escape in case he was blocked by the sea route to England.

He looked the British tourist to perfection. The plaid cap, the style of overcoat, the square-toed boots and the gray-sprinkled hair were his passport. He sauntered along, his eyes fixed upon nothing in general, but seeing everything with that vividness which is granted to prisoners and those who have been denied the wine of life.

A feeling was within him that somewhere behind in the stolid-faced crowd a shadow lurked. He turned and retraced his steps at times. He doubled upon his tracks by rounding a square. He could fix no one individual in his mind. He dismissed the thought, knowing that the haunting dread of being shadowed was present in the mind of every released prisoner. It was the aftermath and the echo of being under the surveillance of guards and turnkeys for a long stretch of time. It would wear off with the gradual return of normal values and awakening interest.

Sir Richard's plan of the embassy, drawn on rice paper with a lead pencil, was complete enough to satisfy the most

exacting of gay-cats. It had undoubtedly been taken from the architect's drawings in the ancient Hôtel de Ville. Fay studied it at odd moments, checked up the exterior details of the embassy building, then injected the human element by a shrewd surmise of the habits of the staff at work in the building.

He found his work almost cut out for him. The place buzzed with the affairs of belligerent nations intrusted to the ambassador, who was a pussy man placed between the devil and the deep sea of European politics.

To one who had prowled the South Kensington Museum and gotten away with its choicest jade and jasper—to the third cracksman living—the problem was not a difficult one. He had taken harder ones without leaving a trace. There was the little affair in Paris, for instance, where Dutch Gus had boosted him up to a window from an alley, waited outside in the guise of a drunken night rounder, then had opened his eyes when Fay appeared within a score of minutes after going through the vault door, the day door and an inner keister. All this, of course, was upon an ancient French composition box, whose tumblers were to him like piano keys to a virtuoso.

The trifle thing was what worried Fay as he studied his problem from converging angles. It had been the trifles which had beaten his best-laid plans. A dropped hotel key in Chicago, an unguarded remark to a girl in San Francisco, a thumb print in London—had brought the baying bloodhounds of the law down upon him. The prisons of the world were full of men who had fallen through trifles. Fay determined that for once he would take the box clean and leave no trail behind him in the get-away to London and its sheltering millions of people.

Sir Richard had picked him after long thought. The chief had cunningly played upon the heart cords of patriotism without slopping over. And, Fay reasoned, the humor of the entire situation was a saving grace. He was more or less under the protection of the shrewdest corps of manhunters in the world. Their long arm could reach down a blind alley in Singapore and save him. It could snatch him from the deck of a ship at sea. It was at one and the same time a protector and a menace. Its scope circled the globe, and then stooped to such trifles as a finger print or a careless letter dried in haste upon a hotel's blotter.

The nerve he had lost in the five years at Dartmoor was more than made up for by the knowledge that an unseen power protected him and urged him on in a cause that would better democracy. He gained the courage to fix the night for the undertaking. He wisely kept far from the embassy for fear of some clerk's remembering his face or figure.

The few tools he had brought with him were those that could be found in the black bag of any doctor of surgery. A tempered steel artery forceps would also answer to turn a key in a lock. An obstetric instrument, when taken apart, answered for a high-grade sectional jimmy. Saws of three grades might be used against wood or steel instead of bone. Rubber gloves, which could be worn to prevent finger prints, were found in all surgeons' bags. The last instrument he had purchased from a physicians' supply house in Oxford Street was the prize of the collection. Without it he would have been an amateur. It was a very high-grade stethoscope, such as army doctors use to determine the right ventricle's action or the little flutters and hidden flaws of the human heart. It also worked equally well upon the door of a strong box just over the combination plate, which is the nearest spot to the padded slots into which certain tumblers drop with a tap that can be heard by use of a microphone diaphragm.

The night Fay had chosen was made to order. A low fog, common to that country as well as to England, drifted across the low dike land and wrapped the staid snug-nested city in its clammy folds. A thin troop of stragglers wound through the crooked streets—German merchants out at elbows since the great American embargo; roisterers and women in yellow skirts, who had followed the armies until they walked like grenadiers; burgomasters hurrying home to their barred windows and nestled housewives.

Fay had made his preparations in case of the inevitable slip. He had planted the little silver greyhound within a cake of soap. He had gone over the floor plan of the embassy for the final time. Its ashes were dropped into the courtyard of the hotel. There remained the tools of his calling, which he distributed about his clothing so that no suspicious bulge showed.

Muffled to the eyes he first circled toward the canals and dikes, then swung through a familiar lane and entered the town from the north. The hour was after twelve. The drifting fog had thickened as he reached a narrow alley which lay between the embassy mansion and a cloth merchant's somber exterior.

Glancing back once, before he climbed a brick wall, he saw a skulking form emerge from the lane and disappear down a street that led to the Hôtel de Ville. A low curse dropped from his lips. The skulker might have been a guard. He clenched his teeth with much of the old, old nerve surging through him, reached upward and was over the wall like some quick alley cat.

Gripped with resolve he worked swiftly. A low window was opened under pressure from the thin blade of a saw at the catch and the pinch of a jimmy at the sill. He listened, replaced the tools in his pocket, then reached inward till his rubber-tipped fingers touched a rough rug. Onto this he squirmed, raised his hands and drew the window down, but was careful not to close it completely. This was a trifle which might come in handy in case of discovery and a hurried get-away.

The ticking of a clock was all the sound he heard at first. Then, as he wormed across the floor and reached the steps that led upward to the main floor of the embassy, there came to his ears the muffled breathing of one in torture.

He drew out a tiny fountain-pen flashlight, waited with his face well covered, then flashed the light across the floor until it spotted, like a calcium in a theater, the pasty countenance of an embassy guard who should have been in the front of the mansion.

Rope bound this guard in the thorough manner of a trussed packet of great value. A stick was between his teeth. A cord held this stick with painful pressure. The eyes were bloodshot and baleful from fear.

"Beaten to it," was Fay's thought as he snapped off the light and waited. He knew that the trussed guard had no business in that spot and in that condition. There was one answer. Others were at work upon the great strong box upstairs. They had pounced upon the guard and carried him down to the basement for safety to themselves.

He crawled up, leaned, and whispered into the guard's ear: "Vas has happened?"

It was as near the language of the lowland country as he would ever get.

"Brumm! Brumm!" he heard as the guard attempted to answer.

"All right," whispered Fay, "if that's the way you feel about it. Cheaters have been cheated before. I'm going up and take a lone hand. Thank goodness, you're taken care of. You worried me from the first day I arrived."

The cracksman chuckled at his own reflections, crawled back over the room—every corner of which he had in his mind's eye—and thrust his cap-shaded face up the first of the stairs leading to the main floor of the embassy.

He heard the slight sound of men moving above him. He caught the low note of a door being swung open. He went up the steps, reached back to his hip and drew out a short, blue-barreled automatic. An unforgetable picture, framed in the mellow shades of tapestries and portières, was before him.

The great outer door of the safe was open. The day door stood ajar. A light as from a candle was within. At each side of the strong box a burly German was gathering up clumsy tools that had been used in the safe-breaking operation.

The yellow light from the candle died within the opening. A face, with eyes aglow, sprang into vision. Then, as Fay raised the automatic, there sounded a crash of gravel upon the front windows, a tipsy song in South German that rolled through the mansion with its warning.

Fay saw what had happened with the divination of the professional. The skulker in the alley was the lookout for the mob inside. He had rounded the block and given the signal that danger loomed in the offing. This signal was gravel or pebbles thrown against the window glass.

"*Suchen sie Schutz!*" hissed the leader of the gang in the doorway of the shattered safe. He sprang forward. He pocketed at the same time a small packet bound with string and white paper. The light went out. Fay, with the trained eyes of the criminal and the five years of Dartmoor cell life, leaped across the floor toward the rearing bulk of the leader. They grappled. They swayed as the two others of the gang burst out the front door, tumbled down the steps and clattered along the cobbles.

Clasping the automatic by its barrel Fay reached back and under the German's arm, tapped once, twice, at the base of the brain, then allowed the leader to slip through his hands and crash to the floor, where he lay still.

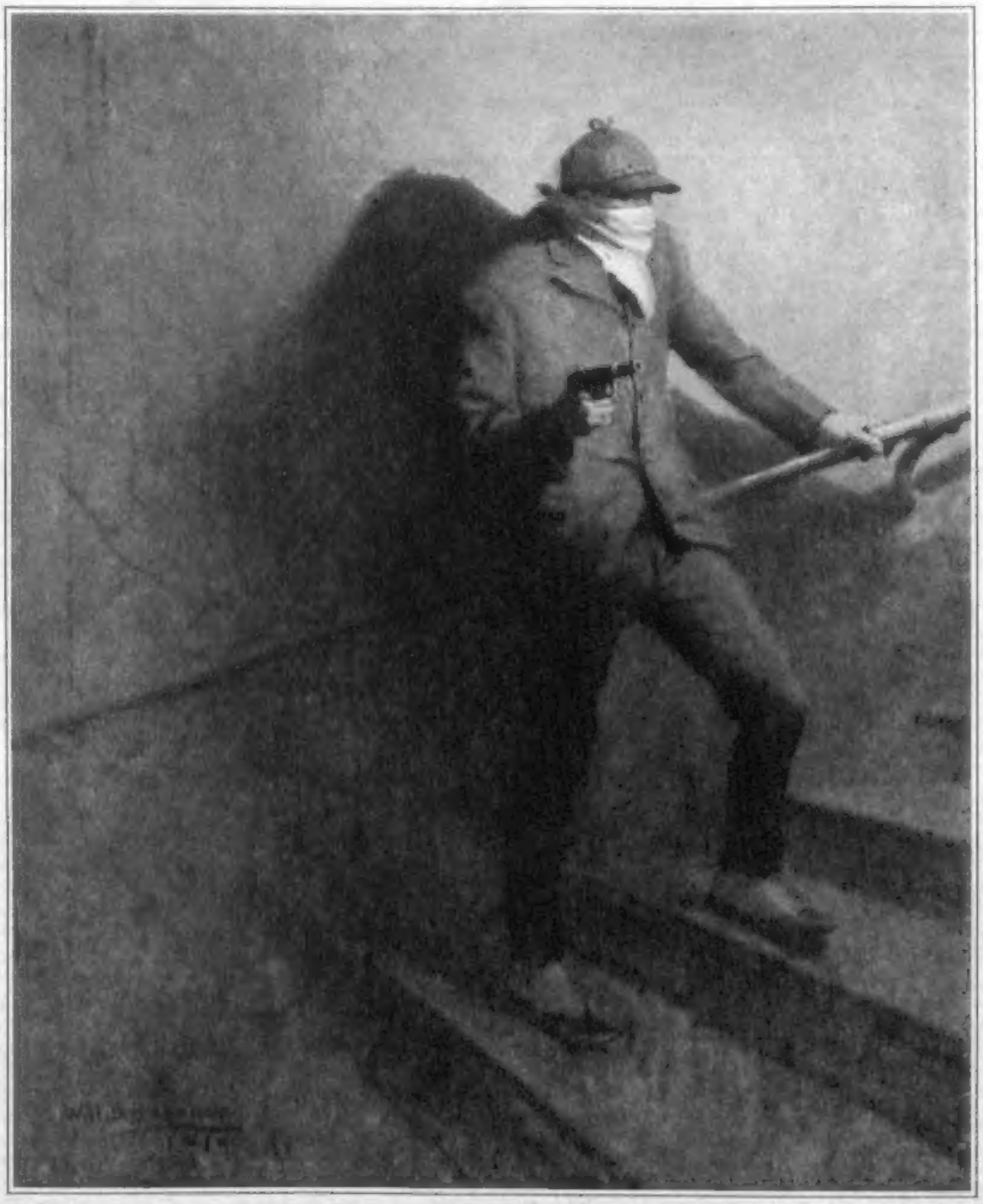
Reaching, the cracksman removed the packet from the side pocket with fingers long trained for such operations. He stood erect then and listened. The noise of the clumsy get-away had wakened the street. Voices sounded in the fog. Doors opened. Windows went up and faces appeared here and there like pumpkins on a rack.

The professional took his time. He crossed to the door and closed it. He locked it by bolt and key. He sauntered back then, glanced through the windows to the foggy street, turned, stepped to the stairway and went down like a duke in his own castle.

The guard had raised himself to a sitting position. Fay flashed the light in his eyes, smiled, then rounded this obstruction with care and indifference. He reached the window he had left slightly open, listened, drew his rubber gloves farther up his wrists and raised the sash to the limit of its chamfering.

The night air resounded with wooden sabots upon cobbles. The glueyness of the fog had not prevented the alarm from spreading.

(Continued on Page 81)



The Great Outer Door of the Safe Was Open. The Day Door Stood Ajar. At Each Side of the Strong Box a Burly German Was Gathering Up Tools

Alsace-Lorraine and World Peace

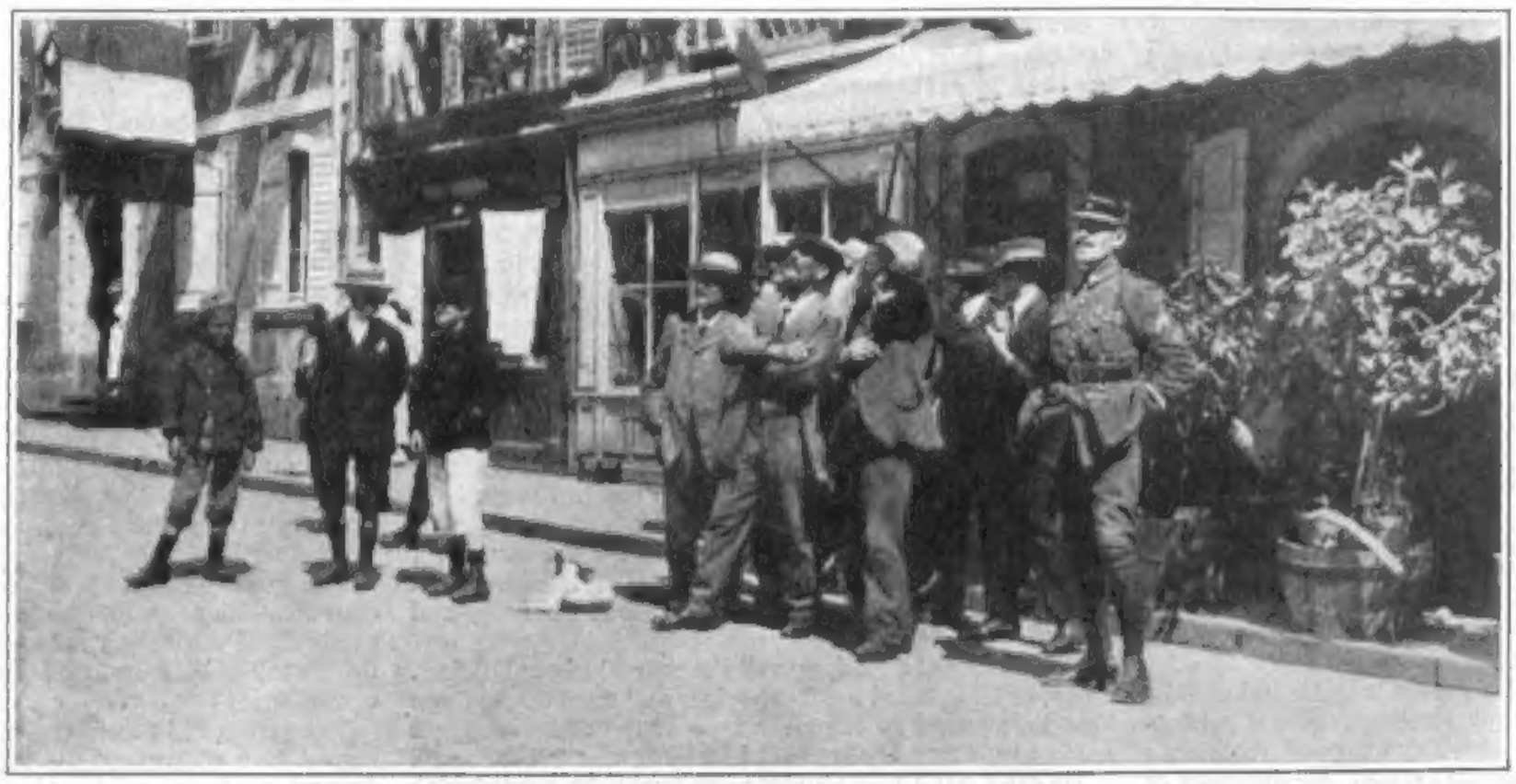
By RICHARD BENTINCK

THE newspapers of February twenty-sixth announced that our American troops, acting as an independent unit, occupied the Lorraine Front. Do all of us at home realize the tremendous importance of the result which their bravery and our whole-hearted, efficient effort to keep them strong and well equipped may achieve? Do we know that success of our armies and those of our Allies in a possible eventual offensive to drive the boche from Alsace-Lorraine will "make the world safe for democracy"?

We know this fetching phrase to be a heightened and more telling way of stating our purpose in the war. We aim to end the military autocracy of Germany, to strip her mailed fist of the steel glove and ever-lifted sword. But we should understand clearly also that definite achievement of this purpose necessitates ousting the enemy from Lorraine and keeping him east of the Rhine for all time. This achievement will effectively shatter the German sword.

For it is the iron of Lorraine on which the German economic, industrial and military power is founded. If weapons of war were to have proper names to-day, as in early medieval times, the German sword would be called "Lorraine." Germany has forged her an inglorious Gram, a sordid Excalibur, out of the iron of Lorraine! German bayonets and bullets, her sneaking submarines, her sinister torpedoes and floating mines, her bombs, her shells—all her death-dealing implements no less than her marvelous network of railways, built and equipped to transport whole armies from frontier to frontier in a week—all are products of the Lorraine iron mines.

Within her own natural and logical borders Germany produces no iron ore worth mentioning. Prior to the war the Lorraine mines of Thionville, casually annexed in 1871, furnished seventy-five per cent of German-dug iron ore. German-operated mines in Luxemburg yielded twenty per cent. Besides, Germany imported some 15,000,000 tons, chiefly from Sweden, Spain and France, to eke out her ravenous consumption of a total of 43,000,000 tons. The annexed Lorraine furnished fifty per cent of this grand total.



The People Showed Themselves Only in Groups About Open Doors as They Watched the German Raiders

A Superessential of the War

SINCE the beginning of the present war the importations of ore into Germany naturally ceased almost entirely. This loss would have crippled her armament; but Germany achieved immediate compensation for this clearly-to-be-foreseen loss by snatching in her first big military operation the French Lorraine mines of the Longwy-Briey district. The first Teuton swoop across Belgium into France in August, 1914, gave Germany possession of these mines. And now all her iron, other than the little of Luxemburg, is extracted from Lorraine. The Lorraine iron supplies eighty per cent of Germany's present consumption.

From the confidential memorandum addressed to Bethmann-Hollweg by the six big industrial associations of Germany the following quotations affirm these statements:

> The manufacture of shells requires such quantities of iron as never could have been estimated before. . . . More than 4000 tons of iron daily are needed for their manufacture. . . . If since August [1914] our ore production had not doubled, the war could not have been continued.

This doubling of production was effected by the exploitation of the Longwy-Briey mines in invaded Lorraine. Under French management these mines had yielded about 18,000,000 tons in 1913, just before the war. The Thionville mines, in annexed Lorraine, had yielded about 21,000,000 tons to German exploitation in the same year. Of this more presently. The confidential memorandum urges the importance to Germany of the Lorraine ores:

> As raw material from which to manufacture these required quantities of steel and iron the Lorraine ore ["Minette"] has become superessential. For only this ore we can mine ourselves in rapidly increasing volume. . . . Importation, even of Swedish ores, has become impossible. Consequently Lorraine ores now supply eighty per cent already of our steel and industry. . . .
>
> If the Lorraine ore production were interfered with the war would be lost!

Clearly, then, it is up to our army which occupies the Lorraine Front to interfere most strenuously. Not for one instant must we lose sight of this fact, that Lorraine iron is the strength of our foe, the mainstay of the German military power. Driving the boche from Lorraine is the sure way to a lasting future peace. Keeping him east of this part of the Rhine and returning Lorraine to her French mother country must be the terms to guarantee a lasting peace. This is no dream of conquest—it is a means of rightful restitution, and good business as well.

French Flags Waved in This Street in Alsace as the Crowds Went Home From Church. Ten Minutes Later the Germans Came

France's Lawful Claims to Alsace-Lorraine

TO DEPRECATE the importance of Lorraine would be repeating Bismarck's error of 1871 and nourishing the germ of a new war as surely as Bismarck's error was an important cause of the present war. Bismarck might have taken but did not take all of the Lorraine iron. He might have taken Longwy and Briey as well, but did take only Thionville, deprecating as he did the importance of the Lorraine iron mines.

Germany has never ceased to fret at the oversight. When the first chance offered, in August, 1914, she immediately rectified her mistake and invested the Longwy-Briey district. She is running those mines full blast to-day. The steel they produce is the fighting steel that Germany has driven into the vitals of all the world. Is she to retain possession of it and with it continue to menace the world?

France had been lawfully affirmed in her historic claims upon Alsace, finally, by the Treaty of Münster, 1648; and upon Lorraine by the Peace Treaty of Ryswick in 1697. Prussia ever since had hankered to possess the provinces. Only Austrian jealousy prevented her snatching them from France, then in the throes of her revolution, at the Treaty of Basel in 1795. At the Conference of Vienna, just prior to Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo—which made possible the execution of the decrees of the conference—the rich coal mines of the Saar were allotted to Prussia.

But this did not satisfy her political ambition. Bismarck's expedient to inaugurate the political destiny of his creation, the German Empire, brought on the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. It was the means by which Prussia, now become Germany, snatched the first violin in the European concert. Though political glory was the aim of her war, Prussia did not overlook economic profit. And with France at her mercy Prussia started to annex to her heart's content.

At the preliminary negotiations, opened at Brussels in January, 1871, Bismarck submitted Prussia's territorial exactions. Grand bluffer that he was, always asking more than he expected or even cared to receive, Bismarck demanded from France all of Alsace-Lorraine, including the Thionville, Longwy and Briey districts.

But he acceded readily enough to the energetic protests of Thiers, the French Prime Minister. He modified his territorial extortions. He did not insist on iron mines at all.

(Continued on Page 57)

Making Flanders Goose-Step

DIVIDING BELGIUM TO FLANK THE GERMAN EMPIRE

By Carl W. Ackerman

RECENTLY a copy of confidential instructions issued by the German authorities in Belgium to the troops during September, 1917, was found. Among the papers was an order from the office of Governor General von Falkenhausen, in Brussels, to the officers and soldiers in the occupied territory, which read:

"It is the duty of every German, as a German and as a soldier, to do his share that Flanders, reconquered by Germany and turning to Germanism [*Deutschtum*], may be made the security for the western flank of the Empire in the future."

It is not known why this order was marked "secret," because the German newspapers for many months have been used by the Imperial Government to spread the news that Flanders has declared its independence, that Belgium exists only as a name, and that in the future Flanders is to be regarded as a free nation under the protection of the Kaiser and the German Army.

On January twenty-first the Wolff Bureau distributed the following inspired statement from Brussels:

"The Central Flemish Press Bureau publishes the following announcement of the Council of Flanders [*Rat von Flandern*]:

"'Following the manifest which the Council of Flanders published shortly before the end of last year the council now announces that at its general meeting on December 22, 1917, the complete independence of Flanders was unanimously and freely agreed upon.'"

The telegram added that the council had decided to permit the people to ratify the decision of this body at a special election.

On February fifth the Central Flemish Press Bureau gave the semiofficial Wolff Telegraph Agency the following statement:

"The voting among the Flemish people is proceeding in a normal manner. So far large assemblages of people, numbering many thousands, have come together in about one hundred important voting places. The most impressive demonstrations were held in Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Liège and Laeken.

"In Ghent a parade of between eight and ten thousand people marched through the city to the market place, where the statue of Jacob van Artevelde, the great Flemish hero, was covered with wreaths of flowers."

A German Protectorate Set Up

ONE learns from these news items that a Council of Flanders has been created and that on the fifth of February the voting began. So far neither the question which was submitted to the people nor the result of the election has been announced. Evidently, as late as the fifteenth of February the voting had not been concluded, because the following information has been received from Antwerp:

"Serious clashes have taken place between the people and the authorities in Antwerp, especially in the neighborhood of the cathedral, over the election. Women threw themselves in front of German soldiers who were attempting to arrest a Belgian civilian. One soldier was killed. The city has been threatened with universal punishment unless the guilty party is given up."

On February sixth the French Havas Agency received the following telegram from the temporary capital of Belgium at Havre:

"According to a report from the Dutch-Belgian frontier the German authorities have made new demands of the people. In Dendermonde and the surrounding villages twenty-five hundred men and boys have been forced to announce themselves for service at the German Front. Similar orders have been issued in Assenede, Bouchaute, Ertvelde and in the neighborhood of Lelzaete. According to another order all women and girls must register at the military-control bureaus."

Later during the same month the military dictators of Flanders ordered all male citizens between the ages of thirteen and sixty years to report to army headquarters for physical examination.

These dispatches from Germany, Belgium and Holland illustrate briefly and harshly what the Imperial Government means by the Flemish movement. Germany has divided Belgium into two parts. One is to be known as Flanders and the other as Belgium. The former term includes the provinces of East and West Flanders, Brabant—with the capital, Brussels—Antwerp and Limburg. These provinces, or states, comprise the new "independent nation" which has been "freed" from the rule of King Albert. The other provinces—Hainaut, Namur, Lüttich and Luxemburg—make the "new" Belgium!

Germany Wants the Unrestricted Use of the Harbor of Antwerp as the Outlet to the Sea for Her Rhine Valley Industries

A German Destroyer Passing Through the Antwerp Docks

Above—Germans Buying Souvenir Post Cards From Children in Bruges

By Corruption and Threats

IN VIOLATION of the Hague treaties, international law, the Belgian constitution and the rules of war, Germany has separated the people of Belgium; she has established two governments in this little country whose neutrality she violated in August, 1914, and she has declared Flanders free and independent. And with this accomplished the military authorities are calling up all the boys and old men for war service. Flanders is to be taught the goose step!

The German newspapers contain interesting accounts of the developments in Flanders; interesting because they show the enemy's intentions and because they reveal for the first time the reasons why the German Government has been so vague in its official pronouncements regarding the annexation of Belgium. Knowing that the whole civilized world would not agree to the forceful annexation of this country, Germany has corrupted and threatened some two hundred Flemish citizens to establish an independent government under the protection of the imperial eagle. Now the Imperial Chancellor may safely announce that Germany does not intend to annex Belgium because the Council of Flanders, with authority over four million of the seven million Belgian citizens, has agreed to break away from the mother country and join hands with the invaders. Germany will not annex Belgium; Germany will "protect" Flanders. And the control of Flanders will give Germany the most important Belgian railways; it will guarantee Germany a submarine base on the English Channel, the unrestricted use of the harbor of Antwerp and the domination of Brussels.

By one stroke Germany realizes her ambition in the West!

Though there was no discrimination by the German Army when it invaded Belgium, when it burned cities and fired upon noncombatants; though at that time Germany did not recognize the distinction between a Flemish citizen and a French-Belgian, times have changed! The invader is now the savior! Belgium as a nation does not exist, according to the

(Continued on Page 65)

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Though From What I Seen of the Sebastian Kids They Looked as Strong as a Horse and They Wasn't No Danger of Catching Nothing From Them Unless Maybe It Was the Banana Habit

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 12.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I am writeing this in the Y. M. C. A. where a man has got some chance to hear yourself think as they say but if you try and write over in the barracks if they don't joggle your arm or tip your seat over for a joke they are all the time jabbering back and forth in foreign languages till you get so balled up that instead of writeing a letter a man is libel to make out his will in Eskimo or something.

Speaking about foreign languages Al the next time I see you I will be talking French like a regular Frenchman and you will have to ask me to translate what I am talking about. Of course I am just jokeing about that because I wouldn't spring a lot of stuff on you that you wouldn't understand and I might just as well go up to a statue and ask them how their father stood his operation or something. But what I am getting at is that I am going to join the French lesson class here and its something that you don't have to belong to it unless you want to but I figure a man is a sucker if they don't take advantage of a chance like this because in the first place it don't cost you nothing and in the second place the men that knows how to talk French will have all the best of it when we get over there because suppose you was in Paris and felt like you wanted a glass of pilsner and if you said it in French they would fetch it to you but if you just said pilsner they wouldn't know if you was asking for something to drink or a nasal dooch or what not.

But besides that Al after we get to France the French officers will want to tip us off on this and that about the Germans and of course they won't talk to the privates but they will only talk to the officers and if I am a officer by that time which it looks like a cinch I will be one by that time at the outside why suppose I was standing by 1 of our genls. and a French genl. wanted to tell him what was what and etc. but couldn't talk nothing but French and our genl. couldn't make head or tales of it then I could act like an interpeter between the both of them and the first thing you know all the high monkey monks when they want to talk back and forth will be pageing Capt. Keefe or Major Keefe or whatever officer I am by that time.

Some of the boys laughed at me tonight when I told them about going to attend the lessons but I will be the one that does the laughing when we get across that old pond and Shorty Lahey the smart alex that I told you about says to me "We won't do all our training with the French army but we will do some of it with the English army so while you are at it you better learn to talk English to." So I said "You better learn to talk English yourself" and he shut his mouth.

Well Al Florrie and little Al will be here to see me Sunday and I can't hardly wait for them to get here and I suppose Florrie will bring along some daintys of some kind that she cooked up herself or maybe got the swede girl to do it but of course I am not worring about whether she brings anything or don't bring anything as long as she brings herself and the kid only most of the wifes that comes out here Sundays brings something along to show they been thinking of you though if I was most of these birds wifes the only time I would think about them would be when I said my prayers at night and then I would thank God they had joined the army.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 14.

FRIEND AL: Well Al its Sunday night and I been entertaining company. Florrie and little Al got out here just after noon and I was in the barracks reading about the world serious game in Chi yesterday and Florrie says she asked 1 of the boys where I was at and he told her I was polishing the general's shoes and wouldn't he do just as well. How is that for a fresh bum Al and of course I don't have to polish the general's shoes or any shoes and if I could find out who it was that Florrie was talking to I would polish their jaw for them.

Well of course Florrie didn't beleive him and the next man she asked was Nick Sebastian and he come and got me and you ought to seen Florrie stair when she got a look at me in my uniform and little Al didn't know me at first and when Florrie says to him who is it he says it was the capt. Well Al it is to soon to be calling me a capt. but if they are running this game on the square it won't be long and they will be calling me more then that.

Well Florrie handed me a box and she says I was to not open it till she was gone and then I showed them over the camp and the way the boys staired at Florrie I couldn't help from being proud of her but of course if some of them had of got to fresh I would of fixed them so they wouldn't do no stairing for a couple of wks. Sebastian's wife and 2 kids was here to visit him and we run into them and we all went a round together and I made the remark that it would be nice for Mrs. Sebastian and her kids and Florrie and little Al to all go back to Chi on the same train together and it was O. K. with Mrs. Sebastian but when I and Florrie was alone together for a few minutes she started to bull me out for makeing the suggestion and I asked her what was the matter with it and she says she wasn't going to set in the same seat on the train with a woman that looked like she had left home before she got up and little Al would probably catch something from the 2 Sebastian kids so I said that Mrs. Sebastian done real work for a liveing and you couldn't expect her to look like Sarah Bernhart but Florrie is the kind that if she takes a dislike towards somebody its good night to them and it don't do no good to tell her that a person can't help their looks and that is all the more reason you should try and not hurt their feelings. So Mrs. Sebastian had a round trip ticket on the C.B. and Q. and so did Florrie but she pretended like hers was on the I.C. and thats the way her and little Al went back so they wouldn't have to set with the Sebastians and take a chance of little Al catching something though from what I seen of the Sebastian kids they looked as strong as a horse and they wasn't no danger of catching nothing from them unless maybe it was the banana habit.

I suppose I would of been a grass widower long ago if I was ugly and how will it be if I get shot up in the war and Florrie would sew me for a bill of divorce on the grounds that I didn't have no nose to smell the cooking.

Well Al after they had gone Sebastian made the remark that I had a beautiful wife and I couldn't help from feeling kind of sorry for him so I says "Never mind old boy" I said to him "as long as your Mrs. is a good mother and willing to work you should not worry if she is no Eva Tanguay." But I didn't feel so sorry for him when we opened up the boxs they had broughten us and Sebastian's wife had give him doughnuts and a pie and part of a cake and goodys of all kinds and when I opened up my box it was a lb. of candy like you get in a union station for 60 cts and if it waan't for the picture of a girl on the cover it would be all profit and a man can't eat the picture which was the only part of it that hadn't ran together like chop sooy and Florrie would of made just as big a hit with me if she had of put in the time bakeing me a mess of cookys that she spent toneing up her ear lobs or something.

Well Al I suppose you read about yesterday's game in Chi. I been saying right along that the White Sox was to lucky to loose and the only way I can figure out yesterday's game is that they must be a rule in the National League where you can't change from 1 pitcher to another pitcher till the other team gives their consent. From what I read in the papers Sallee could of been turned loose with his fast ball in a looking glass factory without damageing the goods and when Jackson and Collins begins to take a toe hold against a left hander its time to summons the Red X. You will notice Rowland didn't waist no time getting Russell out of there and the next time he starts a left hander will be on the training trip next spring in Wichita where if you beat them to bad they won't give you a card to the Elks.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 16.

MY CHER AMI: I suppose you will think I have gone crazy when you read the way I started this letter out and you will wonder if I have gone crazy. Well Al that is the French word for my dear friend in English so you see I have not gone crazy after all. I took my first lesson last night and it is going to be nuts to learn it because most of the words is just like English only spelled different and you don't say them the same but the man learns us a dozen words and tells us how to say them and we keep saying them over till we get them down and it won't be long when we got enough of them learned so as we can jabber back and forth in front of the boys that didn't have sense enough to learn it and they won't know if we are calling them names or getting ready to murder them.

Well Al we had Gen. Barry out overlooking us yesterday and he said we was a fine looking bunch of soldiers as he ever seen and we put in most of the day digging trenchs just like the ones they got over in Germany and when we get them fixed up we will practice fighting for them till we can go through them Dutchmen like they was fly paper and I wouldn't be surprised Al if we got word soon to pack up and start because Red Sampson one of the boys in our Co. has got a brother thats over there all ready and he is Gen. Pershing's right hand bower and so he gets the dope pretty straight and in a letter Red got from him he says Gen. Pershing had asked Secty. Daniels to send over the best looking lot of soldiers from each camp and from what Gen. Barry said about us I suppose we will be the first to go but it may not be for a wk. or so because Red said he heard we wasn't going till each Co. had a rifle.

If we do have to go in a hurry I won't be able to write you about where we are leaveing from and etc. on acct. of the censure because the German spy might get next to it and he could wire across to Germany and the submarine U boats would be on the outlook for us. But between you and I Red says we are libel not to go where the submarines can get a crack at us but we may slip around the other way and light in Japan and make the rest of the trip by

R. R. and he says we may even not go to France but stay and help the Russians out. So Shorty Lahey was there and he has always got to say something so people will think he knows it all so he said the Russians didn't need nobody to help them out because they were pretty near out now. So Red said "You will notice they didn't loose much ground yesterday" and Shorty says "No they only loose 2 miles and they must of been a strong east wind blowing but I will bet you that if we do make the trip that way we will bump into them along about Ogden Utah." So Red says "No because if they ever get to Utah they will hide in Salt Lake City where the Germans couldn't tell them by their beards." So then Shorty seen he was getting kidded and shut up.

This A. M. we spent a half hour listening to a speech about the German gas and of course you have read about the gas Al and it isn't like regular gas but its some kind of poison that the Germans lets it loose in the air and it floats across Nobodys land and comes to the other trenchs and if you haven't got no mask its good night but we are all going to have masks to wear so the gas can't hurt us. Red says thats one thing where the Russians have got it on us and they don't have to be scared of dying from gastritis because the Germans haven't no gas fast enough to catch up with them.

Well Al the world serious is over just like I said it would be with the White Sox winner and each one of the boys gets $3600.00 and that would of been my share only I loved my country more than a few dollars and I bet the boys feel kind of ashamed of themself to think I was the only one that passed up all that jack to work for Uncle Sam at $30.00 per mo. but between you and I Al I have got a scheme where I will make twice that amt. and if some of the rest of the boys here thought about it they could do the same thing but why should I tip them off because you can bet they wouldn't tip me off to a good thing if they thought of it first.

Here is the scheme when a man has got a family the govt. keeps out ½ of your pay every month or more if you want them to and then the govt. sticks the same amt. in with it and sends it to your wife or who ever gets it. Say you are a private and getting about $30.00 per mo. and you tell the govt. to keep out $15.00 of it. So the govt. keeps $15.00 and sticks another $15.00 with it and sends it to your family.

Well Al I am going to tell them to keep out my whole $30.00 per mo. and they will have to put another $30.00 with it and send the $60.00 to Florrie and she won't need it so she can either send it to me or salt it away somewheres in my name and it means I will be getting $60.00 while the rest of them are dragging down $30.00 and if it was just luck on my part I wouldn't think it was hardly fair but when a man figures something out in your head you got a right to take advantage of it and a man that give up a big league salary and the world serious dough to do their bit deserves something extra while the only way some of the rest of these birds could earn $30.00 per mo. outside of the army would be to ask for it with a peace of lead pipe.

Well old pal bon sore for this time and that means good night in French and pretty soon I will be writeing you a whole letter in French only of course I wouldn't do that because if would be like waisting that much paper because they couldn't nobody in Bedford make heads or tales out of it and I might just as well save my labor for my pains as they say. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 18.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I got a peace of news for you that I bet you will be tickled to death for my sake when I tell it to you. I guess I told you in my last letter about Gen. Barry inspecting us. Well Al I kind of thought I seen him looking at me like he liked the way I carry myself and etc. but I didn't want to say nothing about it till I was sure but after breakfast this A.M. Capt. Nash sent for me and when I went in his office and saluted he says "Good morning Corporal Keefe." Well Al of course that means I have been appointed a corporal and of course I expected it only I wasn't looking for it so soon and while Capt. Nash didn't say nothing it don't take no Bobby Burns to figure out that the orders come from higher up.

The corporals and sargents we had at first was men from the regular army and they been sending them away lately and now some of the boys from the ranks gets their chance. In order to get a corporal or a sargent a man has got to have the drills down perfect besides being a perfect physical specimen and good appearance and a man that the rest of the boys will look up to him and respect him and a man that don't know the meaning of the word fear. Well Al I must of filled the bill and I will show Gen. Barry he didn't make no mistake.

My command is made up of 7 men that I am the boss of them and they contain Sebastian and Red Sampson and Shorty Lahey and a wop named Janinny or something and a big stropper named Hess and 2 boys named Gardner and Bowen and some of them is pretty rough birds but I won't have no trouble handleing them because they know about my record in baseball and they can't help from respecting a man that give up a big salary to help Uncle Sam out and the only 1 that might try and give me trouble is Lahey and I guess he has got better sense then trying some of his funny jokes with a corporal because when a private monkeys with a officer he is libel to wake up the next A. M. with no place to wear his hat.

Well Al a corporal isn't the highest officer in the army but its a step up and everybody has got to start at the bottom and Napoleon started as a corporal and the soldiers was all nuts about him and called him the little Corporal and maybe they will give me a nick name like that only of course it won't be the little corporal because that would be like calling Jess Willard Tiny Jess or something and the salary is $36.00 per mo. instead of $30.00 and with that scheme I got fixed up with the govt. that will give me twice $36.00 per mo. or $66.00 and I'll say thats a whole lot better then a private at $1.00 per day.

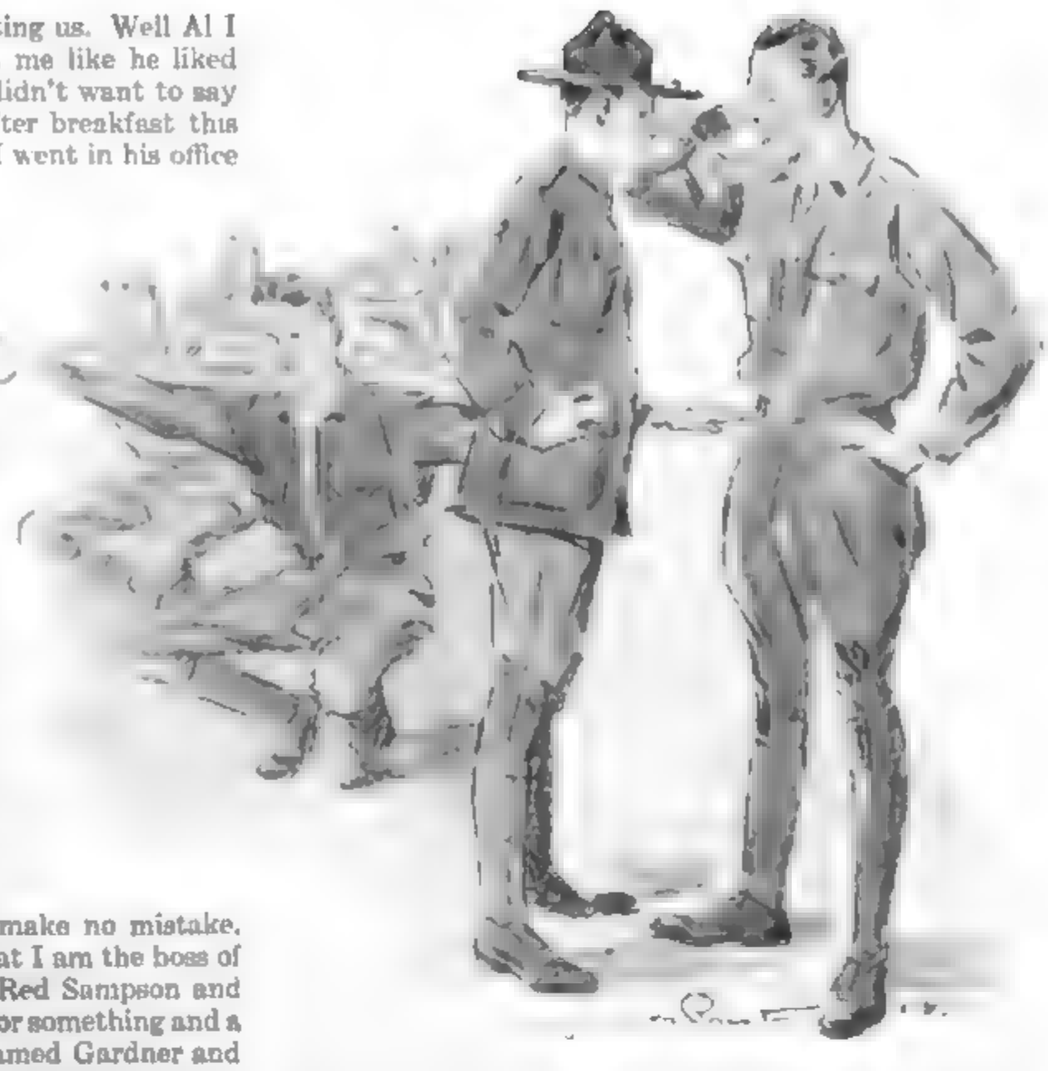
I have all ready wrote and told Florrie about it and I bet she will go crazy when she reads my letter and after this when they call her Mrs. Keefe she can shrink up her shoulders and say "Mrs. Corp. Keefe please" and you will have to salute when you see me Al. Of course I mean that just for a joke because what ever honors I get I wouldn't leave them make no difference in our friendship and between you and I it will always be just plain Jack Keefe.

Well Al we started today learning to throw bombs and of course that won't be no trick for me and you might say it was waisting time for me to practice at it because when my arm feels O.K. I can throw in your vest pocket but today it was raining and I wouldn't cut loose and take chances with my arm because I figure this war won't last long and I guess I won't have no trouble signing up in the big league at my own turns after what I done. But you ought to seen the officer that was trying to learn us how and if they all throw like he its a wonder they hit Europe to say nothing about the Germans. He kept his arm stiff like he didn't have no elbow joint and he was straight over hand all the while like Reulbach and you know what kind of control he had.

We didn't have no regular bombs but only stones and tomato cans but the way he throwed he couldn't of took a baseball and hit the infield from second base and finely I told him and he said yes but if you crooked your arm you would wear it out because the regular bombs weighs almost 2 lbs. and you had to use a easy motion. How is that Al for a fresh bum trying to talk to me about easy motions and I had a notion to tell him to go back to France with his motions but I kept my temper and throwed a few the right way till my arm got to feeling sore.

Well its 10 o'clock and after and I am going to turn in and it isn't that I feel sleepy but when a man is a officer you feel like you ought to set an example to the men.

Your pal, CORP. JACK KEEFE.



Well Al a Corporal Isn't the Highest Officer in the Army But its a Step Up and Everybody Has Got to Start at the Bottom and Napoleon Started as a Corporal

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we had some lessons in trench takeing today and I feel like I had been in a football game or something. We would climb up out of the trenchs that was supposed to be the U. S. trenchs and run across Nobody's Land and take the trenchs that was supposed to be the German trenchs and clean them out with rifles and bayonets and bombs and of course we didn't have no real rifles and bombs but if we had of and they had been any Germans in the trenchs it would of been good night to them.

We done it over and over till I was pretty near wore out but of course I pretended like I was as fresh as a daisy because a good corporal wouldn't never lay down till he was dead and its their business to set up an example for the boys and inspire them so I kept hollering like Hughey Jennings or somebody and every time we started out of our trenchs I would holler "Come on boys

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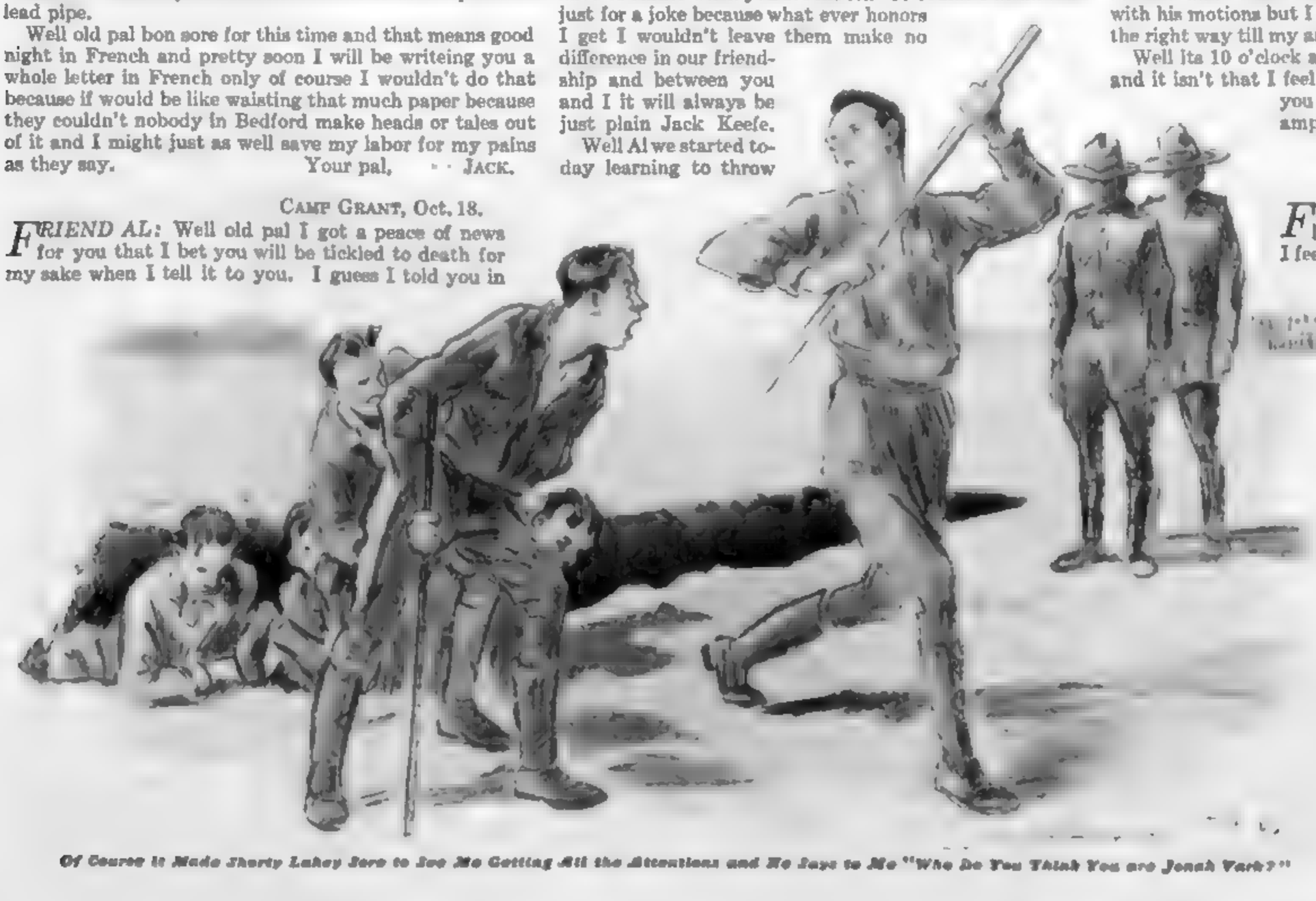

Of Course it Made Shorty Lahey Sore to See Me Getting All the Attentions and He Says to Me "Who Do You Think You are Jonah Vark?"

AMERICA MUST ADVERTISE

By DAVID LAWRENCE

DECORATION BY JAMES VERRIER

OVER in France a war-sick people turn their eyes hopefully toward America. Statesman and peasant await alike the tread of American power. Ships, guns, submarine destroyers, food, men; and then, more ships, more guns, more submarine destroyers, more food and more men—all this do the Allies expect in abundance from America. Whatever the disasters or disappointments—the crumbling of Russia, a reverse in Italy, defection in the Balkans—America's might is compensation in the darkest hour. Germany ponders what we shall do. Indeed, to all Europe the United States of America spells victory or defeat. Their "over there" is really over here.

Twelve months have gone. They have been spent for the most part in sober preparation—not in the fighting line. Circumstances compelled it; our Allies so advised. Ahead of us, not behind, is the greater task. Critics aplenty, destructive and constructive, have risen to review the past, our achievements, mistakes, mishaps or strokes of good fortune—to analyze and theorize. They will calculate what resources are yet to be mobilized, what commodities are untransported, what energies lie unused. But back of all of these—indeed, foremost of things necessary to sustain our Army and Navy and the whole Allied line—is a certain something that gives life and substance to human endeavor. Production is dependent upon it; mobilization is dependent upon it; final victory is dependent upon it. Without it nothing has succeeded in the past and nothing ever will in the future—neither a person, nor a corporation, nor an industry, nor a war. That something is enthusiasm.

No nation has a monopoly of emotion; but some nations excel in means of exciting it. Germany has taught service to the state by extolling war itself as the greatest glory of life. Our philosophy is different, but our enthusiasm need be no less intense. America went to war without bluster. Her leaders tabooed theatrics; they preferred solemnity. Our troops were assembled quietly, almost obscurely. Not until recent weeks were they brought out on parade with bands playing and flags flying. How different from '98, when the whole nation seemed aquiver with the passion of rescue!

Why? Is our cause less humane, less selfish, less vital? Hardly. Then why the comparative stillness? The answer lies somewhere between the Government and the people—in the mediums of transmission. And by that are meant very specific things—cables, telegraph and telephones, wireless, mails, public speeches, photographs, sketches, books, magazines, newspapers. Our mechanism is complete and unexcelled. It is just as far from Maine to California as it is from New York to France, yet we communicate big items of news almost instantaneously from coast to coast. As each strike is called by the umpire at the Polo Grounds crowds yell or groan in the streets and auditoriums of Los Angeles, where they watch the returns.

The Power of Publicity

EXTRAS announce to waiting millions everywhere the verdict in a sensational murder trial only a minute after the foreman of the jury has spoken. Round by round, punch by punch, our prize fights are reported throughout the land. President Wilson orders the fleet to Vera Cruz, and a half hour later nearly everybody in America is reading about it. No nation is better organized to communicate within and without the country the wishes of the Government and the response thereto of the people.

Could our hundred millions of people be assembled in a single hall and told what the war means to every individual in it, what each must do and how the task should be done, there would be no need for the written or pictured word. Fortunately we are a reading nation. We read on the street cars and trains in the morning, in the lunch rooms at noon, on the cars riding home, before supper, after supper, and to the last flicker of the midnight oil. Newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines absorb us day in and day out. What better facilities for expression—publicity—could have been provided to promote enthusiasm?

Publicity indeed is an American invention. Without it democracy would be impotent, industry and business inoperative. America has a penchant for publicity, for advertising, for salesmanship. We carry on our presidential campaigns on the billboards and in the full-page display of our newspapers as well as by mass meeting. We sell a certain kind of razor or a certain type of automobile to millions of people by large fonted words and alluring illustrations. We cause millions of men, women and children to eat a certain breakfast food by pictured contentment. We subscribe millions of dollars for hospitals and charities because the printed words and the homely sketches touch our hearts. We laugh and cry, we work and play by the stimulus to our imaginations. Shall this, like certain other American inventions, remain unused while other nations develop from these selfsame things a greater utility?

We invented the aëroplane—but the Germans quickly perfected aerial warcraft. We invented the submarine—but the Teutons developed it and by inflicting injury on us drew a peaceful nation into war. Germany's propaganda has reached into the far corners of the earth—even into our own cities and towns. Propaganda is but another word for publicity. Shall we, who have a much better creed, a much more enlightened philosophy of national life to give to the rest of the world, a genuine liberalism and an unhypocritical democracy to offer to the peoples of the Central Powers, be outdone with weapons of our own invention—unscrupulously used, to be sure, by our opponents, but permitting on that account an even more scrupulous use by us?

Enthusiasm cannot be manufactured. If it is it lasts no longer than the ushers' applause in the back rows of the theater. Nothing is so artificial as the forced laugh and nothing so unreal as feigned jubilation. Nations aren't a bit different from individuals; nations are only collections of individuals. National emotion is stirred in precisely the same way as it is roused in the most humble men and women in your own neighborhood. The processes must be human and personal, natural and spontaneous.

This goes to the heart of the whole question of war enthusiasm, propaganda and publicity. There are good kinds of publicity and bad kinds. There is natural propaganda, which impresses and convinces people; and unnatural propaganda, which defeats its own end. Tons of white paper can be used to print pamphlets and booklets that reach a small percentage of the people, while the needs and wants of the magazines and newspapers that reach a large percentage of the people are left unfilled. Whichever way you approach the question it comes to the same thing. We must decide whether the natural methods by which the attention of the American people is attracted should be stimulated or whether new and untried methods should be substituted.

Publicity is not a strange art which the layman cannot understand. It is the very thing he does understand. He can spot artificiality in an appeal to his pocketbook as quickly as he can discern hypocrisy in an exhortation to sacrifice. There need be no secrets kept from him. War is the most widely known of human events; and to get the average man to abandon his accustomed occupation to take up the weapons of war he must feel the call. To get him to put extra energy into the blows he strikes at the rivets that mean ships he must feel the compulsion of his task. To get him to forgo luxuries and invest his savings in government securities he must have his heart and soul in the undertakings of his country. If there were time there would be no objection to experiments. But every minute counts—and every minute and every dollar that are spent in methods that might produce the desired result, while opportunities are neglected to use the instrumentalities that are sure to bring the desired result, are nothing more nor less than dangerous extravagance.

Good publicity, bad publicity! Most official folks think they have solved the problem when they hire what is commonly known as a press agent and equip him with a mimeograph or a multigraph and a flock of messenger boys and stamp lickers. Publicity to the initiate means prepared manuscript. And some of our Government officials actually rage at the audacity of newspapers and magazines in dropping said manuscript into receptacles especially provided for the purpose.

But American newspapers and magazines do this not out of a sense of indifference. They are only too anxious to help. They know out of years and years of experience in reaching the people how that help can be best given. They would have the Government supply them with only one thing—information, true information, all the information consistent with military necessity, and means of getting information for themselves, information uncolored by official bias, facts favorable and facts unfavorable—in short, the truth. The newspapers and magazines will do the rest. For the American people are moved only by the truth. American publications have been developed successfully by catering to that want.

Hit-or-Miss Propaganda

THE pride of the newspaper or magazine—its stock in trade—is individuality, its own method or style of serving that truth to its readers. The Government, on the other hand, has not been interested in preserving individuality. It has striven too much for uniformity and standardization. All magazines and newspapers have been regarded as on the same footing, the large and the small. Material intended for the dailies was sent to magazines which had built up their circulation through many years of avoiding what the daily newspapers print. Material that might better have been handled at length in magazines was given to newspapers, which necessarily abbreviated the same because of a lack of space and congested news conditions.

All this resulted from an eagerness to print every conceivable activity of the Government at Washington. Nothing is more unspectacular and undramatic usually than the technically phrased statements that follow tedious business meetings of boards, commissions and department bureaus in Washington.

But the main trouble with the publicity managers at our National Capital has been that they have been thinking too much in terms of Washington and too little in terms of the people outside of Washington, who make up all but four hundred thousand of America's hundred millions of population. Newspapers and magazines, nevertheless, have printed large quantities of this same publicity matter mailed from Washington. George Creel's Committee on Public Information has done a monumental work of distribution with some very effective results. His bureau has carried on a defensive propaganda against Germany's insidious lies and rumors and has acted as intermediary

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The Field Marshal of Finance

His Views on Business in Wartime

By Albert W. Atwood

IF THE experience of the last four years is any criterion we are living at a time when the world needs leaders of grit, determination and courage. They must be men who get results. Talk, theories and vacillation are at a discount.

Now it must be evident to every citizen who studies public affairs, even to the limited extent of glancing at newspaper headlines, that William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury and director general of railroads, is one of the men in power who never shirks the responsibility of making decisions and acting upon them. Whatever the wisdom of his views, policies, decisions and actions may be, there could hardly be an instant's hesitation on the part of his bitterest enemy in admitting that he gets things done.

At no time in the world's history has any other man had such direct and widespread responsibility for and influence and power over the industry, commerce and finance of a great nation. For that reason the writer of this article sought the first-hand views of this field marshal of finance on about a score of pressing questions of public import, ranging all the way from technical details regarding future Liberty Loans to whether the cost of living would ever climb down.

Mr. McAdoo answered all the questions put to him and more. But it is only fair to him to say that he carefully disclaimed any effort to speak with finality or completeness. His first remark was that the questions I had written out and put to him admitted in several cases at least of extended discussion and debate. It would take a great deal of time, he added, to present his views on such questions fairly, nor did he for a moment consider himself an economist or desire to pose as one who might speak with authority.

"But," I urged, "your mere reaction to these great national problems of business and finance is what interests the country. It is more concerned with your attitude and general feeling than with the details which any expert might be expected to quarrel over."

Protection of Savings a Basic Idea

MR. McADOO has no time to waste upon false modesty or upon the mock humility of ignorance. Once he understood that his remarks were to be considered as merely illustrating general views, and not as exact or exhaustive statements, he went ahead without wasting a moment and expressed those views in language that was brief and simple but clear and to the point.

Now it is possible that Mr. McAdoo has never been charged with being socialistic; but he could, with reason, be called intelligently radical. It is inevitable that anyone who accomplishes things while other people only talk about them, whose mind works at top speed and whose actions follow as fast and whose powers reach into every nook and corner of the country, should at some time in his career do something that will make at least a few people regard him as dangerous. He is bound, even if he be the wisest and most tactful of mortals, to step on a few toes, hurt many prejudices and run against or rather clean over not a few dogmas and preconceptions.

Almost the first impression one gathers from a conversation with the secretary of the treasury and director general of the railroads is that of an earnest, indeed a profound, desire to safeguard and preserve prosperity and the equilibrium of business so far as the war makes that possible and, indeed, especially because of the war. That every effort should be made to protect the welfare of the people and their invested savings seems to be taken for granted by him as fundamental of sound statesmanship. Almost the first question Mr. McAdoo answered had to do with the proposal to conscript wealth.

"That is a terrifying word to many people," he said. "It gives them needless alarm because 'conscription of wealth,' so called, implies more than it really means. After all, conscription of wealth is merely taxation of wealth, and when this is realized it should not have a terrifying sound to anyone. When the life of the Nation is at stake every effort, of course, should be made to force wealth to do its full part. We conscript men, fix their wages, and make them give their lives for their country. We certainly should not be more gentle with wealth than we are with human life. As the war goes on taxation will have to be higher, and ought to be higher. Indeed, we have only begun in the matter of taxation if the war continues; but even as regards taxes there is a limit. We must apply taxation intelligently."

The secretary of the treasury expressed with emphasis his view that even in taxation there are limits beyond which the wise statesman will not venture. He evidenced impatience with those extremists whose mental vagaries take the form of advocating the wholesale seizure of wealth, regardless of sound economic considerations.

"I have never been a believer in meat-ax political economy, and least of all now. Arbitrary dicta and methods hit the just and unjust alike, and sometimes produce surprising consequences. They play smash with things. I believe in smashing things when necessary, but it cannot be done blindly, especially when one is dealing with the intricacies of our great modern industrial system. If you are dealing with surgery you should do it skillfully with a delicate instrument, and not bunglingly with a saw.

"For example, you cannot forbid people to sell Liberty Bonds. There are many reasons why they may be obliged to sell them. Suppose a man of moderate means subscribes for several thousand dollars of bonds and one of his children is taken ill. An expensive operation becomes necessary and he gets a bill of a thousand dollars from the surgeon and another large bill for drugs, nurses, and so on. I know what that means, because I have experienced it myself. How in justice and common sense can you forbid that man to sell one of his bonds? If you did he would never subscribe again.

"Any prohibition upon the sale of Liberty Bonds would restrict subscriptions to such an extent as to jeopardize the success of future loans, and would be an act of bad faith toward those who have subscribed to the past loans and may have been unable to hold their bonds. The soundest and surest way to protect the price of government bonds is to teach the people to save so that they may become true investors in bonds and not merely subscribers for them."

But Mr. McAdoo seemed just as opposed to another extreme, the proposal to "peg" the price of bonds arbitrarily and artificially. He feels that such a course would encourage people to sell who merely become a little tired of holding the bonds or who desire money to gratify a pleasure or whim. He also believes such a policy would be unwise because it would practically convert twenty, twenty-five or thirty year bonds into demand obligations.

Railroad Investors Safeguarded

HIS judgment is that every effort should be made to protect legitimate dealings in government bonds, on the one hand, and to prevent short selling and any form of reprehensible practice, on the other hand, which would tend to injure the price of government bonds and to hurt the credit of the Government. The credit of the Government while the nation is at war is the very lifeblood of America, and he feels that every citizen owes a sacred duty to conserve that lifeblood to the limit, making every conceivable and necessary sacrifice to accomplish it. He thinks that the least of all services that any citizen can render is to lend his money to his Government on the safest security in the world and at reasonable rates of interest. He said that one of the greatest problems confronting the Government was to educate the people to a realization of the importance of saving, buying and keeping government bonds, not selling them, on the one hand, and to steady and conserve the market, on the other hand, so that sufficient absorptive power should always exist to take at reasonable prices the offerings of people who have to sell their government bonds, and thus maintain a condition of confidence in the value of government securities which would constantly encourage people to invest in them.

"How should the individual investor in railroad securities view the present situation?" I asked.

"He should congratulate himself," was the prompt reply, "that the Government has taken possession of the railroads, which guarantees not only their operation as a unified and efficient system but the necessary credit to furnish the improved facilities imperatively demanded in the interest of all the people. At the same time he should be happy that the Government intends to compensate the owners of the railroads fairly and justly for the use of their properties during the period of government control."

Ever since the Government took over the railroads Mr. McAdoo has insisted that the Government's financial guaranty or rental for the use of the railroad properties should be on a just basis; that it should be promptly provided and accepted by the owners, because he regards it as essential that the Government and the owners of the railroads should come to a satisfactory understanding in order that the status of some sixteen billion dollars

The Director General Thinks There Will be Ample Time to Determine the Future of the Railroads in the Light of Test and Experience

(Continued on Page 85)

Sweet Honey in All Mouths

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

IN SPITE of the ornate apartment in which she now lived, in spite of the three weeks at Lakewood and the summer at Arverne, in spite of the huge temple in which she could now worship, did she so wish—she could never forget for a moment the three terrible days in Elizabethgrad nigh on thirty-seven years ago.

Across the room at the high resounding piano her grandson's fiancée was fingering sheets of music—a little dark rosebud of a girl, eighteen years old, *chic* as only Jewish girls can be *chic*. Later on the lovely plumpness of those arms might become heavy and gross, the long nimble fingers stodgy, the delicate line of chin replete with fat; but now she was soft as a dream, beautiful as the queen who had come from her place in the south to look on the magnificence of Solomon.

Herself had never been anything like that, old Rachel Levy thought. Fifty-seven years ago, a girl of eighteen, her looks had been practically the same as they now were except for the quiet ravages of age a dramatic, cameolike quality of spirit; black-eyed, strong-nosed, strong-skinned—such a face as Miriam, who was Moses' sister, might have had when she danced and sang triumphantly after the passage of the Red Sea.

Her grandson Meyer, blond, a bit out of condition, a trifle paunchy even at twenty-three, was rustling among the loose leaves of the music.

"This one, Sadie," he suggested. He put the sheets on the stand; an instant later the old woman heard both their voices ring out:

It's your country, it's my country,
With millions of real fighting men;
It's your duty, and my duty,
To speak with the sword, not the pen.
If Washington were living today
With sword in hand he'd stand up, say:
"For your country and my country,
I'll do it all over again."

By Some Superhuman Effort He Got to His Feet and Staggered a Yard Forward. He Would Show His Comrades What He Was Made Of!

Very vaguely she understood the rippling words, for in spite of her thirty-seven years in America the Yiddish jargon was the one she mostly used and English came hard to her, but something in them thrilled her.

For days now as she sat at the window and watched the soft spring change to the promise of summer along the Drive she had thrilled to the sight of men in khaki and men in blue hurrying by with set purpose or dallying with sweethearts along the little spaceway between the river and the Drive. There was a great strain in her, she knew, and she felt it—the strain of the Levites, the fighting priests of Israel—the men who had carried the ark made of shittim wood and precious metals on their way out of Egypt into the enemy lands of the East; who had encompassed the sentried walls of Jericho, fearless and confident, while the shrill bugles called their imperative summons; who had fought to the last stand against Antiochus Epiphanes; who had repulsed Vespasian; who had held Titus fighting until the last barrier had been broken down.

If it were her country and her sons' country, how they would have rallied to it, she thought. But her and her sons' country was somewhere else—no intangible ideal, no faint psychological borderland, but a definite geographical spot; a country where still the hills of Dan were blue, and where fishers put out on the lake called Galilee, and where Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, ran with sweet waters. Even at that instant in far Jerusalem against the walls of the great temple that Melchizedek, the righteous king, first builded, old men and women were beating their heads and singing the eternal litany:

For the palace that is desolate!
For the walls that are overthrown!
For the great men who lie dead. . . .

Her eyes flashed and she put down her sewing for an instant as she remembered that even now an army was encompassing the new city that the Turks had builded on a site where the old ritual of her faith had been celebrated when the Turkish tribes and the Arabians were barbarians who worshiped stone and held infernal rites with fire and flesh. A few days, a few months, a few years maybe, and once more Zion would rise in strength and power, as it was in the days of David, the singing king, and of Solomon, when the princes of Sidon and Tyre brought tribute to the gates, purple cloths and fair African gold and tusks of ivory, and once more the kine would graze on the hills and the maidens go to the wells in the soft Syrian mornings. Zion would rise. Zion, which was never dead, would rise again!

That was the living spirit within her, the end of her days, the mainspring of her life. But there was one other great emotion. She never would forget the flight from Southern Russia to America, from the dread of the howling human wolves there to the dread of the unknown factors that made up life here. In those days America was a vague name. The great Russian-Jewish exodus came years later, and only few of her race had at that time adventured overseas. She could remember, as though it were yesterday, her arrival at Castle Garden with her son Jacob, cowering before the immigration officials as they had cowered before the uniformed autocrats in Russia. She could still remember her astonishment as they passed along the crowded gentile streets with no insult offered them and no word of derision. Then little by little came prosperity. Her son's business of peddling furs turned as by some magic into a concern of his own, moved from the East Side across to Brooklyn, from Brooklyn back again to Broadway, from Broadway to Fifth Avenue. And when her son died she was amazed to find that the gentiles were sorry for her.

Always there had been on her mind the tradition of oppression. Her father had spoken of it, and his father. There had been the ghettos of Rome, the Inquisition at Spain, the harshness at the hands of the Moors; all these were facts, indisputable.

There was Russia—that she knew only too well; even to-day in her mind the tradition persisted that her race would be oppressed until they were gathered together, men and women, among the peaceful hills of Zion.

Harsh as that feeling was, dramatically soft beside it in her heart stood out the gratitude toward this country to which she had fled and where the oppression was lifted; where she and hers had been allowed to live in comfort and worship in contentment and prosper by the labor of their heads and hands. Yes, she who was old would return to Zion and die there, but until the last minute she breathed, among the tender memories of her years would be the place where she had abided in luxury and peace.

The jingling at the piano ceased for an instant. Her grandson came over and leaned above her: "Does it disturb you, the playing of the piano, granny?"

"No!" She shook her head smilingly.

"Shall we play you something," he asked—"something from the operas, something classic?"

She shook her head. "No," she said; "play it again—that tune: It's Your Country. It's My Country."

II

IN ALL the two years young Meyer Levy had been betrothed to Sadie Rosenblatt he had never been quite sure that he loved her. There was no doubt of her beauty. There was no doubt, too, that he would be proud of her—joyously, competitively proud when he should bring her down to Atlantic City or up in the mountains. Already he could sense triumph when his friends and his acquaintances would strike him on the shoulder with congratulations.

"Meyer," they should say, "you got the prettiest little woman in America—you son of a gun!"

But there was something about that point of view which he felt was unworthy—it suggested too much the attitude of a shopkeeper taking pride in a window display. He wanted something bigger, something ultranational. Back in his store, taking care of his accounts or receiving a favored customer, there used to chime in his head and his heart that song of Solomon's which to him typified love: "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." And he wanted that mate of his to answer: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."

That would mean nothing to Sadie Rosenblatt. Her ideal of connubial bliss would be the banter and repartee

of cheap musical comedies; the dancing at Lakewood; the possession of splendid clothes and a powerful car. If there had been a girl anywhere like his mother, that fine spiritual essence of a woman, not an instant would he have hesitated. But women like those were gone, gone with the crumbling of the temple walls. . . .

It was half-past eleven now, and he had an appointment for lunch at the Lafayette. He left the store and sauntered down Fifth Avenue. Occasionally he liked to fight his way through the crowds at that hour or to go over to some Second Avenue café and see the big chess experts play. He loved to listen to the old jargon of his people, well-nigh forgotten by him, though it was the only medium through which he could converse with his mother. At Thirty-second Street he met a flying squadron, gesticulating violently with voices louder than usual. He listened to hear their words: "But a Jew has no reason for fighting for this country!" one was calling.

"They'll get you all the same," a gray-bearded patriarch said comfortingly.

"Maybe I lose a finger, eh?" a sharp-faced Galician interposed. "Better than lose my life!"

"A Jew has got no reason to fight for this country," the first reiterated; "it's not his country!"

A dapper little designer with a Vandyke beard spoke: "You got every right!" he snarled contemptuously. "What were you getting in Russia as a tailor? A few rubles a week. What you get here? Thirty-five dollars. Sure, you got the right!"

Meyer Levy listened no further. He climbed on a Fifth Avenue bus. A trifle weak, a trifle shaky, he sat down. So they were talking conscription! And he had forgotten it for days! He, too, was within conscription age! They might drag him off to one of those training camps. A woeful sense of terror seized him. Something went cold in his entrails, and goose flesh rose over his head and face.

It was not his trade to fight. His business was to barter and sell—a business as important to the nation as that of shouldering a gun.

At the Lafayette he lunched with Marcy Conway, greatest of New York's silk men. Once, over the coffee, Meyer mentioned the problem.

"Do you think," he asked casually, very casually, "that this conscription bill will go through?"

"Not a doubt about it!" Conway told him. "And believe me, Meyer, my lad, if you do get your number you'll be one of the first to go."

At tea that afternoon with little Sadie Rosenblatt there was more discussion on the subject. It was Sadie herself who started it.

"I want to tell you something, Meyer," she said nervously, "about this conscription thing. They may pick you out and send you to camp"

"Well?" he said with careful indifference.

"Now I tell you something," she went on. "I know a doctor across in Brooklyn who can fix you up. Now don't take a chance on that number-drawing."

A little of the flaming spirit of the Levites caught hold of him. "I'm not a coward!" he answered proudly.

"For my sake, Meyer," she pleaded. "What's the use of your going across there? Aren't there millions without you? Let the others do it!" She rose from her chair. "Wait, I'll telephone for an appointment to-morrow. He's an old friend of father's. He'd do anything for me."

"No!" Meyer shook his head decisively.

She rose and walked out of the hotel, tears of disappointment and rage in her eyes. He followed her out and down the street.

"Aren't you coming up to dinner to-night?" he asked her. "Gran'ma wants to see you. And I'm having a friend up to-night—an army officer Gran'ma and I met in Bermuda on his honeymoon. Then you can tell him what you think of the army."

They stopped in front of a jewelry store. He felt somehow that a peace offering would suffice to clear up the atmosphere.

"Do you see anything in the window you want?"

"I want nothing except for you to come with me across to Brooklyn—to see that doctor. Won't you come, Meyer?"

"I will not," he told her finally. And there the matter dropped.

Of all his acquaintances and of some of his friends there was no family Captain Mordaunt liked half so much as the Levy family. On his honeymoon trip in Bermuda two winters before, when his young and fragile bride became suddenly and dangerously ill, none of the visitors had been so generously solicitous as old Rachel Levy. None had put himself about so much as her grandson Meyer. It was Meyer, sensing with Hebrew shrewdness that the pay of a lieutenant of marines ran not to specialists, who had wired surreptitiously to Mount Sinai Hospital for a specialist to take the next boat, within an hour. It was old Rachel's self-sacrificing quality that rarely let her quit the sick room. The young bride was sobbing when she left them, and even in the hard marine officer's eyes there was an unbecoming mist. There was more than an obligation between himself and the Levy family—there was friendship; there was affection.

Irene, his wife, was dead now, after only three months of marriage, but Mordaunt, on his rare visits to New York, never forgot that his first call should be on them.

He crossed the room with firm step and clasped hands with the grandmother. He wrung Meyer's hand until the blood nearly started from the furrier's finger tips.

"Meyer, my lad"—he poked him in the ribs—"you're getting fat. You'd better come along with me." He turned with a bow to the *chic* little girl standing beside the piano. "This is my betrothed I've so often spoken to you about," Meyer said proudly—"Miss Sadie Rosenblatt. This is Captain Mordaunt."

"How do you do?" Mordaunt said casually. With that shrewd soldier's eye of his he was taking in every detail of her features, remarking subconsciously the weakness, the wariness, the self-indulgence of her face.

"And what are you doing round here?" Meyer asked.

"As a matter of fact, I'm in charge of a big recruiting station at One Hundred and Tenth Street," Mordaunt laughed. "Business is bad, Meyer." He shook his head "We need customers. Why don't you come along, Meyer, and give us a boost?"

The grandmother looked up keenly. She was watching Meyer's face. There was something rather gray about it

"He'll do nothing of the kind!" Sadie broke in. "He's going to wait for the draft. And even if his number does turn up he'll not pass. He's not physically fit."

"Why, Meyer"—the marine officer looked up with astonishment—"you're the last person in the world to have anything wrong with you! What is it?"

"It's nothing," Meyer answered. He felt somehow that if there was one person in the world to whom he could not lie it was Mordaunt.

"Then come along." For an instant there was a tension in the room—a tension as in a high moment of tragedy, the tension of a sentry in an unknown land. The solemn ticking of the clock and the click of the grandmother's needles seemed only to accentuate it.

"You may get conscripted, you know," Mordaunt proceeded calmly. "There is nothing to hold you back if you are. Your business can be sold out or run by some of your honest relations. Your grandmother has money of her own. There's no excuse."

"There's one excuse," the girl at the piano shrilled—"I won't let him!"

Meyer turned round to his grandmother appealingly. She caught his eye.

"You choose for yourself, Meyer," she said calmly; but there was in her tones that quality of a great race horse

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"What Do You Want Coming in Here for?" Sadie All But Shouted. "Can't You Get Enough Bums on the Water Front and the Park Benches?"

The Adventures of a Man Hunter

A Box of Candy—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

They Were In and Out of the Office Like Tigers, Looking for Their Money

"I SOLD him," he said briefly, coming over and sitting down beside me.

"How much stock?"

He told me.

"I'm going out there to-night to close it up," he said.

The buyer of stock, across the hotel lobby, stopped, hesitated, almost came toward us; then went out into the street finally without turning—the eyes of my man fixed steadily on his back.

"Oh, you can sell them," he stated with a note of hard pleasure in his voice—"when you know how."

"How do you sell them?" I asked.

"How do you," he asked, "sell what you sell? How does anybody sell them anything?"

His eyes took inventory of the lobby again.

"It's knowing human nature, that's all," he said, answering himself finally. "You've got to watch them, study them—every little thing."

His eyes searched mine and held them.

"You know what's sold me thousands and tens of thousands of dollars?" he asked.

"What?"

"A box of candy."

"A box of candy!" I said after him.

"For the kids."

"How do you work it?"

He worried his cigar awhile, looking out over the room—a thing never easy, always restless, always searching, always flexed to spring.

"Just human nature, that's all," he said, starting.

I was out round Kansas City the year before the Mexican War—selling them Mexican land. They're peculiar out West there.

They'll buy land. They think it's safer. Land or local companies sometimes. But not a dollar's worth of anything to go east of the Mississippi—to Chicago or New York. You can sell them land, though. They've seen money made in it themselves.

It looked like a big thing at first. Al Carson, an old side partner of mine, and I were in it together, for ourselves. We put every dollar we had in it. We thought we'd make a real clean-up that time. But Judas, the expenses of starting one of those things are awful! We had Al, with a high priced office, taking care of Kansas City; and two other men and myself out traveling. We weren't spending money—we were burning it!

Finally Al telegraphed me to come in.

"You know where we stand?" he asked me when I got there. "We've got nine hundred of the five thousand left. By the first of the month there'll be payments of three thousand overdue. We've got to have that anyhow. That's the least that'll do us any good."

"Where are the other two men?" I asked him. "What are they doing?"

"They're getting through Saturday night," he said. "They're through. And I'm inside from now on, fighting off the bloodhounds at the office. It's all up to you," he said. "Three thousand by the first. We get it, or it gets us!"

"You watch me!" I said.

There was a little town in Southern Iowa I'd just been hearing about. I ran up there on the sleeper that night and got busy getting my lines out.

They had a little place in the town they called Aunt Martha's Dining Room—a little plain home restaurant, run by one of these round little old women with a wart on their chin, who look as if they were born in a kitchen, with a blue-checked gingham apron on. I went in there to get my meals. I started in calling her Aunt Martha; in two days I was putting my arm round her, and she was calling me son and telling me everything she ever knew.

I was sitting there the second or third noon after I got there, watching them as they came in. By and by I saw a fellow with a little girl with him come in and sit down at another table—a big overgrown fattish young fellow with a black band on his hat.

"There's something I can sell," I said to myself.

You can tell them as far as you can see them. Their eyes are a give-away generally. I noticed this one's eyes just as soon as I saw him. They had a kind of scared, anxious look about them that reminded you of the big fat boy in school who was always afraid somebody was going to pinch him or hurt him to see him jump. His mouth was weak, too; I noticed it—a little mouth like a buttonhole in his big smooth face.

"I can sell you," I said, sizing him up. And I took a look at the kid while he was hitching the napkin round her.

She was a queer-looking, queer-acting kid—about three or four years old. Good-looking, too, in a way. She had on a pretty fair white dress, and her hair was curled, after a fashion. But everything seemed to be put on her crooked.

"Did you ever see a kid dressed up like that?" I said to myself. "What's happened to her?"

After awhile old Aunt Martha came out from back with her old blue-checked apron on her and went over and talked to them; and stood there fussing with the child, pulling her clothes round, fixing her.

"Who's the kid?" I asked her when she came back by my table.

And she told me.

"I went over to fix her up," she said. "Her mother's dead. Last winter. It makes you laugh to see how a man handles them. Everything on the poor child's upside down."

"Does he live alone with her?" I asked her. "Isn't there any woman there with him?"

"Some hired girl—some ignorant foreigner probably—when he can keep one."

"What are they?" I asked her. "Pretty well-to-do people?"

"They've got their farm out on the fairgrounds road," she told me. "A nice little place, but out a good ways."

After the old lady'd gone along awhile I looked over at the kid and caught her eye once or twice, and finally, after quite a while, I got her smiling. It came hard—seemed to. But when she did grin she grinned all over.

She reached up then and got her father by a piece of hair on the front of his head and pulled him down where she could whisper to him—about me. I could see him look over and look away, and try to hush her up. One of those big awkward ones, with eyes that shy off and slip away from you—scared. But his kid kept right on looking.

"Ah hah," I said, keeping on watching them. "It don't take long to see who runs that family."

And then I sent her over some ice cream. And I told the waitress to say I sent it over to little old sunshine—to see if she couldn't shine my way once more.

The kid giggled and grinned again, all over herself, when she saw what was happening to her; and then stopped all of a sudden and hitched herself up in the chair and went after the ice cream kid-fashion, staring at me over the top of the plate, figuring it out; not a smile out of her.

When she got most done I went over and spoke to them.

"This is Mr. Bartlett, ain't it?" I said. I got the name of course from Aunt Martha. But he didn't know.

"Sit down," I said. "Don't get up!"

He didn't know whether he ought to get up or sit down or swallow his napkin—thinking he ought to know me; all tied up guessing who it was.

"I hope you don't mind my sending over that ice cream?" I said to him.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said, almost knocking his water glass over.

"I took a great shine to your little girl," I told him. "I'm very fond of children. And I know little girls like ice cream," I said, looking down at the kid.

And she crowded up against her father—a queer kind of wild-acting, strange-looking kid in those crooked clothes.

"I was a little girl myself once," I said.

And that started her to grinning again and shaking her head—hard.

"Why not?" said I.

"No, sir. No, sir. No, sir," she said, breaking out all at once. "You're a man! You're a man! You're a man!"

Her father had to take hold of her and tame her down.

"You're a flirt, that's what you are," I said, chucking her under the chin. "You've been spoiled."

And then she shut up again, as suddenly as she started, and drew back against her father and stared, looking me over.

"How I knew you," I told the father, "I was out by your house the other day, and the man I was driving with told me your name."

"You're a stranger here, ain't you?" he said, relieved a lot now he saw he didn't know me—one of the kind that's afraid he'll hurt your feelings some way.

"Yes," I told him. "I'm here on a little business. I'm in the banking and security line down in Kansas City."

"Is that so?" he said, and stopped, drawing off those queer-looking little scared eyes again.

"You've got a nice little place out there," I said to him. "I took quite a liking to it. Let's see: It's out on the fairgrounds road, ain't it?"

I'd never been out there in my life, of course; but I got him to talking about it.

"That's where we all ought to be," I said, "if the truth was known—on the farm. Every time I see a nice little place like yours I just want to drop in and walk round and look it over!"

"I'd like to have you drop in and see mine before you go if you've got the time," he said, coming out with it finally.

"I'll just take you up on that," I said. "I'll make the time if I haven't got it. Because I want to see your farm. And I want to see your little girl again. God never gave

me any little ones," I said to him. "But I certainly am fond of them. And I don't know when I've seen one I've taken such a fancy to. What's her name?" I asked him.

"Lotta."

"Well, Lotta," I said to the kid, "you know what? I'm coming out to your house pretty quick. And when I do I'm just going to bring you the nicest box of candy you ever saw."

"Come on!" she said, breaking out all of a sudden again, grabbing me round the legs. "Come on out! Now! I've got a dog and a doll's washstand, and three kittens!"

I got hold of her, and her father grinned.

"Honest?" I said to her. "Well, then I tell you what we'll do: I'll be out in a few days with my box of candy, and you'll take your dog and your washstand and the kittens and we'll go to housekeeping right away. Because you're going to be my sweetheart, understand? This is a case of love at first sight."

And I tickled her and kissed her.

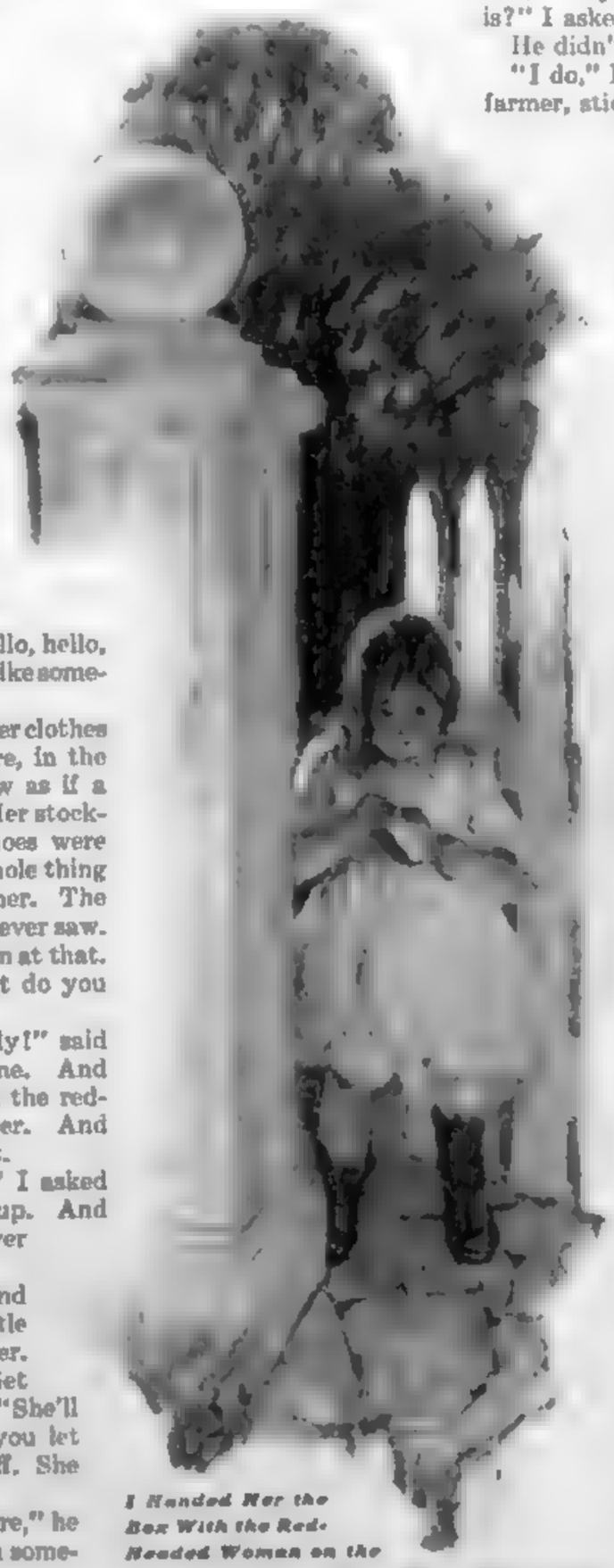
"She likes you all right," said the father.

I walked out to the door with them—holding one hand of the kid and the father the other. "Good-by, Lotta," I said, kissing her. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Lotta. Good-by," I said, standing watching them go. And I waved my hand at her. "Good-by, Lotta," I said to myself. "You're worth about a three-thousand sale to me before I get through with poppa!"

For I could sell him all right! One of those scared, bashful ones, afraid of hurting your feelings. That's the kind you want—the one who's afraid of hurting your feelings. The easiest thing in the world. I had that three thousand almost counted.

I heard from Al at the office. Things were going rottener and rottener. No money and more expenses. If we squeaked through the first of the month on the three thousand we'd be lucky. I hustled round town looking for it—getting out my lines. I got the first thing done: I picked up the old devil I had to have to boost me and steer me round the town and shave my notes when I got them in. But I stopped there; I didn't have any luck. Somebody had been in there a year or so before, selling them. I saw right away the best bet I'd got was that fat young farmer with the scary eyes and the kid.



I Handed Her the Box With the Red-Headed Woman on the Cover. And She Stood Still, Staring at It

About the third day after that I went out and bought some of this bright poison-colored candy they sell in those small-town drug stores—put up in a narrow box with paper lace inside. On the cover of it was the picture of a red-headed dame with her hair down. I took my candy and I started and drove out the fairgrounds road to find Lotta.

Lotta was there all right. The first thing I saw was Lotta yelling "Hello, hello, hello!" running out, acting like something crazy.

You'd have laughed. If her clothes were on her crooked before, in the restaurant, she looked now as if a cyclone had struck her. Her stockings weren't mates, her shoes were only half buttoned; the whole thing seemed to be sagging off her. The craziest looking object you ever saw. And yet kept up pretty clean at that.

"Hello," I said. "What do you guess I've got?"

"Candy! Candy! Candy!" said the kid, walking all over me. And I handed her the box with the red-headed woman on the cover. And she stood still, staring at it.

"Where's your father?" I asked her when we'd opened it up. And she wanted me to ride her over to him pickaback.

He came out from round the house, with his little scared eyes rounder than ever.

"Get down, Lotta! Get down!" he said to her. "She'll tear you all to pieces if you let her," he said, brushing me off. She had almost already.

"She sees so few out here," he said, "she's half crazy when somebody does come."

"Leave her alone," I said. "She's all right." So we compromised, and she dragged me round by my finger while he was showing me the place.

We came back and sat down on the porch and started smoking my cigars, and finally he sent her away, so we could talk.

"I certainly wish I had a kid like that," I said, watching her go off to where she'd laid her candy.

"I guess maybe it would be better for her if you had her instead of me," he said.

"Ah hah," I said to myself. "Sorry for yourself, eh?" You can sell them that way sometimes, when you can't any other—when they're down in the mouth. And I kept him going.

"What do you mean by that?" I said to him, and got him telling me his troubles.

"I don't know what to do for her—since her mother died," he said. "I can't dress her. I can't take care of her myself. And I can't get anybody else to—any help. You saw the one I've got in the kitchen now."

"Good Moses, yes!" I said. I'd got a glimpse of her. Some sort of German with a head—with her hair drawn back—like a coconut, who could just make two or three noises like English.

"Why don't you send her away somewhere?" I asked him.

"I can't afford it," he said. "I haven't got any near relatives. And I can't afford to send her anywhere else. I'm doing all I can afford to now."

"That's the trouble, ain't it, always?" I said, looking at him.

"What?" he asked, looking up sideways with one eye.

"With farming," I told him. "The money in it. It never gets you anywhere."

"It never did me," he answered, looking down again.

"No, sir," I said to him. "That's the devil with the farm. We'd all ought to be out here, and we know it. But when it comes down to it we all clear out when we can. Do you know what the trouble with farmers is?" I asked him.

He didn't know as he did.

"I do," I said. "I'll tell you: It's because the farmer, sticking right here in one place, is never round where the money is. The other fellow sees it first—and grabs it. He's nearer to it. It's too bad too. He don't deserve it. Now take you and me," I said: "I don't want to brag and blow, but I'll bet you, in the last two weeks I've made more money than you did all last year. It's funny, too," I said; "I made it on something in your own line—land. But I fell across it in the city."

And then I told him about our Mexican land company and the money there was going to be in it—for me and for everybody else. I had him listening all right.

"How are you coming out with it here?" he wanted to know finally.

"I've got it all sold," I said right off. And I gave him some names, including that old party that was steering me in the town. "I've got it all placed practically. But not tied up so strong yet," I said, winking, "but what I could lay aside a little for you—if you'd say the word."

"I wish I could, but I can't!" he said, shying off like a pigeon in the wind, just as soon as buying was mentioned.

"Can't, eh?" I said. "Why not?"

"I haven't got a dollar," he said. "Not since my wife was sick. I couldn't raise it."

And I laughed.

"That sounds likely to me," I said. "A man with a nice little farm like this!"

"I don't own this farm," he said. "Not an acre of it."

It got me in the windpipe. I never dreamed but what he owned the farm—after what the old woman told me in the restaurant.

"Don't own it?" I asked. "I heard you did."

"Oh, no," he said, getting red. "Not an acre. Whoever told you told you wrong."

"Well," I said, catching myself finally, "I'm sorry to hear it, for your sake. It's no difference to me. I didn't come round to sell you stock. I came out here to look at your place and visit with your little daughter. Where is she?" I said, looking at my watch. "I've got to be saying good-by."

The Coconut-Headed Servant Shoved Her Head Out the Window and Back Again Like Some Strange Animal Out of a Circus Wagon

And I got up to go.

She came running out of the house, hanging onto her candy box. She had it all done up in a piece of paper—saving it. I noticed it at the time.

She almost tore my legs off, saying good-by; hanging onto my knee so I wouldn't go—wild as ever.

"She's crazy to have people come," said her father, breaking her away from me. "She gets terribly lonesome here without her mother."

"Come again. Come again. Come again, you candy man!" she yelled after me.

"Sure!" I said, waving my hand. "I'll come again. Sure!"

"I'll come again—not!" I said to myself, turning and driving off.

Judas, I was sore! All that time gone. Just a week more. And nothing sold.

I got back to town and I found another red-hot letter from Al at the post office, asking me for cripes' sakes where was I—what was I doing? They were in and out of the office like tigers, looking for their money. And not a dollar from me yet! What was I—quitting?

If I'd been like most of them selling stocks, that's just what I would have been doing—right there. If I didn't watch them and study them all the time. But going home that evening I'd got to thinking it over, and all at once I remembered that look on his face—a kind of funny look, when he said he didn't own that farm. And I said to myself, "I'll make sure of this. I'll ask the old woman anyhow, for luck, when I get in for supper, just what she did say to me about his owning that farm."

I got her talking about them again after I went in.

"Look here," I said to her then, watching her, "I thought you told me he owned his place."

"No, I didn't," said the old girl. "I never said he owned it. It belongs to the little girl."

"What!" said I.

"Her mother owned the farm in the first place," she said. "And she left it to her."

I almost got up and kissed the old girl on the wart on her chin.

"I thought all the time you said her father owned it," I told her.

"No," she said. "He's only her guardian."

I sat and thought it over when she went out for my supper. I saw the whole thing. Instead of coming out like a white man and saying who did own the farm, he'd slipped me deliberately. Afraid I'd try to sell him some anyway. That's the danger with those weak ones. A regular usual trick. They're weak as water—yes. But they slip out of your fingers if you stop watching them a minute!

"Ah hah," I said to myself. "You'd smoke my cigars, and you'd let me feed my candy to your wild-eyed kid. And then you'd slip me! You would, huh? Just for that I'll sell you anyhow! All I can stick into you!"

I didn't go out that next day; but the day after was Sunday, and I drove out there.

I'd looked them up in the meantime from my old stool pigeon in town—and I found that place they had was safe for just about a three-thousand-dollar loan. So Sunday I started out after them again, and got there in the middle of the afternoon.

Lotta saw me coming down the road as far as eye could see, and came galloping out—her clothes crookeder than ever.

(Continued on Page 106)

ONE TO THIRTY-ONE

THE STORY OF A GREAT CIVIC WAR SUCCESS

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are many communities in the United States—a great many—where the war is still a vague enterprise; where the war is held as a side line of the nation's business, to be carried on in conjunction with and in addition to the normal activities of the country and its localities; where the war is not sensed or visualized; where neither it nor its supreme obligations are appreciated. There are many communities in the United States where the people do not understand that instead of being a vicarious undertaking it is a vital undertaking, paramount, predominant, on which the future security of the United States depends, as well as the stability of the established civilization of the world. But Columbus, Ohio, is not one of these.

Ninety thousand producers in Columbus—wage earners, salary receivers, professional men and women, capitalists, merchants, manufacturers—the heart and brains and brawn and backbone of Columbus—the men and women who make Columbus the thriving city of more than two hundred thousand people that Columbus is—not only know about the war and what it is and what it means but are also partners in the making of it, fused in patriotism, supporting it with their money, out to win it because they are part of it, on their toes, hell bent to whip Germany, enthusiastic, whole-heartedly for America and against the enemy, splendidly and unitedly American. What Columbus did any community of whatever size, from New York to the smallest settlement, can do. Columbus, taking a plan that had been tried elsewhere in several places, notably Syracuse and Rome, New York, and Jeannette, Pennsylvania—possibly there are others—improved on that plan, organized and executed it; and the result was manifold. Columbus filled a community war chest, which was a great accomplishment, but not the greatest. Columbus in filling its war chest regenerated Columbus, brought the war home to the people, made them partners in it and supporters of it. Columbus did a big American thing in a big American way.

Centralized and Systematized Giving

COLUMBUS systematized war giving and war support. Columbus filled a community war chest. Columbus determined the sum of money that would be required from that city for various war purposes not governmental, such as subscriptions for Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and got that sum all at once, provided for its disbursement in properly certified and useful directions when the calls come, relieved the citizens of the bothers and harassments of various drives, coördinated its resources and put the whole scheme over with a whoop.

Like many—most—other communities, Columbus, before this work began, was almost as remote from the war—so far as an acute realization of what it all means goes—as from the battle line. The city felt only the slightest effects of the war, had profited some, but looked on it as a national enterprise, of certain indirect interest to Columbus but not particularly vital. One Central Ohio regiment had gone to France, but little had been heard from it. The chief war interest centered in the training camps at Camp Sheridan and Camp Sherman. There was much about the war in the papers, but little that was local to Columbus. The situation there was no different from the situation in most American communities. It was based largely on lack of information and lack of visualization, because there had been no concrete incentive of impelling power. No Columbus casualty lists had come in. The war was all more or less remote.

Moreover, Columbus had had, as all other communities had had, certain drives for moneys for various funds related to the war but not governmental. Columbus had been canvassed by parties of ardent but bothersome men and women soliciting funds for various war needs—some worthy, some not. Columbus was pestered with war solicitors, and was giving neither logically nor systematically nor proportionately—that is, a certain few of the city's inhabitants were compelled to bear all the burdens, as in every other place, for every whirlwind campaign whirled naturally mostly about the men who were easiest to be drawn into the vortex. In addition to this it was plainly apparent that the effectiveness of one whirlwind campaign might detract from the effectiveness of another and equally meritorious campaign; one drive might do well and another of similar obligation do poorly, because of lack of system or organization. The whole process of supporting outside war needs was in a mess in Columbus, as elsewhere. There was a prime necessity for systematized giving, for proper allotment of the resources of the city for this work; in short, for getting the most there was, to be applied in a businesslike manner for the greatest good.

I propose to tell here in broad general terms how Columbus went about this plan of securing a community war chest. The details of the Columbus plan can be obtained by any community interested by addressing Mr. George W. Gillette, secretary of the Columbus Community War Service, Columbus, Ohio. I do not intend to go into the minutiæ of the operation, but to tell the story in its widest aspects; to show first what Columbus did, and explain the general plan and scope of it all; and then to point out what seems to be a remarkable civic achievement—for the benefit of those who may be interested.

The basis of the Columbus idea can be set down thus: One campaign for all war needs reaching everyone in the community will (1) Reduce waste of time and effort to a minimum; (2) Induce all to give a maximum; (3) Conserve the financial resources of the community; (4) Eliminate relatively unimportant and increase the support of the important causes; (5) Raise the patriotism of the community to a higher level; (6) Effect a new community spirit.

It is reported from Columbus that all these things have been done; that the plan is working smoothly and satisfactorily and that its success is assured.

Columbus found itself in this position: In the last six months of 1917, when war needs were just becoming evident, Columbus raised $1,034,599 through the medium of various drives and campaigns. This sum did not include the millions the community invested in Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, and so on; nor amounts given to local charities. This million was for war needs. It was apparent that these demands instead of decreasing would increase as the war progressed. Thus there was a need, and a pressing one, for some businesslike plan whereby the city could meet these obligations quickly, surely and without wasted effort—without the obscuring of the greater needs by the multitude of the lesser ones, and in a manner befitting the wealth and importance and patriotism of the city

The Syracuse Plan Modified

LAST September the Social Service Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Columbus took the matter up and made a series of investigations of other plans tried in other places. The basic idea came from Syracuse, New York, where a community-war-chest idea was organized last June. Syracuse raised $1,100,000 for her war chest, but as the need for systematic giving was not then felt so keenly there was no great national movement in that direction following thereafter. Syracuse's plan was adopted in general terms by the Columbus investigators, modified extensively, added to and revised to suit the needs of Columbus as the Chamber of Commerce saw them. Finally the Chamber of Commerce submitted the plan to Mayor Karb, and the mayor appointed a general committee of one hundred and twenty men and women representing every phase of life and endeavor in Columbus. This general committee, on December eighteenth last, adopted the plan as set forth by the Chamber of Commerce. The general committee delegated the execution of the plan to an executive committee of ten members, which in turn elected from its membership a president, vice president and treasurer, and selected a secretary, who became a member of the committee also.

What this committee had to do was set forth in the by-laws, as follows:

"To receive contributions from individuals, corporations, associations, firms and others, and to disburse these contributions among war needs that come to its attention and that meet with its approval; to enlist and organize the war needs of every man, woman and youth in the

(Continued on Page 93)

Columbus, Ohio, Did a Big American Thing in a Big American Way. It Systematized War Giving and War Support and Filled a Community War Chest With the Sum of Money That Would be Required from That City. But, Best and Greatest of All, This Campaign Regenerated Columbus Itself. Brought the War Home to the People, Made Them Partners in it and Supporters of It

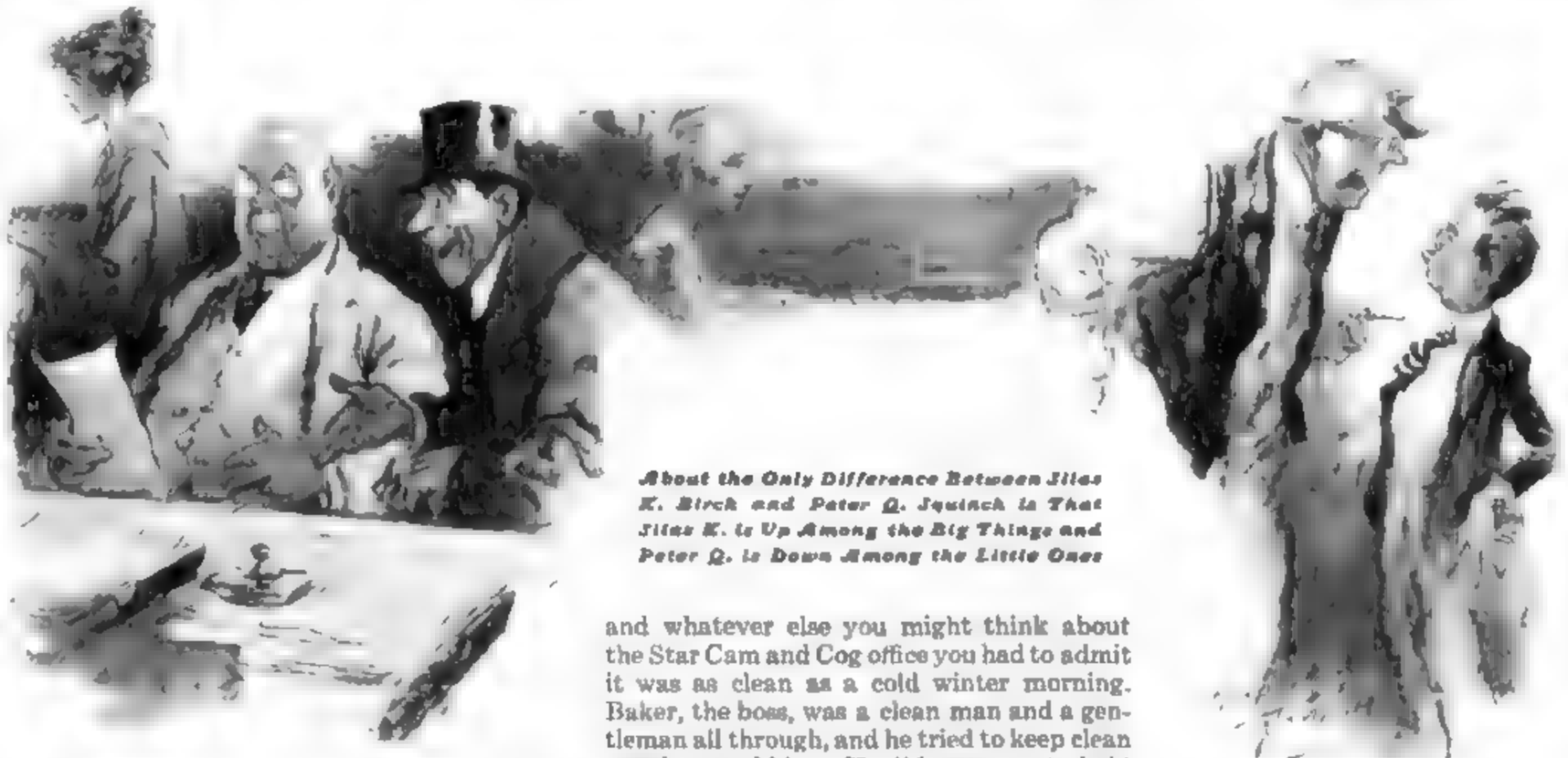
BIG MONEY BILLINGS

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT JOHNSON

YOU never hear anyone to-day saying Billings holds himself too cheaply. I have heard that when he went down to Washington, just after the war began, he arranged to give Uncle Sam his services for the sum of one dollar a year; but I'll guarantee you that he kept a little account book and entered that dollar as $100,000 received, or something like that. I don't mean anything like graft; you'll see what I mean when I tell you the big joke on Billings.

I get about some; I've worked up in the insurance game until I don't have to bother with the little prospects much—they hand me the big fellows to get after—and I've learned that the big fellows are all sorts of men, just as the little fellows are. When you get to knowing the big fellows you find they are always reminding you of some little fellows you know or knew. They have the same ways or mannerisms or views of life. About the only difference between Silas K. Birch, who handles a million-dollar corporation, and Peter Q. Squinch, who fusses day after day over the office-supply department of that same corporation, is that Silas K. is up among the big things and Peter Q. is down among the little ones. They both like their cigars mild, and they both wrap up their throats when they go out into the cold air, and they both like Graham crackers and milk. I have an idea that if you had taken Silas K. and put him in the supply department and kept him there long enough he would have been a second Peter Q., worrying because the clerks would not use their lead pencils down to the last bitter half inch; and I have a notion that if Peter Q. had been lifted into the job Silas K. now holds and had had the nerve to hang on to it until he learned the ropes he would be managing the corporation every bit as well as Silas K. is managing it. Because, when you come right down to facts, the one man is as good as the other; and the big force back of Silas K. is Big Money Billings. And Big Money Billings would be back of Peter Q. if Peter Q. was where Silas K. is. Contrariwise, if Silas K. was where Peter Q. is he would be just the same fussy old fellow that Peter Q. is to-day.



About the Only Difference Between Silas K. Birch and Peter Q. Squinch is That Silas K. is Up Among the Big Things and Peter Q. is Down Among the Little Ones

I'm glad to have that off my chest and out of my system. I've been wanting to say that for some time but I never knew just how to say it before. It comes in as pat as you please just here in the story of the joke Big Money Billings played on himself.

The girl in this case was Mattie Levoy. The name sounds something like a bareback rider in a circus; probably I've heard of one with a name something like that, which is why I think so; but Mattie was not like that at all. She and Billings and I worked in the Star Cam and Cog Company office. She was one of the quietest, meekest little things I ever knew, and that was why I liked her, and, I suppose, why Billings liked her. I will say frankly that I got fond of her through thinking she was the kind of girl I could afford to marry—would have to marry if I ever wanted to afford a wife. We low-paid boys do not always have good sense, but when we do we steer clear of the girls that look like big spenders. Mattie looked like one who would be happy in a humble home, and do her own dressmaking, and all that sort of business.

To tell another truth I'll say that the Star Cam and Cog Company were among the meanest concerns in New York for pay. I know what they gave me—fifty a month, six hundred dollars a year—and when you split that into weeks and figure that it comes to about eleven and a half dollars a week you can see it was hard going for a fellow who had to pay board. Billings got more; he drew all of twelve dollars a week—six hundred and twenty-four dollars a year; you can figure it yourself. I don't know what Mattie drew. I suppose she got eight dollars; that was about what beginners got for pounding the typewriter and taking stenography.

But Mattie was not a beginner; she came close to being one of the best stenographers I ever knew. The secret of her satisfaction with the job was that she was a nice girl, and whatever else you might think about the Star Cam and Cog office you had to admit it was as clean as a cold winter morning. Baker, the boss, was a clean man and a gentleman all through, and he tried to keep clean people round him. He did not want to hold hands and he would not have any greasy, flirting lady-killers on his force. That was why Mattie stuck to the job there even if the pay was low. It was as good as a letter from home to see her come into the office in the morning, hang up her hat, tuck her cuff protectors over her wrists and slide into her chair with a smile and a nod.

You understand how I felt about Mattie. Billings and I used to go up to her home once a week or so to spend the evening, and usually there were one or two girls she had invited in, and maybe another fellow; and on the way home to the boarding house we always said she was a mighty nice girl. We never said much more than that, being in the twelve-dollar-a-week class and under, and in no position to fight duels about girls; but I had made up my mind that as soon as I could squeeze twenty-five a week out of the boss I would ask her if I could buy a ring. Billings felt exactly the same.

Well, that was how things were then. There was some high-class honest work done in that office, for both Billings and I wanted to push ahead and get to a point where we could say something to Mattie that every girl ought to like to hear from some fellow. I can see now, looking back, just what we were and were apt to remain. We were cheap. We were counting ourselves cheap. We were underpaid and we thought we were terribly ambitious when we looked forward to twenty-five a week; it was big money to us, and probably Big Money Billings often laughs, when he is putting through half-million deals and talking hundreds of thousands to old Silas K., at the eagerness with which we looked forward to a dollar-a-week raise. In those days we never expected that Billings would some day get his name from a little saying he let fall at a luncheon: "Gentlemen, it is no use; my ears are not good and, if you want me to hear, you will have to talk louder; I can't hear anything but big money."

And that was not a bluff. He had reached a point where it did not pay him to talk anything but big money. Silas K. was paying him so much that if he wasted time on deals involving less than a hundred thousand dollars he was not earning his salary. All right!

I am rather serious and always was, but Billings was what we called a josher from the first day I knew him. I used to call him Happy Boy or Old Happy or just Happy; and sometimes when I was in a hurry it got shortened to Hap. I remember he used to call the prunes at the place we boarded Persian grapes—not because it meant anything but because he enjoyed doing it. When we had chicken he would say: "A little more of the pheasant, Mrs. Dayton, if you please, ma'am!" Mrs. Dayton did not mind, because she knew Billings was not complaining or slinging sarcasm about, but only being amusing. We used to laugh about it, and sometimes we called him the prince and sometimes the millionaire. Jokes like that get to be a sort of staple thing in a boarding house and keep going for weeks and sometimes for years.

I guess I was right on the spot the first time Billings did his ten-times stunt.

That was one pay day. The Star Cam and Cog paid us once a month, but we had to pay Mrs. Dayton once a week, and we had finished dinner and were up from the table when Billings pulled his month's pay out of his pocket—all of fifty dollars or so.

"I beg your pardon, countess," he said—he always called Mrs. Dayton by some high-flown title—"but my banker has remitted me a few thousand dollars and if you are not in a hurry I would like to make my usual contribution to your fund for overadipose cooks."

That was a crack at Bridget, who had come to the dining-room door. She grinned—they all liked Billings—and Mrs. Dayton smiled. So Billings began pulling dollar bills off his little roll. He laid them across Mrs. Dayton's hand one at a time, counting them out:

"Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and ten makes seventy dollars," he said, calling each dollar bill a ten, just for fun. Then I handed Mrs. Dayton my seven dollars rolled in a wad, and Billings and I went into the hall. He had run short that month—bought a hat or something—and he owed me a dollar and a half. He stopped me.

"By the way, ambassador," he said, "I am in your debt too. Allow me to liquidate."

So he handed me a dollar and a half.

"Fifteen dollars," he said. "I believe that was the amount of the trifling accommodation. Thank you!"

Well, we kept it up for quite a while. We made a joke and a sort of game of it. We would go into a restaurant for lunch and he would pick up the menu. Usually it was one of those cream-of-cow places—a dairy lunch.

"Butter cakes, fifty cents!" he would say. "Expensive place this, but we must have the best. It pays to patronize the good places. Pork and beans, one dollar fifty. Coffee, fifty cents. I think that will do for me. I don't like to spend over two dollars and a half for lunch."

All the while the butter cakes would be five cents, and the pork and beans fifteen, and the coffee five, and his whole lunch only a quarter of a dollar. But I would come right back at him.

"I'm going to have some of this two-dollar beef stew, and a piece of fifty-cent mince pie, and a fifty-cent glass of iced tea," I would say. "What's money to us millionaires? My family would disown me if I spent less than three dollars for a meal."

And all the time I was just getting a thirty-cent lunch, you understand.

As I say, we kept that up for quite a while. It got so a lot of people were in the joke. The cashier at the counter was wise to it. Billings would slide his check across the marble.

"Take out two dollars and a half to-day," he would say, sliding a fifty-cent piece after the check. "And, princess, just give me one of those fifty-cent cigars."

They were five-cent cigars, you understand. It was the same on the elevated. Billings called the elevated his taxi.

"I know some people complain about the cost of taxicabs in New York," he would say, "but I've been raised in luxury and I just have to use them. What is a dollar a day when you can ride to and from your office in luxury?"

He would say that while he was climbing the elevated stairs ready to buy a ticket for five cents. And that was how we joshed each other right along for a week or two. Then I got tired of it. I quit it. But Billings did not. Perhaps it was because it was his joke and he had invented it, but he did keep it up. I think he liked to talk and think in big figures. He enjoyed it.

I went into his room one evening. He had the hall bedroom at one end of the house and I had the same room at the other end, and we used to drop in on each other once in a while on bad nights when we were near pay day and our money was about out. I dropped in on Billings this night and found him with an account book before him and writing figures in it.

"Gee!" I said. "Don't you get enough of that at the office?"

(Continued on Page 53)

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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The Last Front

THERE will be no peace in the world until there is a revolution in Germany sufficiently extensive to shift the center of political power from Junker to people. Russia, Finland and Rumania show that the present rulers of Germany are bent on conquest and domination. They play the old game of statecraft in the old way. Naturally a party which cherishes those ideals will believe that its neighbors are cherishing them. A continuation of their régime can mean nothing but a continuation of the old condition of mutual jealousies and suspicions and competitive armaments.

The dominant mind in Germany must be a mind with different ideals, or there can be no reasonable assurance of peace. This German Government—after all that has been said about Belgium—cheerfully assented to the principles of no annexations and no indemnities when it opened negotiations with Russia, and at once as cheerfully excepted all the Russian territory it wanted or could use from the application of those principles. Any nation which would trust that government would deserve what it would get at the first favorable opportunity.

How many more men must be sacrificed, what military reverses or disappointments may be necessary, before the German people take an effectual share in their government, no one can say. But, in view of what has happened meantime, it now appears, even more clearly than when President Wilson first said it, that the real objective of the war is simply a government in Germany which can be trusted. That will mean peace. Nothing else will.

Quite Bourbon

ONE great spring offensive had already developed and stood fully disclosed, a month ago. There is no longer any doubt that Germany is playing the old game of conquest and domination. In a world of democracy, of four million Social Democrats at home, of labor unions, of Bolsheviki in Russia, the Junker Government is still thinking exactly in the terms of Frederick the Great, when a large part of the inhabitants of Prussia were serfs. It is a rather astonishing fact—like coming upon a set of people who still travel in coach-and-four, wear knee breeches and take snuff; but there is no doubt about the fact.

To get some hundreds of thousands of square miles and millions of inhabitants under Prussian rule, so that they may be taxed, exploited and drafted into the army—that is almost the extent of Hindenburg's political vision. He recognizes the modern world only to the extent of tossing it a little transparent camouflage. Frederick could say candidly that he grabbed Silesia to satisfy his personal ambition. Those who do the talking for Hindenburg throw out some vague sops about indefinitely postponed self-determination.

The astonishing thing, however, is not Hindenburg, for the characteristic of a good Bourbon is that he learns nothing and forgets nothing. The surprising thing is the German people. One can perhaps understand their believing that it was necessary to declare war on August 1, 1914, in order to protect the Fatherland against Russia, whose hordes were then mobilizing across the eastern frontier. No German but knows to-day that Russia, in a military way, is more helpless than China, and that invasion of Germany is far beyond the military ken.

Their docility to Hindenburg shows that freer and more advanced peoples underestimated the tremendous power of long-continued archaic ideas. The ingrained Hohenzollern habit loosens its hold more slowly than we expected. It is loosening, however. A steady accumulation of facts will finally overthrow a wrong belief. The facts are accumulating.

The Swing of the Pendulum

EARLY Victorian individualism is as thoroughly out of style now as hoop skirts. Its best philosophy is found in the writings of that mossy old ruin, Benjamin Franklin. Be sober, honest, diligent, thrifty, he wrote; learn your trade or business thoroughly, deal squarely, save all you can without being a miser, invest your savings prudently, look after your health.

The current philosophy teaches: Your material status, whatever it may be, is a product of circumstances which are governed or governable by political conditions; so, if there is anything unsatisfactory in that status, demand a remedy from the Government. If you have very much money or very little, it is because politics failed to strike an equitable mean. Mere individual causes for either condition, such as superior ingenuity, daring, diligence, foresight, or a lack of those characteristics, are not sufficient explanations; essentially it was politics that made you very rich or very poor.

As the old individualism charged everything up to the individual, telling him that his afflictions were the penalty of his own sins or faults or deficiencies, the new philosophy tends powerfully to absolve the individual altogether, telling him that his afflictions, aside from those unavoidable in nature, are the results of conditions imposed by political action. Instead of instructing him to be honest, diligent and sober, it instructs him, above all, to vote right.

The crowds that flock to Billy Sunday show that people still retain a hankering for the unfashionable old stuff which seeks to explain their lives by pointing not to the dome at Washington but to their own hearts.

Control of Prices

PRICES, on the whole, continue to rise here and abroad. Washington is debating a scheme to correct this, so far as concerns the United States, by comprehensive price fixing, which will check increased cost of living, or even cause a fall in the general price level.

Dismiss all currency and other theories from your mind. Take this very simple and incontrovertible fact: Prices have been rising because war tends to lessen the supply of goods and services, and, at the same time, increases the demand for goods and services. That is as clear, simple and self-evident as two plus two makes four.

There is also a clear and simple corrective—to wit: Increase the supply of goods and services by greater exertion and decrease the demand by ceasing to buy and consume things you can very well get along without. Diligence and economy are the simple old answers, without bothering your head over more elaborate economic theories.

But these answers are unpopular nowadays. The popular answer is to look to the Government; and the Government—always excessively anxious to be popular—listens sympathetically.

It would even, perhaps, seek to avoid the disagreeable consequences that naturally accrue when the supply of goods decreases and the demand increases by just decreeing that prices shall not rise, thereby relieving individuals from the spur to greater exertion and greater economy which high prices bring about.

A scheme of price fixing sufficiently comprehensive to cause a fall in the general price level, under present conditions, must go decidedly beyond what any Government has yet undertaken. It could fall little short of wiping the slate as to the old scheme of supply and demand and private dickering by which prices have been made since the beginning of history. To be balanced and equitable it must include fixing wages and producers' prices for all sorts of agricultural products; for if consumers' prices are to be arbitrarily fixed all along the line the elements that make the prices, including labor, must be arbitrarily fixed also.

No government could get very far with so ambitious a program without meeting grave difficulties.

Moral Deficiency

OUT of all the men examined under the selective draft law two thousand and one were rejected as "morally deficient."

Putting that statistically as less than one-tenth of one per cent gives us a flattering idea of our moral state. But unfortunately the report adds that the most heterogeneous opinions as to what constitutes "moral deficiency" prevailed among the examining boards. The President's proclamation suggested that this clause in the statute was meant to include, at least, all persons who have been convicted of felony in a court of record, which naturally raises the question: If a man has been convicted and has paid the penalty which the law prescribes is he still presumed to be so deficient morally that he cannot associate on equal terms with other people? If the answer is in the affirmative, why release him from prison and turn him loose upon the community? Why should not every felony involve a life sentence?

Who would accept the judgment of a court as conclusive evidence of moral deficiency? For example, Edith Cavell was duly convicted of a felony; the men who shot her for aiding poor refugees were not.

When you leave the comparatively firm ground of a court's judgment you are on an uncharted sea. William J. Bryan is as morally deficient in Wall Street as Wall Street is in Nebraska. Whatever one man or woman dislikes in another is quite certain to present itself to the objector's mind as a moral deficiency.

We needed those selective conscripts. If they had been judged merely on the opinion of their neighbors and without any ulterior view probably the figures would have been the other way round and only two thousand and one would have got a white ticket.

How Wealth Will Pay

SMITH'S income is five thousand dollars a year. He bought Liberty Bonds of the second issue. The Government pays him four per cent, net, on the money invested in them.

Rockefeller's income is five millions a year, and more. He bought Liberty Bonds of the second issue. The Government pays him one and a half per cent, net, on the money invested in them—only a little over a third as much as it pays Smith for his money.

War debts of all the chief European belligerents now amount to more than a third of the total estimated national wealth before the war. It is a formidable burden and a good many schemes are proposed for shouldering it upon wealth.

The graduated income tax does shoulder the burden upon wealth. The surtax takes sixty-three per cent of a very rich man's income, nothing at all from an income up to five thousand dollars, and one per cent from an income between five thousand and seventy-five hundred.

For Rockefeller the effect is practically the same as though the Government invited him to buy a certain amount of bonds and then canceled the interest on two-thirds of them. He may sell his government bonds; but that does not help him, for the tax will take the same proportion of his income however it is derived.

Lincoln's Doctrine

"THE man who stands by and says nothing when the peril of his Government is discussed cannot be misunderstood. If not hindered he is sure to help the enemy; much more if he talks ambiguously—talks for his country with 'buts' and 'ifs' and 'ands.'"

That is pretty strong doctrine. Some of us would hesitate to draw the line of disloyalty with any such rigor. Merely talking for the country with "buts" and "ifs" and "ands" is regarded by many people as comparatively innocent.

The ruthless tyrant who uttered the doctrine quoted above was Abraham Lincoln.

Lord Charnwood, certainly an open-minded student, sums up his impression of this phase of the great President's career with the statement: "In any case, Lincoln stood clearly and boldly for repressing speech or act that could help the enemy, with extreme vigor and total disregard for the legalities of peacetime."

Lincoln had summoned men to die for a cause. Unquestionably any toleration of speech or act that tended in any way to undo their work would have seemed to him contemptible and criminal. But Lincoln is not remembered as an enemy of freedom of mind or body.

SHOT WITH CRIMSON

By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

PAUL ZIMMERLEIN was a mining engineer. His offices were off Fifth Avenue, somewhere above Thirty-fourth Street. He stood well in his profession; he stood high as a citizen. No one questioned his integrity, his ability or his loyalty. He was a good American. At least, a great many good Americans said he was, which amounts to the same thing.

One entered his offices through a small antechamber, where a young woman at the telephone desk made perfunctory inquiries, but always in a crisp, businesslike manner. She was the first cog in a smooth-running piece of machinery. Her name was Mildred—Mildred Agnew—and she had a brother in the British Navy, from whom she received infrequent letters of a most unilluminating character, letters omitting date, place and ship—in which he said he was well and happy and hoped to heaven the Germans would come out into the open to see what the weather was like.

If your business was important or you had an appointment you would be conducted by a smart-looking boy into a rather imposing corner room, from whose windows you could look down fourteen stories to the roof of an eight-story building below. Presently you would be invited into Mr. Zimmerlein's private office. Beyond this snug little office was the drafting room, where several actively studious men of various ages bent over blue prints and estimate sheets. They all appeared to be good, industrious Americans; you could see them quite plainly through the glass upper half of the intervening door.

You were at once aware of an impression that this was not the place to come if you were engaged in a secret or shady enterprise, such as the exploitation of a get-rich-quick mining proposition or any kindred opening for the unwary. You always said to yourself that you felt quite safe in the hands of Mr. Paul Zimmerlein and his associates.

You went about saying that you wished all men with German blood in them were like Mr. Paul Zimmerlein. He became one of your pet hobbies. You invariably referred to him when you declared that you knew at least one man of German extraction who was "absolutely on the level," and you would unhesitatingly go about proving it if anyone had the effrontery even to discuss the point with you. All you would have to do would be to point in triumph to the men who were his associates professionally, commercially and socially. The list would include many of the really significant figures in public life. Among them, for instance, you would mention several United States senators, at least two gentlemen high up in administrative circles, practically all of the big financiers, certain members of the English cabinet, and—in a pinch—the presidents of three South American republics. He was on record as being violently opposed to Von Bernstorff; indeed, he had said such bitter and violent things about the ex-ambassador that even the most conservative German-Americans—those who actually were opposed to the Kaiser and his policies—felt that he was going much too far.

He was about forty years of age, tall and powerfully built, with surprisingly mobile features for one whose face at a glance suggested heaviness and stolidity. His smile was ever ready and genial; his manner courtly; his eyes, which were honest and unwavering, had something sprightly in them that invited confidence and comradeship. The thick, dark hair was touched with gray at the temples, and there was a deep scar on his left cheek, received not in a German university, as you might suppose, but during a fierce and sanguinary encounter with Yaqui Indians in Northern Mexico—a tragedy that cost the lives of several of his companions and brought from the people of the United States a demand that the Government take drastic action in the matter. Altogether, a prepossessing, substantial figure of a man, with a delightful personality.

Shortly before noon on the day following the destruction of the great Reynolds plant by alien plotters Zimmerlein was seated in his office, awaiting the arrival of two well-known New York merchants and a gentleman from Brazil.

"Very Good, Captain! Orders Is Orders, Sir!" She Stood Off and Saluted Him With Mock Solemnity

Half a dozen morning newspapers, with their sinister headlines, lay upon his desk, neatly folded and stacked with grave orderliness. He had read them and was lolling back in his big leather chair with a faint smile on his lips and a far-off frowning expression in his eyes.

The gentleman from Brazil came first.

"Sit down," said Zimmerlein curtly. "They will be here in a few minutes."

"That was a terrible thing last night, Zimmerlein," said the Brazilian, nervously glancing over his shoulder in the direction of the drafting room.

Zimmerlein made no response. He resumed his set, far-away expression, his gaze directed at the upper sash of the broad, high window, beyond which a distant gray cloud glided slowly across a blue-white sky.

"Most shocking," went on the Brazilian after a moment. He had not removed his overcoat. The fur collar was still fastened closely about his neck.

Zimmerlein turned toward his visitor.

"Take off your coat, Riaz. Make yourself comfortable," he said affably. "Help yourself to a cigar."

Riaz—Sebastian Riaz, diamond merchant and mine owner, of Rio Janeiro—removed his coat.

"The appointment was for eleven o'clock, Mr. Zimmerlein," he said, looking at his watch. "They are late. It is nearly twelve."

"Permit me to remind you that you also were late. Everything is in order, my dear sir. The deal may be closed in ten minutes—or in even less time than that—if there is no further haggling on your part." He closed one eye slowly. "The contracts, the estimates, the plans are ready. Nothing is lacking except the signatures."

"Just as they have been ready for nearly two months," observed Riaz, also closing an eye. "All ready—except the signatures and the date."

"We shall date them—and sign them—in our extremity," said Zimmerlein, going to a safe which stood invitingly open in a corner of the room. He removed a small but important-looking package of papers and tossed them carelessly on the table. "Such as a visit from on high," he added with a smile.

"Yes," said Riaz, and sat down again, frowning.

"We shall never be caught napping. Here are the papers, as they would say in the melodrama. By the way, do you go in for melodrama in Rio? Or are you above that form of amusement?"

Riaz remained unsmiling. "It is not so popular with us as it is with you Americans," said he. "We see through it too readily."

Zimmerlein unfolded and spread out several of the documents. "There!" he said. "Let him come who will. Under the sharpest eyes in America you may transfer property valued at ten millions, and no one will question the validity of the transaction. You see, my dear Riaz, you do own these mines and they are exactly what they are represented to be. To save their lives they can't go behind the facts. And the purchasers are prepared to hand over the cash at any moment. Could anything be simpler?"

"Nothing," said the Brazilian sententiously, "except the damned little slip that sometimes comes between the cup and the lip."

"Ah, but our cup is always at the lip," said Zimmerlein buoyantly. "Don't be a kill-joy, old chap."

"All well and good, Zimmerlein, unless someone's lip splits." He shot an uneasy glance into the drafting room.

"This is the most perfect machine in the world, Riaz. Have no fear. Every cog has been tested and is of the stauncheat steel. Every part has been put in its proper place by the greatest genius alive."

"I don't have to remind you that a few cogs in the foreign office have slipped badly."

The door opened to admit two brisk, prosperous-looking gentlemen.

"I fear we are late," said one. "It was unavoidable, I assure you."

"It is never too late," said Zimmerlein, advancing to shake hands with the newcomers. Then, while they were laying aside their overcoats, he stepped swiftly to the door of the drafting room and called out: "Thorsensel! Come here, please. And you also, Martin."

One of the men in the outer room laid down the instrument with which he was working over a huge blue print; with a sigh of resignation he removed his green eye shield, smoothed out his wrinkled alpaca coat, and came slowly, diffidently into the private office. He was a middle-aged, stoop-shouldered, sunken-faced man, with a drooping mustache that lacked not only pride but color as well. The ends were gnawed and scraggly, and there were cigarette stains along the uneven edges. Otherwise this sickly adornment was straw-colored. Thick spectacles enlarged his almost expressionless blue eyes; as one looked straight into them the eyeballs seemed to be twice the normal size.

This man was John Thorsensel, civil engineer, American, born of Norwegian parentage, graduate of one of the greatest engineering universities in the country. You would go many a league before encountering a more unimposing commonplace person; and yet here was the most astute secret servant in the German Kaiser's vast establishment. Not Zimmerlein, or Riaz, or any of the important-looking individuals who skulked behind respectable names—not one of them was the head and heart of the sinister, far-reaching octopus that spread its slimy influence across the United States of America. John Thorsensel, an insignificant toiler, was the master mind, the arch conspirator. It was his hand that rested on the key, his thought that covered everything, his infernal ingenuity that confounded the shrewdest minds on this side of the Atlantic. The last man in the world to be suspected—such was John Thorsensel, bad angel.

Martin, the other man called to the conference, was a brisk young fellow who left a roll-top desk in the corner of the drafting room and presented himself with stenographer's notebook and pencil. It is worthy of mention that

this book already contained the stenographic notes of the preliminary oral discussion between the three principals to a transaction involving the sale of great mining properties in South America. Everything was perfectly prepared, even to the abrupt termination of the conference that would come naturally in case agents of the Government took it into their heads to appear. Martin's notes, jotted down weeks beforehand, broke off in the most natural way. There is no telling how many times he had sat with the notebook on his knee in just such a conference as this, without adding a single word to what already appeared on the pages. It is safe to say, however, that the notes were never transcribed.

It would have been impossible to find in the offices of Paul Zimmerlein a single incriminating line or article—or suggestion of either; for the simple reason that no such thing existed. Nothing ever appeared in tangible form. Visitors were always welcome.

Once and once only had the slightest symptom of a creak appeared in the well-ordered machine. One man was suspected—merely suspected. There was no actual evidence against him in the hands of the conspirators, but the fact that a possibility existed was enough for them. He was an ordinary window washer, who came twice a month to the office—not oftener—in his regular round of the building. Always it was the same man who washed Zimmerlein's windows, and always a few words passed between him and the engineer, words that no one else heard. One day the device to which his safety belt was attached gave way and he fell fourteen stories to the roof of the building below. He was to be trusted after that.

The six men, gathered in the office of Mr. Paul Zimmerlein, formed a combination of intelligence, wealth, energy and evil sufficient to satisfy even the most exacting of masters. Here were the shrewdest, the safest, the soundest agents of the cruelest system in all the world. No small, half-hearted undertaking in frightfulness ever grew out of their deliberations; no clumsy botch, no needless violence; no crazy, foredoomed project; no mistakes. They were the big men—the men who did the big things.

Out of every nook and cranny in the land oozed constant and reliable reports from the most trustworthy sources, from agents of both sexes; sly, secret, mysterious forces supplied them with facts that no man was supposed to know; the magic of the Far East was surpassed by these wizards who came not out of Egypt but from commonplace, unromantic circles in the Occident.

The departures of vessels from every port and the nature of their cargoes; the sailings of transports and the number of troops; the conditions in all the munition plants and cantonments; the state of mind of the millions of workers and idlers throughout the land; the very thoughts of the people in control of the country's affairs, it would seem. Everything! Everything was known to this resourceful clique. They were the backbone of the unrest, the uneasiness, the skepticism that swept the land. Their agents, loyal unto death, were everywhere. The secrets of sea, land and air were theirs. They could buy—buy anything they wanted with the wealth that was theirs for the asking.

Information came to them and commands were issued by them in a thousand different ways, but never in circumstances that invited suspicion. A casual meeting on the street; the passing of the time of day; a handshake in restaurant or club; brief and seemingly innocuous exchanges of pleasantries at the theater; perfunctory contact with stenographers, employees and customers in the course of a day; thus, under the eyes of all observers, the secret word was given and received. With these men no word was written, no visible message was exchanged. And the German language was never spoken.

"Trains from the West are all late," said one of the late arrivals, an elderly, gray-whiskered man. "Rhine did not get in from Chicago till nearly eleven. It was imperative that I should see him before coming here, gentlemen."

"Well?" demanded Thorsensel.

"He says the time is not yet ripe. He has studied the situation, has had reports from many sources. It is too soon. A partial success would be far worse than a total failure. He is very positive."

"All right," said Thorsensel crisply. The matter was thus summarily disposed of. He did not believe in wasting time or words. He turned with a questioning look to the other prosperous-looking citizen.

"He died very suddenly last night," said that worthy, responding to the unspoken query.

Thorsensel nodded his head with lively satisfaction. "Anything else?"

"That young fellow we were speaking of the other day dropped in at the store this morning. He appears to be interested in a very good-looking shopgirl on the second floor. I don't know how many pairs of gloves he has bought of her in the past few weeks."

"I know, I know!" impatiently. "Miss Group."

"We're making no mistake about this fellow, are we, Elberon?" demanded Zimmerlein.

"No; absolutely no! I'll stake my life on him."

"Go on," said Thorsensel curtly.

"The British and French Commissions sail to-morrow on the Elston. There is no question about it. He had it from the same source that reported their arrival last month."

"Martin, see that this information is on the wing immediately," said Thorsensel. "We may accept it as authentic."

"I should think we might," said Zimmerlein, "when you stop to consider that no one in the United States or England is supposed to know, even now, that these commissions are in the country—that is, no one outside a very restricted circle in Washington. I've never known anything to be kept so completely under cover. Some of the biggest men in France and England land on our shores, transact the most important business conceivable, and get out again without so much as a whiff of the news reaching the public. Somebody deserves the Iron Cross for this, Thorsensel. It is the cleverest, smartest piece of work that has been done up to date."

"I venture the opinion that the Elston with its precious cargo will never see land again," was Thorsensel's remark.

"The Kitchener job all over again, eh?" said Riaz admiringly.

"Or the Lusitania," amended Elberon.

"Don't speak of the Lusitania!" exclaimed Thorsensel irritably. "You know how I feel about that piece of stupidity."

"You were against it all the time, I know," began Elberon.

"Of course I was! It was the gravest blunder in history. But this is no time to talk about it. Everyone has reported on last night's business. There were no casualties and no one is missing."

"Good!" exclaimed the gray-whiskered plotter, his piggish eyes sparkling. "No one killed or injured or missing, eh? That seems all that could be expected of Providence."

"Every man has reported," said Thorsensel succinctly—"even Trott, from whom we had heard nothing for two whole days. It appears he was trapped and had to lie hidden in an empty bin. He got away just in time and without being seen. Yes, luck and God were with us last night, gentlemen. Not a life lost or a man scratched."

"If we come out half as well next week I will say that God is with us," said Zimmerlein.

"Where were you last night, Elberon?" demanded the gaunt leader abruptly.

"I dined with some friends and went to the theater afterward, Thorsensel."

"Who were they?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Heidel ——"

"You needn't finish the name," broke in Thorsensel. "I want to warn you again not to take them into your confidence; not even in the smallest of matters."

"His brother is a general in the Bavarian ——"

"It doesn't matter. I know all that. And one of her brothers is in the Reichstag. But you must not overlook the fact that a great many of these people are loyal to America. That is a point you don't seem able to get through your head, Elberon. The worst enemy, the direst peril we have to contend with is the American-German, if you grasp the distinction. No one seems to have used the hyphen in just that way, Elberon, but there is such a thing as the American-German; and we've got to steer clear of him. He's not so uncommon as you may think, either. This man you were with last night is one. He would turn you over to the authorities in a flash if he got a breath of the truth. A word to the wise, Elberon, means a word to you."

"A man is one thing or the other," said the other, flushing. "He's either a German or an American. There's nothing in the hyphen."

"You're quite right," agreed Thorsensel. "The man you were with last night is an American in spite of his name and his antecedents. I happen to know. Somewhere in this city there is a list of the people I define as American-Germans. It is a rather formidable list, let me tell you. They happen to be traitors, damn them!"

"Traitors? I thought you said they were loyal."

"You'd see what would happen to them if they ever set foot on German soil," said Thorsensel; and it was not difficult, even for the stolid Elberon, to see what he meant by loyalty.

An hour later the meeting came to an end and the men went their several ways, unsuspected by the troubled, harassed watchdogs of the nation. In that hour they had confidently, almost contemptuously forwarded the consummation of other enterprises even more startling than the blowing up of the Reynolds plant. Remote assassinations were drawn a trifle nearer; plans leading to the bombing of New York by airplanes that were to rise up out of the sea from monster submarines; a new and not-to-be-denied smashing of the Welland Canal; well-timed collisions of ships in the lower Hudson and other basins, with results more stupendous than anything yet conceived; deceptive peace propaganda for the guileless and unwary American proletariat; subtle interference in the halls of Congress; almost everything, it may be said, except the transfer of valuable mines in Brazil. That trifling detail was left to another day.

Within the next hour a message was on its way through the air to far-off Berlin, giving in singularly accurate figures the military losses sustained by the Allies at a spot in New Jersey recently occupied by the great Reynolds concern.

IV

AT THE end of ten days the excitement and horror occasioned by the blowing up of the Reynolds plant had succumbed to the great American curse—indifference.

The burning of two grain warehouses in Chicago, the wrecking of a train loaded with motor trucks, three dock fires in Brooklyn, and the partially suppressed account of an explosion on board a man-of-war in home waters—provided the public with its daily supply of pessimism. Scores of alien suspects were seized, examined and interned. Others were caught with the goods, so to speak, and were flung into prison to await, in most cases, the minimum penalty for maximum intentions. But at no time was the finger of accusing

(Continued on Page 24)

Out of Every Nook and Cranny in the Land Oozed Constant and Reliable Reports

How much of an American are you?

IF ever there was a time when the voice of God spoke to men it is speaking to Americans today.

The new Liberty Loan now offered by our Government is first of all a good money investment for you or any man. But more and greater than this it is a call upon your manhood to stand for liberty and justice, to protect your own family and home. It is the call of your country and the call of God.

Look at it as an investment—Good interest on your money, and the strongest security on earth. You can draw your interest twice a year or you can let it accumulate—principal and interest together—as a nest-egg for yourself or your children in the years to come.

You can sell your bonds at any time. You can transfer them to anyone. You can borrow money on them at any bank. They are gilt-edge security—guaranteed by the United States of America.

Yes, these bonds are *a paying investment for you*. And you can obtain them at any bank or post-office for a small payment down and the balance in easy instalments. You can get a $50 bond at a time if you wish. For your own sake take all that you can carry.

Do you realize that *America is fighting for her life?* Make no mistake. Over-confidence has lost many a fight. America is unbeatable if *united*—not otherwise. This is a *world* war. There can be only two issues—world liberty or—slavery for *all*. There can be no "draw." We win or we lose. *It is up to America and up to you.*

The brave young manhood of our nation is freely *giving* all; pledging its entire future, yielding up life itself to defend you and yours against a fate worse than that of the Belgians—for the Kaiser hates us worse. Will you begrudge the *lending* of your dollars to back our gallant home-defenders to the limit? Can you hesitate about it for a single day?

Now is the hour for every living American to listen to the voice of his country and his God; to stand up and be counted like a *man*.

Go and buy your Liberty bonds today!

A message from the makers of
Campbell's Soups

(Continued from Page 22)

Justice leveled at any one of the men or women who made the wheels go round.

Late in the afternoon of a raw, blustering day a young man presented himself at the Carstairs home. He was a smart-looking, upstanding chap in the uniform of a captain of infantry. The new butler announced that Miss Hansbury was at home and was expecting Captain Steele.

You would go far before finding a manlier, handsomer fellow than this young American soldier. Lithe and tall and graceful, he was every inch a man and a thoroughbred. Only a few months before he had given up a splendid position downtown, with a salary that few young men commanded and prospects that even fewer entertained, and eagerly offered himself, heart and soul, to the army that was to lift his country out of the pit of commercialism and give it a place among the proud.

He had won his sword and his shoulder straps with the ease of one who earnestly strives, and at the same time he had conquered in an enterprise sweetly remote from the horrors of war. Louise Hansbury, beautiful and gifted, was wearing the emblem of surrender on the third finger of her left hand.

He was to dine with the Carstairs that evening; as a privileged person he came long ahead of the other guests of the evening. There was to be a distinguished company - a cabinet officer, a prominent Southern senator, an admiral, a foreign ambassador, to say nothing of more than one potentate in the realm of finance; and women whose names were not more widely known than their deeds in these days of great endeavor women who had put aside frivolity and selfishness and social gluttony for the cold, hard business of making the country safe. Mrs. Carstairs herself was the chairman of one of the most important of the relief organizations controlled and operated exclusively by women; far from being a mere figurehead she was an active, zealous worker, an inspiration to her associates. One of the guests of the evening was to be an Italian countess, whose labors in the war hospitals of her native land had made her one of the most conspicuous women in all Europe.

"Our Precautions Were Well Taken, Ladies and Gentlemen. The Elston Was Torpedoed This Morning. Practically Everybody on Board Was Lost"

Louise Hansbury was the daughter of Davenport Carstairs' only sister, now deceased. Since the death of her mother—her father had died when she was a small child—the girl had made her home with this adoring uncle. She possessed a somewhat meager fortune—sufficient to guarantee independence, however, if she chose to fare for herself; a circumstance that would have excited resistance in Davenport Carstairs had it ever come up for discussion.

"How are you, dearest?" inquired the young officer, holding her off to look anxiously, searchingly into her eyes. The color of health was just beginning to flow in her cheeks.

"Gorgeous!" she replied, her eyes agleam with love and happiness.

"Go slow," he said gently. "Don't tax yourself too much. It's a serious job, this business of getting well."

"But I am well, you goose! I never felt better in my life."

"You never were more beautiful," he said softly.

"I'd much rather hear you say that than something really serious," she cried, smiling divinely into his eyes.

"You've had pneumonia," he said sternly after the moment it took to regain a temporarily lost air of authority. "Mighty sick you've been, darling—and ——"

"And I'm not to get my feet wet, or sit in a draft, or —— Very good, captain! Orders is orders, sir!" She stood off and saluted him with mock solemnity. "I'm so glad you came early, Derrol," she cried, abruptly abandoning her frivolous air. "I've—I've wanted you so much. This has been a long—oh, an age, dear. You knew that poor Hodges was killed by an automobile, didn't you? I never remember what I put in my letters. And there is all this talk about Belgium being a nest of spies at the outset, and—oh, that would be too much! Sit here with me, Derrol; and—you might hold me close to you—just for a little while. It—yes, it does give me strength to feel your arms about me." After a few moments the troubled look that had been lurking in his eyes for a long time reappeared. A light frown clouded his brow. He glanced over his shoulder, and when he spoke his voice was even lower than it had been before.

"Louise, dear, something very strange and mysterious has happened. Don't be alarmed, dear. It has turned out all right. But—gad, it might have resulted very seriously. Do you remember that I told you about ten days ago—in this very room, that I suspected a certain officer in our camp of being—well, crooked?"

"Yes—I remember quite well, Derrol. Is—is he?"

He smiled grimly. "That remains to be seen. I had observed one or two things about him that excited my suspicions, but I mentioned the matter to no one. The next day after I spoke to you about it I decided to go to headquarters with my fears. As a matter of fact, by that time I really had something tangible to report. I was received by the general himself. He was dumfounded. Instantly an investigation was started. The officer I mentioned was missing from camp. It was found that he had gone to New York the night before, but was expected back in the morning—just as I was. That was ten days ago. He has never returned. It has been proved beyond all question that he was a spy. There is no doubt in my mind that he got a tip while in New York and beat it for parts unknown. Now the infernal part of the business is that I never mentioned my suspicions to a soul except to you, never even breathed them outside of this room until the next day."

She was staring at him in perplexity. "But—but, Derrol, dear, what does it all mean? You—you certainly cannot think that I repeated ——"

"Of course not, dear! Certainly not. I ——"

"In the first place I had not been outside the apartment," she went on in suppressed excitement. "And I give you my word of honor that I did not mention the matter to a soul in this house. Not one word, Derrol! If you ——"

"Calm yourself, Louise," he urged, pressing her hands. "The chances are that he found out he was suspected before he left camp, and even as I was telling you he may have been on his way to safety. I have not told anyone that I spoke of the matter here; you may be quite sure of that. That would bring trouble and annoyance to you and—well, I couldn't allow that, you know. Just the same, he has disappeared—completely, utterly. He got the scent somehow and didn't lose a minute. Saved himself from facing a firing squad, you may be sure. So far as we have been able to discover I am the only man who knew that he was up to something wrong. That's the maddening part of it. I—you see, I actually had the goods on him."

"You looked over your shoulder just now, Derrol," she said, the color ebbing from her cheek. "Do you—do you suspect anyone here? Any one of the servants? They have all been with us for years—except poor Hodges, and he is dead; and I know that Uncle Davenport trusts them implicitly."

He held her a little closer. His lips were close to her ear, and the half-whispered words were fraught with the deepest meaning.

"See here, Louise, it's a desperately serious thing to say, and I know I'm a fresh, half-baked upstart, and all that sort of thing, but I just can't help feeling that if I hadn't spoken of that matter here last week we should have nabbed Mister Spy practically red-handed."

"Oh, Derrol!" she whispered, aghast. "You don't know what you are saying."

"It's the way I feel, just the same," said Captain Steele stubbornly.

"Then you do think the warning came from this house?"

Louise Hansbury attempted to withdraw herself from his arms.

"God bless you, darling. I don't think it came from you, or in any way through you!" he cried miserably.

"Then whom do you suspect?" she demanded.

"It might have been Hodges," he said, his eyes narrowing as he looked away from her.

"But Hodges was an Englishman, and was violently anti-German. It couldn't have been Hodges."

"In any event he's dead and can't defend himself," said he. "I trust you, dearest, not to repeat a single word of what I've just been saying—not a word to anyone!"

"You are very foolish, Derrol, but I promise. Not even to Uncle Davenport or Aunt Frieda. They would be shocked beyond words if they knew you ——"

"That's right, dear; not even to Mr. or Mrs. Carstairs—or that bustling young son of theirs."

"It would be far more sensible to suspect me than either of them," she said.

A latchkey turned in the front door, and a moment later young Alfred Carstairs came whistling into the hall.

"Hullo!" he called out, peering in upon them from the dimly lighted hallway. He was shedding his overcoat. "How's the camp, Derrol? Getting into shape?"

"Getting shapelier every minute," said Derrol Steele, crossing over to shake hands with the youth.

"Where's mother?" inquired Alfred, looking over the officer's shoulder at his cousin, who had not risen.

"Lying down, Alfie. She has been on the go all day. Much beauty is required for this evening. She's giving it a chance to catch her napping."

"By golly, it's the only thing that ever does catch her napping," said Alfred warmly. "She's a wonder, Derrol. She'd be a field marshal if she ever got into the army."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said Captain Steele, smiling. Even as he uttered the jesting words, a strange, uncanny sense of their importance took root in his mind.

Very serious topics were discussed by the guests at Mrs. Carstairs' dinner that evening. No one felt the least restraint, not the slightest hesitancy, in speaking freely of matters that never were mentioned in the open. Questions that could not have been answered outside the most secret recesses of the State Department were frankly asked here—and answered by someone who spoke with authority. No man feared his neighbor or his neighbor's wife, for here were assembled only those to whom the Government itself could look with confidence. These were the people

(Continued on Page 89)

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Confessions of an Opera Singer

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

CONTEMPORARY fiction is full of opera-singing heroines who jump into fame in a single night, like Minerva springing full armed from the head of Jupiter. Well, perhaps some of them do so—but I have never met a singer, even of the highest international reputation, who has not had some dark checkers of disappointment in his career. All his clouds may have had silver linings, but sometimes the silver gets mighty tarnished before he succeeds in struggling through the cloud, and sometimes another singer gets through first and steals the silver outright. My courage and my nerve have been sometimes severely threatened on the stage, and I have needed to summon the most dogged determination to keep them from failing altogether. I feel sure that all successful singers share my experience in greater or less degree, especially those who have been trained in foreign countries. Not all of them by any means have been through so severe a school as mine; few American singers, at any rate, have made a career in a foreign country exactly as if they had been natives of it. Many have been engaged for special rôles in one of the larger opera houses, after several years of experience, and have sung but a few parts, all of which have been those most suited to them. I have sung, on the contrary, the entire repertoire of a typical German opera house, where operas are regularly given of which the Metropolitan audience has never even heard.

I sang in all fifteen different rôles in the first seven months of my career. I have appeared in over sixty-five, ranging from the Wagner music dramas to The Merry Widow, and singing many of the rôles in three different languages. It has been the strenuous life in its severest form, but I do not regret any of it or feel that my effort has been wasted, for I know that I understand my *métier*, comprehensively and in detail; and nothing can take away the satisfaction of that.

The beginning of the season found my sister and myself in the town of Metz, as according to contract we had arrived six days before the opening. The weather was hot and dusty, and the town seemed deserted, for the regiments which gave it life and color were still away at the autumn maneuvers. We felt very forlorn at first, strangers in a strange land with a vengeance, and without the least idea of what the immediate future might hold for us. My German had improved considerably since my interview with the director, but my sister did not know one word. Luckily for her there was almost as much French spoken in the town as German. There were many shops of absolutely French character, where she was treated with great consideration as coming from Paris. Even the officials of the town, the post-office employees, customs officers and others with whom she came in contact, though rather deaf in their French ear, would make shift to understand her if necessary, adding an extra touch of rigidity to their already sufficiently severe manner, in order to nip any French familiarity in the bud.

The Complications of the Theater

WE WENT to the hotel that had been recommended to us, as the principal one in the town was in the process of reconstruction and swarmed with plasterers and carpenters. It was a rather dreadful place, with enormous dark rooms dingily furnished with heavy old-fashioned furniture; but it was very near the theater and as we meant to find lodgings later we tried not to be depressed by its gloominess.

Of course the first thing we did was to visit the theater. To reach it one crossed a bridge over the river, picturesquely bordered with old overhanging houses, then a cobblestone square, and there, rather shabby but still quite imposing, it stood. On the way I read my name for the first time on a German poster, with a distinct thrill. I knew my way to the stage entrance, and through it to the director's office, where several shocks awaited me. I learned that the man who had engaged me had been superseded by a new one, who had not yet arrived. Matters were in charge of the stage manager, a huge, towering creature with a great bass voice, who was a rather remarkable actor. He had come down in the world, having begun life as a cavalry officer, and he had strange gleams of the gentleman about him, even then. He was, by the way, the one man in the profession who ever made me a questionable offer. He grew to admire me very much as time went on, and one day, after I had been there some time, he asked me to sign a further contract with the theater.

Amneris as Portrayed by Miss Howard

"You'll never get anything very much better," he said, "as you are a foreigner. We'll make a good contract with you, and perhaps later—who knows?—you may have a 'protection salary.'"

He paused to see the effect of his proposal, and was met with absolute noncomprehension on my part, as I really did not understand at the time the German words he was using. He dropped his proposal there and then, and the affair had no unpleasant consequences for me, as he never referred to it again. And that is the single instance of that sort which I have encountered. Nevertheless, I might possibly have had further trouble with him later in the winter, for my looks really seemed to appeal to him very much. Just before Christmas, however, he died, almost overnight, as we were in the midst of rushing a production of Der Trompeter von Säkkingen. He had just informed me on Friday night that I should have to sing the Countess on the following Tuesday. I did not know a word of it and was on the way Saturday morning to get the score when I heard that he was dangerously ill—and by Sunday morning he was dead. Poor man! He had some good qualities and real talents, but it turned out that he had been guilty of irregularities, under the pretense of assisting the new director.

This new director, who had never even heard my voice, had been a well-known Wagnerian singer in his day and intended to take some of the principal barytone rôles in his new position, to the intense disgust of the regular barytone. All the outstanding contracts had been taken over in his name. This sudden change of management during vacation time made a little trouble for me, as it happened. None of the present staff had heard me sing. They knew only that I was a foreigner without experience, heard that my conversational German was not yet perfect—a much rarer accomplishment than a perfect accent in singing—and therefore doubted my ability to do the work of the first contralto. So they had engaged a native, which meant that it was up to me to prove myself capable at the first opportunity or lose the chance of doing first rôles, or perhaps be dismissed altogether.

Our hotel was impossible for a long stay, and of course, after my Berlin experience, my first idea was a good German *pension*. We went to the Information Bureau, a feature of all German towns in those days, and asked for a *pension* address. The man in charge shook his head. There was only one such place, he said, and he feared that it would not suit us, but we might go and see. We went accordingly, and found a nice-enough-looking house in the newest quarter, quite the other side of the town from the theater.

The inside of the house, however, told its own story—concrete floors, whitewashed walls with garish prints on them, and deal furniture, with red and white table covers much in evidence. The bedrooms were cell-like and garnished with mottoes, while a Bible and candlestick by each bedside were the only other appointments.

"What is this institution?" we asked.

"It is the German Young Ladies' Evangelical Home," we were told.

We thanked the matron, and decided that we were neither German nor young enough for such a home, even though we might be ladies.

Finding Lodgings for Two

DISAPPOINTED in our hope of finding a *pension* we returned to our friend of the Information Bureau, this time to ask for addresses of furnished rooms, with a decent landlady to attend to them for us. He shook his head once more—it was very difficult in a garrison town, he said, to be certain of the character of a house which had furnished rooms to let.

"But where do the artists of the theaters usually live?" we asked.

"Oh, they either take furnished rooms or bring their own furniture," he answered, "or live in the smaller hotels. But then, they are Germans and used to judging in such cases. There is, however, an English lady living here who knows the town thoroughly, and you had better go to her and get her to find rooms for you."

As we felt that we could not possibly ask a totally unknown Englishwoman to find lodgings for us, my sister set out on the hunt alone. As a foreigner speaking no German, and a woman looking for rooms all by herself, she was received in a very curious manner by most of the landladies she visited, and evidently looked upon with strong suspicion. We were getting desperate, as the time of my début was coming nearer and nearer and we were still unsettled. Finally we resolved to throw ourselves upon the mercy of the unknown Englishwoman after all, and wrote her a note begging her assistance in finding two furnished rooms near the theater, with a *Hausfrau* who would look after them and serve our breakfast. We had to find a furnished apartment, as we were not like some of my colleagues who possess their own furniture and pass their lives in a sort of singing journey through the country, always surrounded by their own household gods.

Early the next morning, before we were up, our English friend kindly came to see us, and with her help we soon discovered just what we were looking for, in an eminently respectable house, where the *Hausfrau* was the wife of a policeman, so that we were under the shadow of the majesty of the law.

A young doctor had the rooms, but she assured us that he was moving immediately and that we might send our trunks the following day. We duly arrived the next afternoon with an avalanche of baggage and found that the poor young man had had no intention of leaving before the end of the month and had even invited guests for that very evening! Floods of German ensued between him and the *Hausfrau*, while we sat philosophically on our trunks in the hall and waited. Presently she emerged, rather heated of countenance, to say that it was all arranged, and to begin moving our things into the bedroom. The doctor called us into the sitting room, waved aside our explanations and thanks for his gallantry and, shutting all the doors mysteriously, proceeded to the only revenge in his power—to defame the character of our future hostess.

"Keep things locked, I warn you. Keep them locked!" he repeated earnestly, all the while cramming books, bottles and garments promiscuously into a trunk.

We made allowances for his need of reprisal, and took his warning with a grain of salt; and as a matter of fact our landlady never touched anything of ours except what she doubtless considered her proper "commission" levied upon our coal and kerosene. She was quite satisfactory on the whole, except that she would quarrel very noisily with her policeman from time to time, or rather he with her. When we remonstrated and said that we could not stand it and

(Continued on Page 28)

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(Continued from Page 26)

that she shouldn't, she answered that she would be only too glad to get out of her bargain, but that she had put her money into this marriage and therefore had to stay in it!

Her small boy was named Karl, but she always called him "*Schweinsche.*" She had a few wisps of grayish-drab hair wound round a sort of steering wheel of celluloid in the back. On Christmas my sister hunted for hours for a present for her, and finally returned with a magnificent set of rhinestone-set hair combs. I have always wondered what the poor woman did with them, as her hair could not have covered an eighth of their prongs.

The reason for the summary dismissal of her former tenant was, of course, the extra money that she made out of our being foreigners who did not know the tariff, and the fact that there were two of us to be served. We paid sixty marks a month for the rooms, service and breakfast of coffee and rolls, and little as this seems I don't suppose the doctor had paid a penny over forty. Our colleagues thought us spendthrifts and gullible foreigners, as they paid about thirty marks and got their own breakfasts.

My sister had two chafing dishes, on which she cooked our supper, but the two-o'clock dinner was a problem. I was too tired after the strenuous morning rehearsals beginning at ten o'clock, and the strain of trying to follow all the directions I received in German, to go to the hotels or restaurants for dinner, as most of my colleagues did. Our landlady suggested that she should have it fetched from the officers' mess of the crack cavalry regiment, whose barracks were near by. She said this was a usual arrangement. We bought a sort of tier of enameled dishes, fitting into each other and carried in a sort of wickerwork handle. One contained soup, the next meat, the third vegetable, while bread or dessert reposed in the top. We can testify that even crack regiments were not unduly pampered in the Fatherland, for anything plainer or more unappetizing than those dinners I have never tried to eat. Perhaps they gained something when served hot in the officers' mess, but we found it almost impossible to down them, eaten out of our enamelware dishes. After a time, when the newness of everything in the theater had worn off a little and I began "to feel my feet," we arranged to dine at the hotel where many of the colleagues met daily. This was a far better plan, as in addition to a really hot meal we had a splendid opportunity to improve our German. I was naturally making rapid progress in it, but my sister still had to confine herself to the shops where they understood French. One day when I came home from rehearsal she told me that our *Hausfrau* had repeated to her a long piece of gossip in German. Seeing by my sister's face that she had not understood, the woman said, "Oh, you don't understand, *Fräulein.* Well, I'll say it all over again in French." Then she proceeded to repeat it again, very loudly and slowly—in German!

Of course it was rather dreadful to be called just Fräulein by your landlady in Germany, but the social standing of the singers and players in a provincial theater was usually not high enough to warrant anything else. A position in an opera house in a capital city, or in a *Hoftheater*, conferred social importance enough upon its holder to entitle her to the prefix *gnädiges*—gracious—before the ignominious Fräulein, which in society was properly used to designate only a governess, or saleswoman in a shop.

Officers at the Opera

TO RETURN to the theater—we expected that my sister would have the run of my dressing room and that she might be present at the rehearsals. We found, on the contrary, that the most rigorous rules were enforced to forbid entrance to the theater to anyone not a regular member of the staff. No one else was allowed to pass the porter's lodge. There were regular dressers provided by the theater, and my sister was present only once or twice at rehearsals during my two seasons in Metz, and then only by special request.

The rehearsals for the next day were posted at the stage door. They were not printed or typed, but written in German script with chalk on the blackboard. They would be placed there at six o'clock every evening, and my sister used to go over to find out for me what they were. She could not read German script at all; neither could I, very well; so she used to take paper and pencil and laboriously draw everything on the board, chorus calls and all, for fear of missing something. Then, letter by letter, we would puzzle it out, and find out the hours of my rehearsals, as if they had been written in cipher.

She was always present at my performances. I had to write "I beg in the most polite manner for a seat for my sister for this evening's performance," and drop it into a special box before half past eleven in the morning. Then, in the evening, if there was a vacant place in the orchestra chairs she would have it. On Sundays the house was often sold out, so we generally bought a seat if I was singing on that night, so as to be on the safe side. The prices ranged from four marks for box seats, to a few pfennigs in the gallery. The orchestra chairs cost three marks, but nearly everyone had a season ticket, which made them much cheaper.

The rates for officers were very low indeed. The chief cavalry regiments had the boxes between them, and the less important lieutenants of the infantry or the despised engineers had seats in the first balcony. Years ago, in the old unregenerate days, these boxes full of young cavalrymen furnished almost more entertainment than the stage. The boxes had curtains to be drawn at will, and the young rascals would order champagne served to them there, and drink toasts loudly to their favorite singers in the midst of their performances. Some of the frail fair ones of the town would visit them behind the drawn curtains, and there were high times generally. This had all come to an end, and I saw very little misbehavior among the lieutenants, except sometimes when the provocation was really too strong for them. One evening a very solemn young White Dragoon, more than six feet tall, coming in in the half darkness after the curtain was up, missed his chair and plumped down, saber and all, on the floor of the box instead, to the joy of his comrades; and once in a Christmas pantomime they all forgot their military dignity at the spectacle of a very fat young chorus girl, whom bad judgment on the part of the ballet mistress had costumed most realistically for the part of a white rabbit.

Sunday was usually chosen for the first night, as a larger proportion of the inhabitants were at liberty on that day. At our theater performances of opera were given on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, with plays or farces with singing on alternate nights. The bill changed every night, but each standard opera was repeated three or four times in the season. New operettas like The Merry Widow were also produced, and, if successful, ran eight or ten times during the seven months of the season. There was a company of singers consisting of a "high dramatic" soprano, a "young dramatic," a coloratura, and an "opera soubrette"—all sopranos. There were a leading contralto; a second contralto to do the very small parts, who was usually a volunteer without pay; and a "comic old woman," who also took part in the plays. There was sometimes another volunteer soprano to do pages and the like. Then there were the "heroic tenor," who was a sort of king and was treated by the management with some of the ceremony used toward royalty; and the lyric tenor, quite humble in comparison; and a tenor-buffo for funny parts; with sometimes a special operetta tenor when the theater was prospering. There were two barytones, "heroic" and "lyric"; a "serious" and a "comic" base; and one or two other men of more or less anomalous position who filled in and acted in the plays. The only singers who never did anything but sing were the two dramatic sopranos, the first contralto and the heroic tenor and barytone. There was a company of actors besides, and all of these, no matter what their standing, were expected to appear in such operas as Tannhäuser in the singing contest, in the church scene of Lohengrin, and as Flora's guests in Traviata, to help dress the stage.

It was not the least of one's troubles as a beginner to stand on the stage as Ortrud, perhaps, and see these supercilious real actresses come filing out dressed as court beauties, cynically watching your attempts at acting.

Our chorus was composed of about thirty members, and the orchestra of from forty to fifty, reënforced in the brass and wind instruments from the local military bands. Three *Kapellmeisters* held sway over them: The first *Kapellmeister*, an autocrat with arbitrary power, who directed the important operas; the second, who led the old stagers like Martha and Trovatore and the operettas; and the third, who was usually a volunteer learning his profession, and who acted as *répétiteur* for the soloists and directed pantomimes, the songs in the farces, and Hänsel und Gretel once a year if he was good. He was always on duty during performances to direct any music behind the scenes. In good theaters there were several of these young men, as in Rheingold for example each Rhine daughter ought to have one to herself; and there was a special *répétiteur* for the chorus, or chorus master, besides.

Irene and Her Romance

OUR ballet was composed of a solo dancer and about sixteen *coryphées*, directed by a *Balletmeisterin* who also shared the leading parts with the solo dancer. One of the girls, Irene, was a big handsome creature who usually danced the boys' parts. She had a little girl of about six, who had apparently no father. During the second year I was told one day: "This is Irene's wedding day; will you say something to her?" It appeared she and her clown husband had been devoted to each other for years, but had neglected the ceremony, as they neither of them could earn enough alone to support the two. The clown, August, of course could not find an engagement in the theater and so they had waited. He had just returned from a long world tour and now they were to be married. Everyone was delighted.

Last but not least came the supers, who held spears in Aïda and returned victorious in Faust. They were drawn from the infantry regiments and received seven and a half cents a night. They arrived with their non-commissioned officers an hour before they were wanted and were turned into a big room to be made into warriors, captives or happy peasantry. The result was sometimes amusing. In Aïda they used to put on their pink cotton tights over their underwear, so that one saw the dark outline of socks and the garters gleaming through; and they all kept on their elastic-sided military boots, with the tabs to pull them on by sticking out before and behind. Fortunately the audience had but a brief glimpse of them before they were ranked in a conglomerate mass at the back of the stage. Sometimes on our walks we would meet these men on sentry duty or in batches with their noncommissioned officers, who would call out "Eyes right!" and give us the officers' salute with mighty grins of recognition.

The principals of the opera were usually talented young singers on the way up or older singers of some reputation on the way down, with perhaps a sprinkling of those who had obtained their engagements by influence. The contracts were usually for from two to three years, and were not very often renewed. The talented ones went on to better engagements, and it was better business for the theater to have a change of principals. Great favorites remained longer unless they got something better. Many of those who were engaged with me in Metz have made careers since. Two were at the Charlottenburg Opera House, in Berlin, at the outbreak of the war, and one in Hamburg, in leading positions. One was stage manager at the Volksoper in Vienna, and one a teacher in a conservatory.

I had to sing Azucena, my first part on any stage, without rehearsal. The reason for this dawned upon me afterward. Though I sang German well by this time my conversational powers still left something to be desired. I have explained that the present director had never heard my voice; none knew of what I was capable, and they quite expected that I would prove incompetent, and had engaged a native-born contralto to provide for this contingency.

When I heard one evening that I should have to sing Azucena on the next, I confess that something rather like panic assailed me for a few minutes. The stage manager called me on the stage and spent half an hour in showing me the entrances and exits and giving me the merest outline of the positions. That is all the preparation I had for my so-called début. The other members of the cast had sung the opera together many times the year before, which

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Miss Howard as Ortrud

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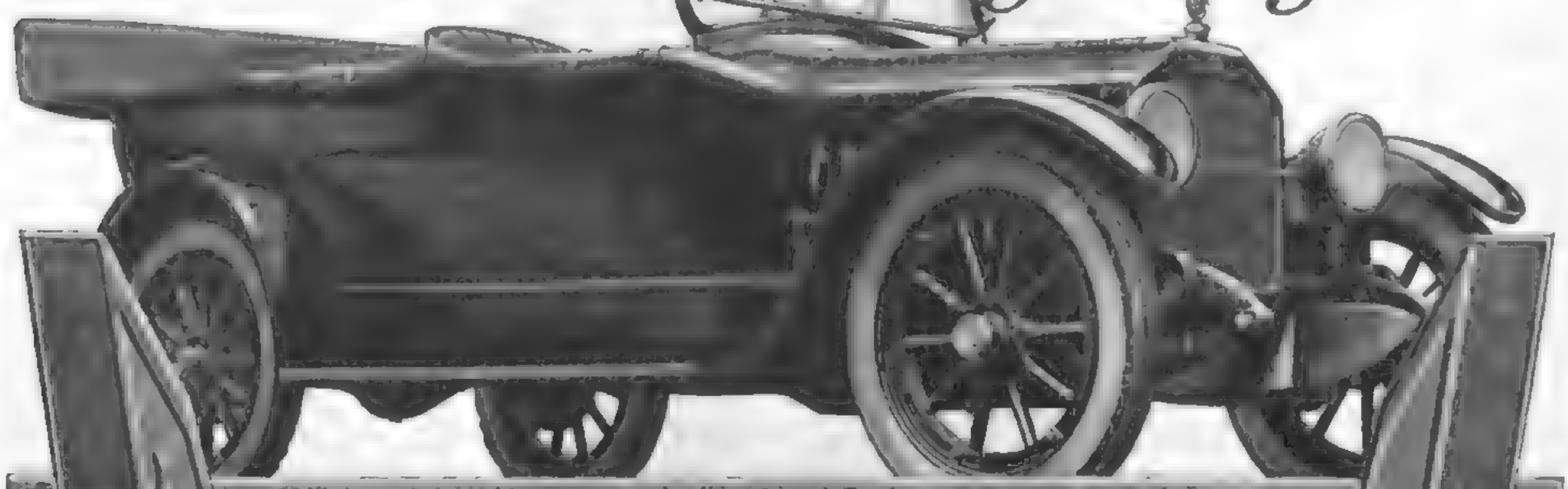

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made the performance possible. The lyric tenor was a decent enough colleague, though an absolute peasant in behavior, with an extraordinarily high voice, which was rapidly degenerating from misuse. The barytone was of the tried-and-true type, and a great favorite, and the soprano was easy to get on with. They were all nice enough to me, if somewhat uninterested and indifferent, for I had had as yet so little to do with them that we hardly knew each other. They thought me a rich dilettante at that time, I fancy. I was so horribly nervous all that day that I fainted whenever I tried to stand up, and when I began to sing my sister did not recognize my voice. However, I was very well received indeed, all the criticisms the next day were favorable, and there was no question after that as to who should sing the leading rôles.

It was fortunate for me that I succeeded in pulling myself together sufficiently to make a success, as at that time the old system was still in force that made a contract invalid until the singer had successfully completed the number of guest performances stated therein. When I was engaged in Metz the management of a theater had the right to dismiss any singer after three weeks, whether he had made his guest appearances beforehand or not, if he had failed in that time to make good with the public. He was also liable to dismissal after his first appearance if he proved quite impossible. This was what they were expecting to do in my case.

The arrangement was most unfair to the poor singer, leaving him stranded after he had moved all his possessions and thought himself established for the season—with practically no chance of work that year. The big artists' society, which is the only protective institution for singers in Germany, finally succeeded in abolishing this unjust condition of affairs. There was a flagrant case of this kind in the theater during the first three weeks of my engagement. The high dramatic soprano had finished the first three weeks of her engagement, during which she had had to learn two new parts, providing costumes at her own expense, for a rôle which she had not expected to have to sing. She had had a fair success and thought herself secure. In the meantime the management had had no idea of keeping her on permanently, but had merely engaged her to fill in the time while they were waiting for another singer, who was filling an out-of-season engagement elsewhere, and could not report for three weeks. When the latter was free they told the former that she had not pleased sufficiently and dismissed her. The good theaters did not take advantage of this privilege, of course, even while it still existed.

One Season's Repertoire

MY SECOND rôle was a very small one, one of the court ladies of Les Huguenots. A native first contralto would probably not have been asked to do such a small part, but there being no regular part for my voice in the opera I think they were glad to use my good stage appearance, and of course, as a beginner, I made no protest, being glad of every chance to become more used to the stage. The part was sprung upon me suddenly, and I had no dress for it. The second contralto also had a court lady to do, and the good creature offered to lend me a gorgeous Elizabethan dress of white satin and silver—which, she told me, she also intended to wear as Amneris!—and she would "go in black." I was touched, but I could not deprive her of her splendor, so we arranged something out of the pointed pink bodice of one of my other gowns, and the long white skirt of a summer dress, with a ladder arrangement of pink velvet bands sewed on up the front.

I remember as I made my entrance looking up suddenly and seeing the sinister eyes of Carlhof, the stage manager, fixed on me from the wings. He proceeded to mock my walk, which was no doubt very American, and not that of a court lady at all. I never forgot the mental jolt it gave me and the sudden realization that every rôle should have a different walk.

I Sang Carmen for the First Time on Christmas Day—Without Rehearsal

The range of parts that one was called upon to perform was astonishing. My second real part was Fricka in Walküre, in which I had a great success vocally, but unfortunately looked a great deal younger than the portly Brünhilde and far more like her daughter than her stepmother. Then came the Third Lady in Magic Flute, the Third Grace in Tannhäuser, Martha in Faust, Orlofsky in Fledermaus, Frau Reich in The Merry Wives of Windsor, the Gräfin in Trompeter von Säkkingen, Pamela in Fra Diavolo, Witch in Hänsel und Gretel, and finally Carmen. All these before Christmas of my first year. I did not have one of them in my repertoire when I arrived in Metz, except Fricka and Carmen, and the latter in French.

The Three Graces in Tannhäuser were done by the beauties of the theater—two *premières danseuses* and me! We were to dress in white Greek draperies with jewels and, of course, as we were to be seductive, pink roses. I wore my beautiful berg-crystal necklace made for me in Paris. The ladies could not contain their jealousy and said of course *aufgedonnert* (adorned) like that I naturally would stand out from them. Annoyed at their pettiness I removed the diamonds and flowers and all ornaments. They then said of course to go without any ornaments was palpably the best way of all to make myself conspicuous. So I let it go at that.

I well remember the Third Lady, for there are spoken passages in this opera, and I had to speak German for the first time before an audience of critically listening natives, and Mozartian German at that!

Pamela nearly gave me nervous prostration. They were determined that I should do it, because she had to speak German with an English accent, so they said it was made for me. As a matter of fact, after the months I had spent in carefully eradicating my English accent, it was difficult suddenly to exaggerate it to order. I had to learn, rehearse and play the entire part in five days, and I thought I should go mad. I had never seen the wretched thing, so the barytone who played my husband kindly came over to help me with the business. Otherwise my sister and I hardly left the piano to eat and sleep.

Singing Under Difficulties

THE dialogue part of the libretto was in an ancient manuscript copy, torn, marked and dog's-eared and written in an almost illegible German script. I could not take time enough to puzzle it out, so my sister spent hours poring over it, deciphering the German letters literally one by one by aid of a key, and writing it again in Latin script. I had no clothes for my part, as it was not in my repertoire, and it plays in 1820, but they costumed it for me in modern dress, so again my summer wardrobe was called into service. I learned my part so quickly that the colleagues called me the *Notenfresserin* (note-eater); but the strain was awful. I remember when I was studying Pamela the *Kapellmeister* told me at least ten times how the contralto who played the Pamela in his father's theater, and who was also an English-speaking woman, had so caught his father's fancy in that rôle that from then on he had a tremendous affair with her. This he repeated to me again and again, but I never seemed to take the hint.

As Erda in Siegfried I had a most trying experience. The director had been, as I have said, a well-known Bayreuth singer, and he thought no one could sing Wagner but himself. Unfortunately he had a strong tendency to look upon the wine, and when he had a big part to sing nervousness attacked him to such an extent that he began drinking in self-defense to enable him to stand the strain. Perhaps his beverages were more potent than usual, but that night he was decidedly irresponsible. He struggled through the Wanderer's first scene, and conscious that he was doing it badly he sent out for a bottle of champagne as a bracer. The consequence was that in our scene in the third act he was utterly incapacitated. He sang all kinds of things not in the text, bits from Hunding in Walküre, from Daland in Holländer, from Fidelio. He rolled about the stage and lurched in my direction with his spear pointed at me, shouting Pogner's advice to Eva while I was singing Erda's responses. It seemed to go on for ages, but at last Siegfried, waiting for his cue in the wings, realized that he must save the scene, entered and escorted his befuddled relation from the stage. I had made up with a creamy white grease paint and no red. My sister said "Why did you make up with rouge and not have the pallor we agreed upon?" My cheeks were so scarlet from mortification that no grease paint would have paled them.

The audience took it splendidly, I must confess, and refrained from any expression of disapproval or amusement—though it must have been funny! The next day there were announcements in all the papers that he had had a temporary lapse of

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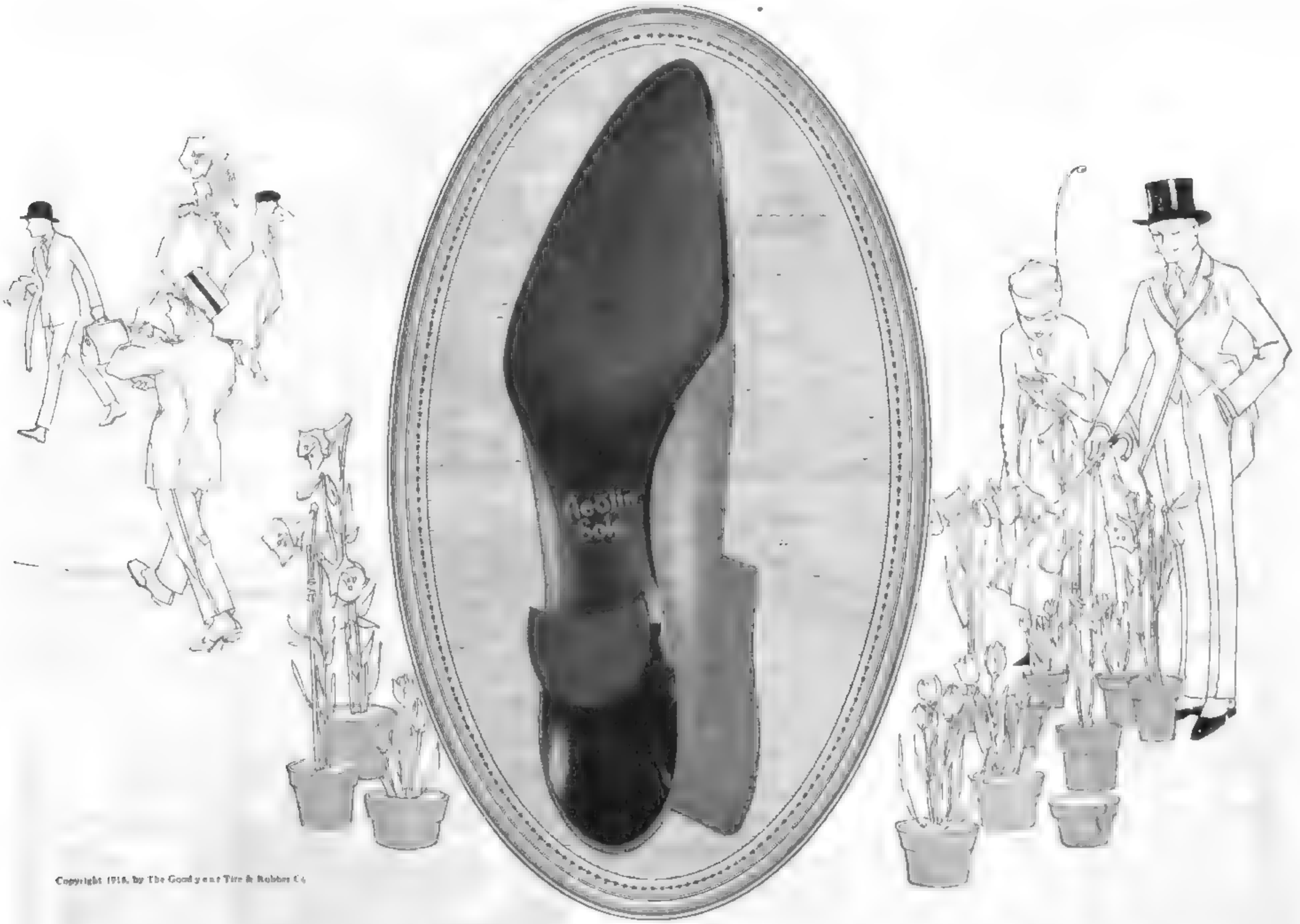
The Opera House at Metz Where Miss Howard Sang for Two Seasons



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(Continued from Page 30)

memory owing to grief over the sudden death of his mother, who, as the stage manager cynically informed us, had reached out a hand from the grave to save her son, she having been dead for ten years! The director went to Berlin and stayed there for weeks. We afterward learned that it was a plot, deliberately planned and put through by Carlhof to gain the direction of the theater. I can see him now stalking round, six feet four, chewing his rag of a dyed mustache, his face pale and his eyes glittering with anxiety as to the success of his plan to encourage the director to drink.

The director once told me the hours between the last meal and the time to go to one's dressing room to begin making up are the dangerous ones. He said, "First one takes a glass of wine to steady one's shaking nerves; later a glass is not enough so it becomes a bottle, then two bottles, and so on till control is lost." It is easy for any singer to understand, and the best remedy is to omit that first glass.

Carmen was the second opera which I had to do without rehearsal. The soprano had failed in it and it was promised to me to keep if I could do it without rehearsal. I sang it for the first time, quaking with nerves, on Christmas Day; and my nickname after that was *Scholne* Carmen. After Christmas we produced The Merry Widow, which was new then, and I was cast for the Dutiful Wife. There was plenty of variety in my work. I would sing Carmen on Sunday; Orlofsky in Fledermaus on Tuesday, speaking German with a Russian accent; Pamela on Thursday night, with an English accent; and Frau Reich on Friday night, with no accent at all! I dressed Frau Reich in a gown of the time of Henry the Fifth, while the rest of the cast went Shaksperean. We were far too busy for dress rehearsals of an old opera, and I supposed of course that it would be costumed in the real period of the play. When I appeared on the stage they all demanded "And what, pray, are you supposed to represent?" "I am playing Shakspere's Frau Reich," I answered with dignity; "and I am the only person on the stage who is properly dressed." But you have to know your colleagues well before you can make an answer like that successfully without their hating you for it.

About once a month on off nights we gave performances in a neighboring and still smaller town. We would travel all together, taking our costumes and make-up with us, principals second class and chorus third. Our fare was paid, and the generous management allowed us fifty cents apiece extra for expenses! As we left at five P. M., returning at one or two in the morning, this allowance was not excessive for food alone, but the thrifty took black bread and sausage with them, and spent only a trifle for beer.

One-Night Stands

The village we visited had a cavalry barracks, a railroad station, and not much else. The theater was built over a sort of warehouse and stable combined, and we fell over bales and packing cases at the entrance. The dressing rooms were tiny boxes with a shelf, one gaslight in a wire globe, and a red-hot stove in each room, and no window. We dressed three in a room. The stage was so small that once, as Nancy, I played nearly a whole scene with the tail of my train caught in the door by which I had entered, and never knew it! We were always given a rapturous welcome. Sometimes one of the principals would miss the train and be forced to come on by a later one, and then the sequence of scenes in the opera would be changed quite regardless of the plot, for we would play all the scenes in which he did not appear first, and do his afterward. After the opening chorus the contralto would go on for her aria, and while she was singing it we would decide what to give next.

"I'll do my aria!"

"Oh no! Not the two arias together!"

"Let's have the duet from the third act, and then the soprano and tenor can just come in casually and we'll do the big quartet, and then you can do your aria!"

We would see the audience hunting in a confused sort of way through their librettos, with expressions rather like Bill the Lizard. This happened once in the Merry Wives.

After the performance there was no place in which to wait but the café of the station. I was looked upon as recklessly extravagant because I would order a *Wiener Schnitzel mit Salat*, for fifteen cents: and when I took two cents' worth of butter, too, they would raise their eyebrows and murmur "These Americans!" Sometimes the director came with us, and then the principals would be invited to his table and treated to German champagne. But we were always glad when he stayed at home, because we were much freer over our beer. There were always one or two members of the company who were extremely amusing, and their antics, imitations and reminiscences made the time fly. There was one little chap who lived on nothing a day and found himself, who was an extraordinary mimic.

His imitations of a director engaging singers—the shy one, the bold one, the beginner and his marvelous take-off of the members of the company kept us in roars of laughter. He could imitate anything—a horse, a worn-out piano—and when I last heard of him he was one of the most successful entertainers in Berlin. The ones in whose compartment he traveled on the train thought themselves lucky, and often arrived so hoarse from laughing that they could hardly sing.

Rehearsals and Dressing Rooms

All this experience was invaluable for the beginner, for self-consciousness melted like snow in July, and it gave him, as nothing else could, that poise and authority on the stage which were almost as important as the voice itself. But the work, especially for a foreigner, was killing. It was not so much the performances themselves, great as the strain of these actually was, but the constant, never-ceasing learning by heart, and the drag of continuous rehearsing. The room rehearsals of the music alone took place, in a theater of this kind, in one of the dressing rooms where there was a piano. The room was almost always small and very close, and there were eight or ten people packed into it, all singing hard and exhausting the little air there was. The stage rehearsals, with the almost invariable and inevitable shouting and excitement, were very trying to the nerves, especially when one was making two or three débuts a week—that is, singing a new part for the first time almost every other night, as I did at the beginning of my career. The better the theater, of course, the greater the smoothness and lack of confusion at stage rehearsals. The singers and orchestra men were more experienced and more competent, and the manners of the *Kapellmeister* improved in ratio to the importance of the opera house. A little extra excitement was permissible when a new production was being put on, but at the rehearsals of repetitions undue exhibitions of "temperament" on either side were discouraged, and the powers that be had to mind their manners and stick to the conventional forms of address. The *Helden Tenor* might sometimes have to allow his artistic nature to get the better of him for a moment, but no one else might claim such license.

The stage during rehearsals was like a workshop—a certain amount of noise and confusion was necessitated by the labor going on, but no one had time to spare from his share of the job in hand, and the discipline in a good theater was remarkable. Stage etiquette and the relationship between principals and chorus, principals of first and second rank, singers and the management, grew more conventional and regulated according to the class of the theater. Those in authority might exact perfect obedience, but they had to ask for it properly, and though an individual was entitled to proper consideration, he could never forget that he was but a unit of the whole.

The dressing-room arrangements in Metz were rather primitive. The theater was a hundred years old, for one thing, and no one had ever had the money to install new conveniences. In a good German theater the dressing rooms were rarely used for rehearsing, and the principals dressed alone, at least when they had a big rôle to sing. In Metz I shared my room with several other women and had only a corner of it which I could call my own. Long shelves with lockers under them ran down two sides of the room, with lights over them at intervals, and under every light a singer made up. There was a long glass at one end of the room, but we had to provide individual mirrors for ourselves. There was no running water; only a couple of jugs and basins stood in one corner of the shelf.

Good dressers were provided by the theater. Mine was an Alsatian who loved to speak French with me, but whom I discouraged, as I wanted all the practice I

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No mud encrusted rim to pry off. No more soiled hands, wilted collar, ruffled temper or time lost.
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ould get in German. She used to call me Fraulein Miss" pronouncing the latter ike the German word *miss* which means mediocre, but she meant to be particularly respectful. I always found that it paid a hundredfold to make friends of the dressers, stage doorkeeper, property man, carpenter, head scene-shifter, fireman, and all the other workers whose coöperation was necessary for a good ensemble. It was usually quite easy to be on good terms with them, and they had unlimited opportunities for making things go smoothly for you, or the reverse.

Women's costumes were not kept in the theater; as they were the personal property of the singer they had to be kept at home and be sent over to the theater on the morning of a performance. A basket carrier was usually provided, to whom you gave from three to four marks a month, and who performed this service for you—but many singers sent a maid. With the usual discrimination against our sex, men's costumes were provided in opera houses of all grades. In the largest theaters the women's were furnished also, and you even had to have special permission to wear your own.

The scenery and costumes in Metz were often surprisingly good when one considered that so few sets must do such varied things. Our property man was an inventive genius at making something out of nothing. He prided himself upon certain realistic details. If the piece called for coffee the real article—though of some dreadful variety unknown to contemporary culinary science—was provided, and really poured into the cups. If a meal was to be served on the stage some sort of real food was there for the actors to eat, even if it was only slices of bread served elaborately as the most *recherché* French supper—though usually it was lady fingers.

Eating scenes are usually confined to the drama, though there are some operas in which a meal "comes before," as the Germans say. In The Merry Wives of Windsor, for example, the scene containing Anna's letter aria opens with the company at supper in Frau Reich's home. The wives are explaining their tricks and plotting Falstaff's final discomfiture in spoken dialogue. One night when I was singing Frau Reich in Metz there was a particularly attractive dish of real apples on the stage supper table. The Herr Reich was the serious bass, a thrifty individual who couldn't bear to let a penny's worth of anything escape him. As his guests rose to go he picked up the dish of apples and pressed it upon them.

"Here," he improvised; "take these home to the children! Oh! You have no children. Well, take them anyway—the children will come later."

His hospitable wishes were received with bewilderment by the audience, but as he made his exit with his guests and immediately began to eat the apples he bore his scolding from the *regisseur* very philosophically. On some stages, where the provisions were more elaborate, the actors in certain plays made a regular practice of eating their suppers on the stage—in Divorçons, for example, or in the Anton Cyclus of Schnitzler.

The Faithful Property Man

Our property man in Metz, with the historic Shaksperean name of Mondenschein, was an ardent lover of drapery. An aristocratic interior, to his mind, must be entirely filled with as many different materials as possible, all hanging in folds. He had three pairs of near-silk portières—bright pink, dull green and pale yellow—and the combinations that he made with those six curtains were endless. Garlands of roses, too, were a great resource of his. Draped round a couch with a fur rug upon it, and a red light over all, they transformed the scene into the bower of a Messalina. In a white light, festooned upon a mantelpiece or above a doorway, they could be depended upon to supply the appropriate setting of the *Erste Noise*'s most appealing scene. The young lovehaveress and first salon lady had to receive them, wired together into a bunch, with the same delighted surprise, and put them into the same Japanese jar without any water in it, in play after play. But the property man always squandered a perfectly new, uncreased piece of paper for every performance with which to make a cornucopia for them, in the approved German style. He was quite a specialist in such matters as the color of telegrams in different countries, and in the manner of folding newspapers—points which are sometimes neglected in many better theaters. Of course his talents in this direction had a better chance in the dramatic than in the operatic productions.

It is a curious thing to note, in this connection, how archaic the arrangement of such details remains in operatic performances even on the best stages—how in Carmen, for example, the singers must pretend to drink to Escamillo out of perfectly dry tin cups, instead of using real wine and glasses, as a quite second-rate dramatic company would do; how Butterfly and Suzuki are never given real tea to serve to the Consul or Yamadori; or how the girls in Thais bring up their water jars out of the well with the outsides quite dry.

Of course, in Metz, matters of costuming were simplified, and historical accuracy was not one of the aims. For example, everything before Christ was done in fur rugs and winged helmets for the men, and flannel nightgowns and long hair for the women. Any period up to the thirteenth century was costumed in mantles and gowns of furniture brocade; after that it was old German or *Spanisch* –Shaksperean, mostly black velvet and jet or white satin and silver—until it turned safely into rococo, which meant white wigs. After that it was all modern, and even the chorus had to supply its own modern clothes. The men principals had their historical costumes, with the exception of wigs, tights and shoes, supplied to them, but the women had to have their own. The collection of men's clothes in an old theater was sometimes quite remarkable, some of the suits of a hundred years ago being actually of the period.

The Smells of the Theater

They retained the smells of the period also, many of them; for in a theater like that of Metz I don't believe the men's clothes were ever cleaned. Things which had been worn several times a week for seven months a year during the last hundred years had accumulated a richness and variety of odors that must be sniffed to be appreciated—"a very ancient and fishlike smell" indeed. I often wished at Metz that I had no use of my nose, and I have wished it many times since. As Amneris, to force your way for the entrance in the triumph scene through an Egyptian populace composed of German infantrymen was a squeamish business at best; but when they were attired in clothes that hadn't been washed for years it was a feat before which anyone might quail, especially if he belonged to the number of unfortunates, unluckily far from rare among singers, whose stomach nerves were affected in any case when they had a big part before them.

Washing was not any too popular in Metz even among the principals. I have dressed with leading women whose arms showed streaks of white where the water had run down as they washed their hands, stopping conscientiously at the wrists. Their make-up would be removed with the same dirty rag night after night during the whole season; and their personal garments, under more or less smart outer raiment, had often done overlong service. I must hasten to say, however, that this state of affairs was the exception rather than the rule, and that in better theaters the women principals were always scrupulously cleanly.

Overornamentation or fineness in undergarments was usually looked upon as rather questionable among the solid middle classes in Germany. My mother had made me a dainty supply of beribboned linen, and I was told after I had been in Metz for some time that at first the Alsatian woman who dressed me looked upon it with suspicion However, she changed her mind later on, and put it down to American extravagance—always a safe play. Some of the men were much more careless than the women. Our operetta tenor played the whole season in the same shirt, powdering the bosom freshly each evening with a yellowish powder which he used for his face.

At carnival time some of the actors remained for three days in the clothes in which they had played on Saturday night, never going to bed or even removing their make-up till the fun came to an end early Wednesday morning.

Many of the older members dyed their hair, as it had begun to turn gray. Of course they did not have it done by competent people or nearly often enough, and the

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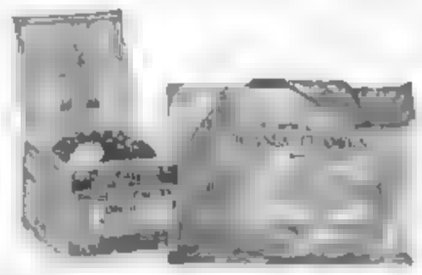

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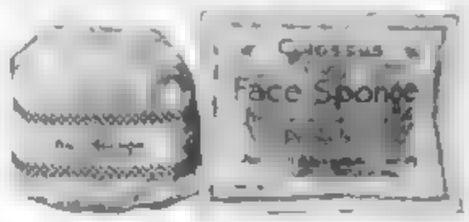

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"COLOSSUS" sponges save your salespeople's time and relieve you from the bother of weighing, grading and pricing. They are protected from dirt and damage, sell more readily, attract "repeat" trade—involve no "grief." Write on your letterhead for our handsome 48-page Sponge Handbook and proved ways to *make your stock of sponges pay!*

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This company handles no adulterated or "doped" sponges

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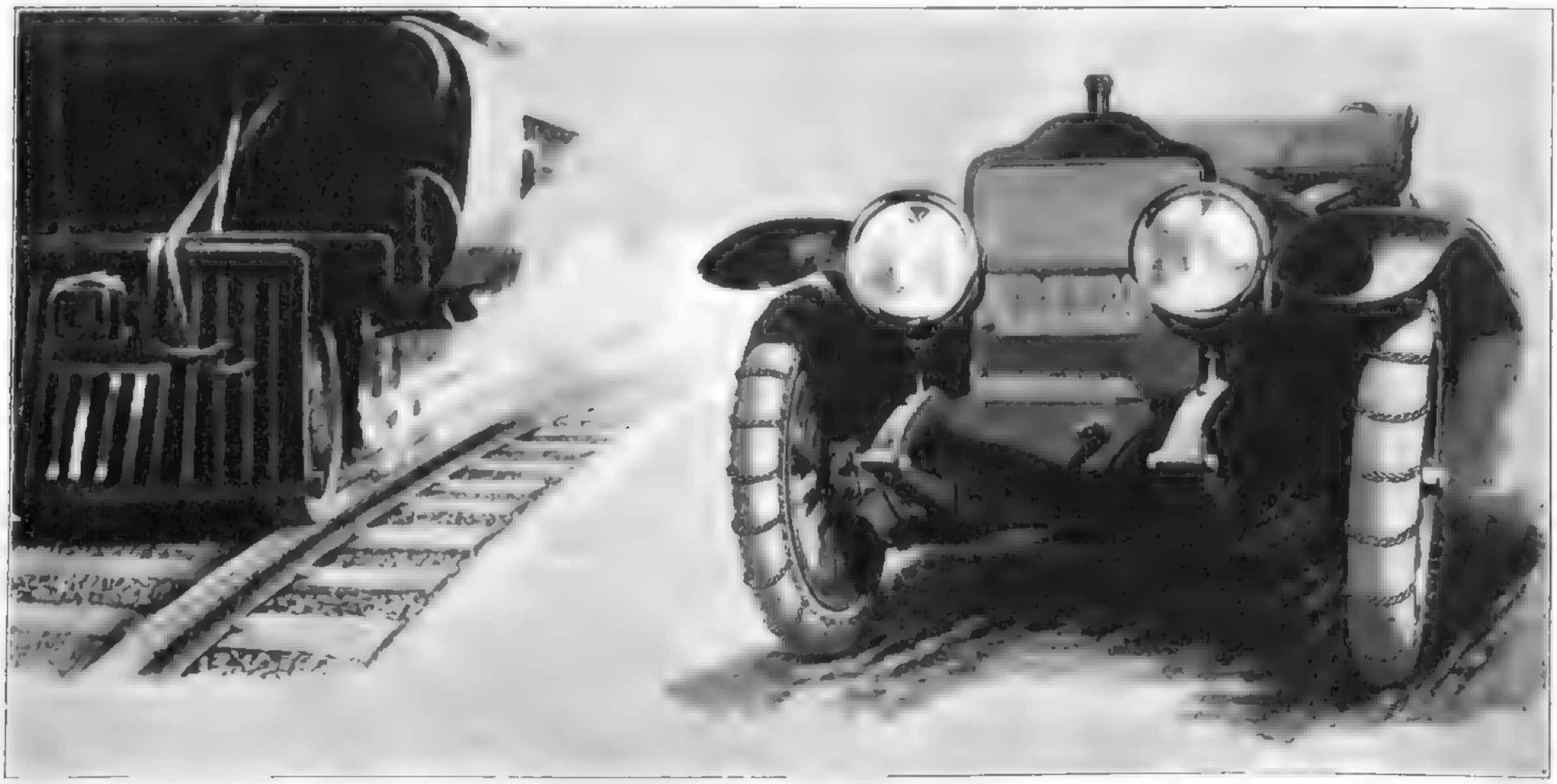

Front Wheel Control

Weed Chains on front tires of motor cars are as necessary as flanges on front wheels of locomotives

The front wheel skid is the greatest cause of the many automobile accidents which keep the newspaper columns sprinkled with harrowing accounts. Appreciating this fact, *The Scientific American* in the following editorial advocates the use of Tire Chains on the front as well as rear wheels.

"The majority of automobile owners fit chains to the rear wheels only, and appear to consider this ample insurance against accidents from skidding, but this practice is a doubtful economy, for, although the rear wheels, thus armed, may hold the road fairly well, the really bad accidents too often result from the inability of the driver to control the course of his machine. Any old bicycle rider knows that he can retain the control of his machine and maintain his balance when the rear wheel skids badly as long as the front wheel holds its grip on the road, but that he becomes helpless whenever the front wheel slides. The same conditions are true in the case of the automobile, but in an exaggerated degree, for its weight and the average speed both tend to make the grip of the front wheels on the road precarious, and a skidding front wheel is not much different from a broken steering gear in the possibilities of disaster. Recognizing these facts, it is apparent that chains are fully as necessary on the front wheels as on the rear."

To use Weed Chains only on rear tires means to have your car only half protected. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and lawsuits.

Weed Chains Are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company, Incorporated

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IN CANADA; DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 34)

shades of rusty brown, green or purple it assumed were quite startling. Our first *Kapellmeister* used to dye his hair a rich black. He was a good-looking man and very vain. He was also portly and easily became overheated. Of course when this happened the perspiration running down his neck was dyed black, too, and he would be intensely worried for fear we should see it. We knew his sensitiveness and took delight in sitting directly behind him at the piano, though he would urge, beg and finally command us to sit beside him. He was kind-hearted in his way, and I remember one instance of this. The stage manager in a vile humor had come storming into the midst of a room rehearsal one day with some trivial complaint against me, and had succeeded in making me cry—not a difficult matter at that time, as I was always in a state of nerve strain owing to continuous overfatigue. The *Kapellmeister* did his best to comfort me, telling me not to mind, praising my work, and finally pressing upon me his huge brand-new silk handkerchief—a real sacrifice, as he had probably intended to use it for days! His finger tips used to split in the cold weather from much piano pounding, and I won his heart by prescribing collodion for them. He continually praised my sight reading and quickness in learning, and it was he who gave me the nickname of Note-eater.

The Bohemian, Hungarian and Croatian singers nearly always added to one's joy in work by eating garlic. The high dramatic soprano in my next engagement was from Croatia. The first time I went to Prague to sing, on alighting from the train I sniffed a strangely familiar odor. The impression of familiarity grew stronger and stronger as I drove to the hotel—but I couldn't place it. At last it came to me—the whole town smelled like our soprano! I often wished, while on the stage, for temporary atrophy of the senses. In addition to the fustiness of much worn clothes and infrequent bathing you really had all kinds of horrors to endure.

Some terrible creatures with a passion for distinct enunciation and with unfortunate dental formation sprayed you copiously when uttering words like *Mutter* or *Freude*. This always seemed to happen in some impassioned scene when you simply couldn't get away from them, and had absolutely no defense. Others had painfully hot and wet or painfully cold and wet hands with which they persistently pawed you. I remember one lyric tenor who was my bugbear because he had hands like a fresh cold fish. The soprano and I had a scene with him in one opera, in which she had to say "The hand, so soft, so warm," speaking of his clammy member. I dared her one night to say instead "The hand, so moist, so cold," and when it came to the point, sure enough she did so, her voice so shaky with suppressed laughter that it came out in a tremulous pianissimo. We both had to turn away from the front in silent convulsions, but not a soul in the house was the wiser.

Canfield at Metz

This is a horrible subject and I might enlarge upon it endlessly, recalling for example the pleasures of being folded in the embrace of a large, warm, damp tenor smelling at best of onions; or still worse the large drops which rained upon you, during the most touching love scene, from his manly brow, while you, though shuddering with disgust, daren't try to dodge them or even change the wistfully adoring expression of your countenance. It may be honest sweat, but it is a dead, moist, unpleasant kind of honesty in my opinion. Goritz told me that he once, as Kurwenal, in the last act of Tristan, dripped on a prostrate Tristan's eye so long that the poor tenor was blind for days after. That was German efficiency!

Some of the colleagues at Metz were a great contrast to others in their scrupulous care of their personal appearance. The lyric barytone, a youngster from the Rhineland making his début in opera, attracted me at the very first rehearsal by his groomed look and beautifully manicured finger nails. He came from quite ordinary people, and had been brought up to be a curtain hanger, upholsterer, and so on. He had never met any Americans before and we grew to like him very much and used to let him go for walks with us and come to us for tea. He was always criticizing the hang of the curtains and things in our rooms. We taught him to play Canfield, more to keep him from talking than for any other reason, for my sister and I used to play patience for hours, so that we should not be tempted to talk when I was resting my voice in the brief intervals between rehearsals and performances. We used to play with little German patience cards in a pocket size, and he was simply infatuated with the game. He showed all his friends how to play, and dozens of packs of these cards were imported from Frankfort, where they were made.

The craze spread rapidly; all the officers began to play in their casinos, and the principals in the theater were always being roared at for keeping the stage waiting during rehearsals, when they missed their cues by being absorbed in the game of Canfield. It became the great resource of those who had small parts in the first act of an opera and then had to wait in costume and make-up until the very end, like the *Meister* in Meistersinger, or Mary in Der Fliegende Holländer, who has seemingly an interminable wait after her one scene at the beginning of the second act, until at the very last of the third she has to rush in for one single phrase.

A New Colleague

In return for our tea the little barytone would tell us amusing tales of his experiences in a cavalry regiment while doing his military service. His high spirits and his beautiful voice made him popular with officers and men, but he was quite unamenable to discipline, and had spent something like ninety days in prison during his first year—for such offenses as refusing to stop singing on the march and for cheeking an officer. Our rooms, through him, were the starting place of new culinary ideas in Metz. We taught him to make and like such American delicacies as salted almonds, chocolate fudge and hot chocolate sauce for ice cream, an unheard-of combination. We tried to make him like fruit salad with mayonnaise; but the mixture of sweet with oil and vinegar was too much for his burgher palate.

The country round Metz was rarely beautiful, in its half-French, half-German character. It retained its typical French poplars, planted in long lines, which turned pure gold in autumn. A placid river, the Moselle, ran between hills covered with orchards and vineyards, with picturesque villages of gray stone and red tiling piled steeply up their sides. The meadows in the fall were filled with lavender crocuses—the kind that Meredith's Diana got up at four A. M. to gather. Every village had of course its *Gasthaus*, some still absolutely French in the arrangement of their marble-topped tables, mirrors and red-upholstered benches running round three sides of the room. We drank coffee in autumn and *Maibowle* in spring in every one of them, I think.

The town of Metz itself was interesting enough, and we explored it thoroughly. It was very ancient ground indeed, and there were Roman walls still to be seen, with characteristically beautiful brickwork; old chapels, a Gothic cathedral, and the remains of the medieval wall and moat which once surrounded the town, with great arched fortified gates at its entrances.

Later in the season another colleague sometimes joined our tea parties and walking expeditions. This was an immensely talented youth attached to the theater in an anomalous position of third *Kapellmeister*, in reality a volunteer without pay, hoping to pick up an occasional chance to gain experience in conducting an orchestra. He was a Frenchman of excellent family who had studied in one of the great conservatories and thought he spoke the German language. Such German I have never heard before or since. His French inability to aspirate an h, a pronounced stutter, and the most nonchalant disregard of gender, formed a combination which was enough to upset the gravity of a German customs-house official himself! It was his business among other things to break in the new members of the chorus in any opera which they did not know, but of course his version of their language rendered any authority he might have had over them quite ineffectual, and his position was anything but enviable.

At the same time he was a really magnificent pianist, a composer of promise and a thorough musician; but if ever a creature was out of his element he was that creature as *Kapellmeister* in Metz. And yet what was a young fellow in his position to do? The desire to conduct, the longing to interpret the great masters through the medium

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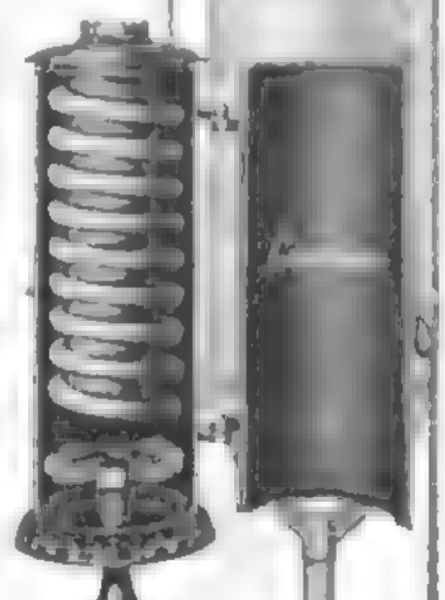

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of an orchestra, possessed him to the point of obsession: but where to find an orchestra to conduct was a problem. The barrier "no experience" was erected across his path as it had been across mine, though he must serve an apprenticeship somewhere. So he endured a veritable martyrdom in the pursuance of his dream. He was a pupil of Nikisch and told us Nikisch had told him he made half his career with his cuffs. Whoever has watched him shoot them gently out as he begins to conduct will know what he meant.

Our rooms were a sort of haven for this boy, I think, where he could talk of the things that absorbed him in a language that was his servant instead of his master. In return he would play so gorgeously for us that our little upright piano rocked under the strain. He could suggest a whole orchestra in his playing. Strauss' *Salome* was new then and he revered it, and adopted the motif of Johanahan as a signal which he and the barytone would whistle under our windows. Sometimes he would get lost at the piano and play for hours, till our supper time was past, and our good friend Emma Seebold would rush in and urge us to hurry and get ready for some mythical dinner to which we were invited. This was always successful, owing to Seebold's talent.

We grew very fond of her and often spent our evenings together. She had a lovely voice and would put her head back on the chair sometimes in the evening and sing us languorous Austrian peasant songs with her fascinating Viennese accent. Her passion was remnants, and she would send home boxes of scraps of passementerie and odds and ends of silk trimmings, which she would sew all over her costumes. The richness she saw in it was pathetic. Bargain gloves were also irresistible, and she had green ones and purple ones, spotted and mildewed ones, and loved them all because they were cheap.

The pianist and the barytone often met at our rooms and got on surprisingly well, considering their utter lack of points of contact and the natural contempt that they felt for each other. The Frenchman believed that his astral body or psychic envelope or something was visible as an aura of light round his hand, and he would hold it up and look at it and say *"Oh, oui, elle est là—je vais bien aujourd'hui!"* or shake his head and say *"Non, pas là aujourd'hui—je ne suis rien!"* He was good looking, bearing a strong resemblance to the portraits of Oscar Wilde. He dressed well, and his washing bills—amounting, as we were told with bated breath, to ten and fifteen marks a week—were the scandal of the theater! Since those days he has gone back to his piano, though he persevered in the theater long enough to obtain a second *Kapellmeister* position in a good opera house. I have met him casually all over Europe, and he is one of the very few of the old colleagues from Metz whom I have ever seen again.

Some Famous Guests

These three were the only ones of that season whom we cared about, though we were friendly enough with all of them after Christmas, and as I have said we dined at the hotel with a group of them every day. They were all types in their way. First the director—a survival of the old school, with rather long dyed hair and enormous dyed mustache, always in frock coat with a large tie in which reposed a royal monogram in pearls and diamonds presented to him by the Hereditary Grand Duke of Glumphenbergen-Schlimmerheim, or something, during his career as *Helden Bariton*. In the street he wore a soft black felt hat which would have done for the Wanderer in Siegfried, and of course a fur-lined coat whenever the weather gave the least excuse for one. Champagne was his universal panacea—his very present help in trouble. If he had a disagreement with a singer for any cause and wished to make it right again, he would always send a bottle of *Sekt* if it was a woman, or present the money to buy one if it was a man.

He had been a famous singer in his day, and had known others far more so, and his reminiscences could be interesting enough. His stories of Bayreuth under the old régime were really interesting—with the prescribed position of every finger, every gesture studied to an inch, every tone closed, opened, colored according to strictest rule, every syllable enunciated with minutest care—and the effect of all this schooling on the singer, the strained and broken nerves, the wrecked voices that were the result of it.

One result of his former glory was that famous people came to his theater to perform, and it also seemed to us as if all the former singers or actors in Germany of any pretension to fame, who had sons or daughters to launch in either profession, sent them to our director for a début. This was looked upon by us as a bore; but the famous guests were rather amusing, because when they had gone the director used to relate all kinds of derogatory stories about them. Possart—Ritter, Ernst von—was perhaps the most renowned. He came to recite Manfred at a special performance with our soloists and chorus. The director told us how during the most impassioned speeches of Goethe or Shakspere his eye would be on the upper gallery, counting empty places, and how after the performance when the box-office sheet showed a full house he would demand, "What about those three empty seats in the second row of the top gallery at the left?"

He told a similar tale of a famous Austrian guest artist, the leading Teutonic exponent of his day of the negative side in the never-ending argument of stage technic, "to feel or not to feel." He had mechanical as well as histrionic genius, and his dramatic art had become so mechanical, too, toward the end of his career, that he utilized such places in his great parts as Hamlet's soliloquy for thinking out scientific puzzles, though his power over the emotions of his audience never lost its effect.

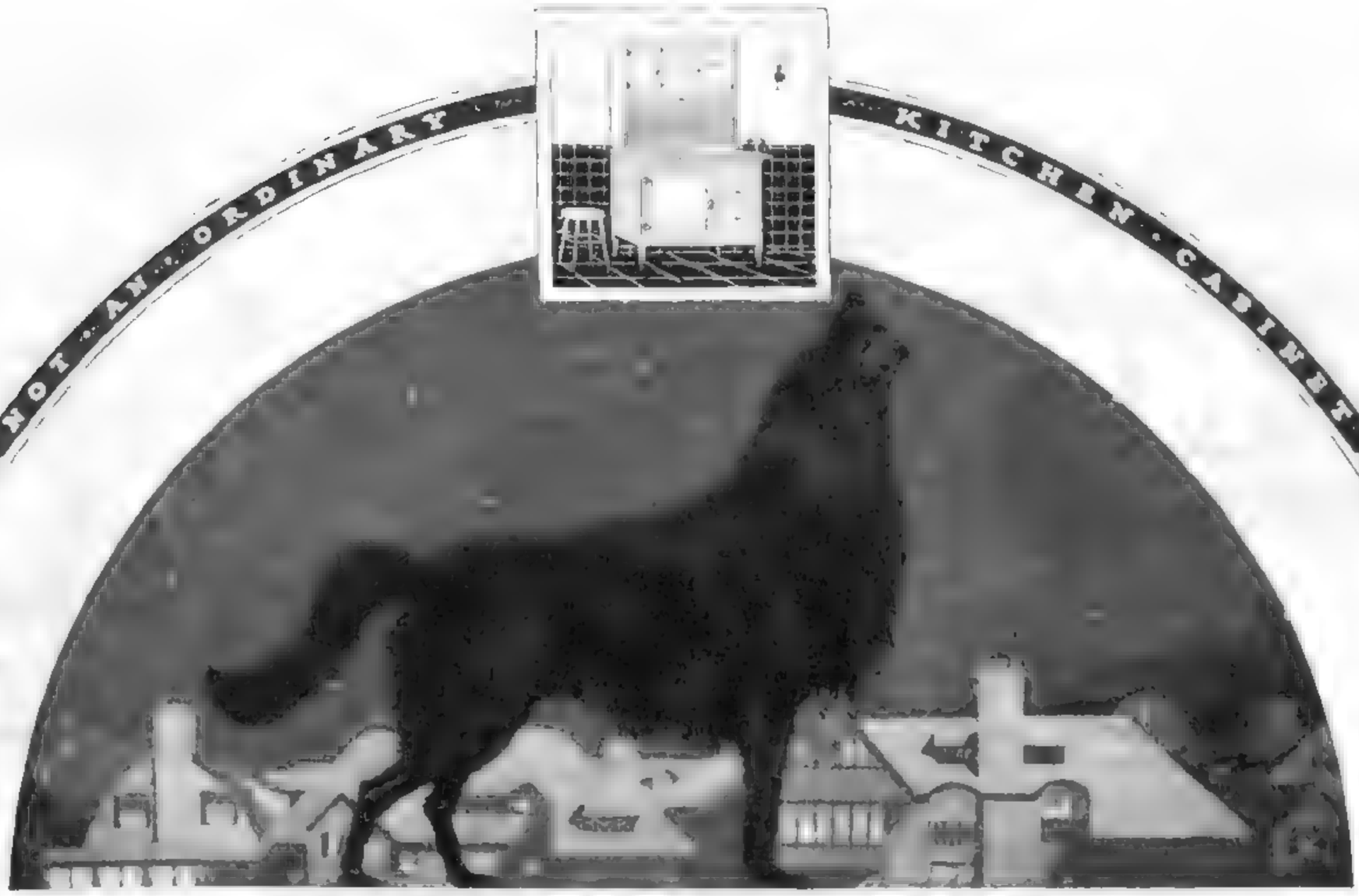
The Prude and the Dragoon

The director's wife was very nice to us. She often invited us to visit her, though we did so but seldom. Her rooms were filled with relics of her former life—portraits of herself as lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Austria, in court dress, portraits of her empress, old photographs of groups on terraces and at castle gates, almost every person in them a "personage." She herself still wore her hair as her empress had done in a coronet of narrow braids set round her head. She said that they were sewn together with the same colored silk as the hair every morning after being braided, to make them stand up. With us she always played the *grande dame*, apparently quite without effort, but there were stories about her that seemed to show that she could be something very different.

She certainly could talk most interestingly of her former grandeur. One of her tales was of a lady of the court who owned the smallest dog that anyone had ever seen. It was so tiny that she used to carry it, when in evening dress, in the front of her décolletage. One night at dinner as she leaned forward to eat her soup the dog fell into the plate. There was vermicelli in the soup, and before she could fish it out of this entanglement the poor little thing was drowned!

Another time she showed us a photograph of a very slim and shapely young dragoon in full regalia, cloak and all, holding a letter up to his face. As there was evidently a story we begged her to tell it to us. She said that there had been a certain young married countess of the court, who was known as a great prude and was always boasting of her exaggerated wifely devotion. Her airs became, said the *Frau Director*, quite insufferable, and so she herself resolved to put such armor-plate virtue to the test. At carnival time, therefore, she dressed herself as a young officer for a ball at which the court circle was to be present, and a very dashing figure she made, according to the picture. In this disguise she then proceeded to give the countess the rush of her life. The gallant pursued the virtuous countess all the evening, and was rewarded by being asked to escort her ladyship to her home. In the carriage the "lieutenant's" attentions became still more pressing, when to his secret dismay the fair creature suddenly melted entirely, cast herself into his arms and swore she adored him. Arrived at her house the lieutenant beat a hasty retreat, vowing all sorts of things for their next meeting, which naturally never took place. But the vanished lieutenant did not resemble the gentlemen of Virginia, who kiss and never tell, for the countess' share in the story leaked out, and her reputation for unassailable devotion was irreparably damaged, to the great satisfaction of all her acquaintances.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Kathleen Howard. The third will appear in an early issue.



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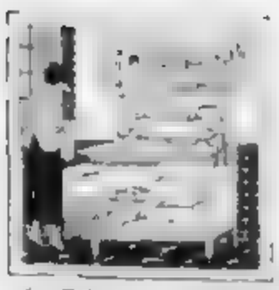

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MUFFLED DRUMS IN MESOPOTAMIA

(Continued from Page 4)

There were four divisions of infantry and one division of cavalry, and the corps commanders were Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. S. Cobbe, astride the Tigris, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Marshall with the cavalry and a strong force to the westward and on the River Hai. The enemy was strongly intrenched in long-established positions on the Hai and at Kut el Amara, which lies in a great bend of the River Tigris; and it is interesting to record that hordes of well-armed Arabs hovered on the flanks of both armies, ready to fall upon and help to harass whichever side should begin to suffer defeat.

The weather throughout the period of operations was execrable and managed to contribute to the grand sum of horror and suffering a bewildering variety of acute irritations. During the early part of the cool season it is usually burning hot at midday and freezing cold throughout the night, there being a daily variation in the temperature of thirty to fifty degrees. Then there are sand storms, which, while they last, put a stop to all activity and inflict upon human flesh a peculiar and unbelievable torture. In December the rains begin, and when they do the fine dust of the plains is turned into thick viscid mud through which neither man nor beast can make any kind of progress. Then the floods come down the Tigris and Euphrates and great areas are submerged, while unsubmerged areas become untenable from the curious seepage of the tremendous marshes that lie between the two rivers and east of the Tigris. In places the desert bubbles as though in fermentation. All the way through General Maude's account of the operations, there are references to unfavorable weather conditions.

"Operations were hampered," says he, "by heavy rains which fell during the last week in December and the first week in January, flooding large tracts of country.

"Where the ground was not too sodden by rain and floods our cavalry was constantly engaged in reconnaissances, in harassing the enemy's communications west of the Hai, and in raids, capturing stock and grain. . . . The enemy position in the Khadairi Bend was a menace to our communications with the Hai, for in the event of a high flood he could inundate portions of our line by opening the river bunds. It was therefore decided to clear the Khadairi Bend. . . .

"Intended operations west of the Hai by the cavalry and a detachment of General Marshall's force were necessarily abandoned on account of the mist. . . ."

General Maude's Strategy

"On the tenth of January the attack was resumed in foggy weather, and the enemy was pressed back trench by trench till by nightfall he had fallen back to his last position. . . . During these operations the fighting had been severe and mainly hand to hand, but the enemy, in spite of his tenacity, had more than met his match in the dash and resolution of our troops. . . .

"The movements of the cavalry had meanwhile been restricted by the water-logged state of the ground. It had been intended to move the division via Bedre and Jessan against the enemy's rear . . . and reconnaissance showed that the proposal was feasible; but soon after the movement had commenced a heavy thunderstorm burst over the district, and the flooding of the marsh of Jessan and its neighborhood rendered progress impracticable, and the attempt was abandoned."

The most brilliant incident of the whole campaign was the crossing of the Tigris River north of Kut in the Shumran Bend. This happened at the end of two months of terrific fighting and after the Turks had been driven entirely from the west bank of the river and had taken up their final strongly defensive position in the Kut Bend and down the east bank in a maze of trenches which they had occupied and had been engaged in strengthening for nearly a year. This position was protected from flank attack by the great Suwaikieh Marsh, which lies, miles on end, within easy seeing distance eastward from the river.

"The water-logged state of the country and a high flood on the Tigris now necessitated a pause," writes General Maude, "but the time was usefully employed in methodical preparation for the passage of the Tigris at Shumran. Positions for guns and machine-gun crews to support the crossing were selected, approaches and ramps were made, and crews were trained to man the pontoons. In order to keep our intentions concealed it was necessary that most of the details, including the movement of guns, should be carried out under cover of night. Opposite Sunnaiyat, where it was intended to renew the assault, artillery barrages were carried out daily in order to induce the enemy to expect such barrages unaccompanied by an assault as part of the daily routine. Minor diversions were also planned to deceive the enemy as to the point at which it was intended to cross the river."

What General Maude calls minor diversions, created for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, developed later on, while preparations for the crossing were in progress, into a fierce attack by Lieut.-Gen. Cobbe lower down the river at Sunnaiyat, the success of which so surprised the Turks, who believed this position to be impregnable, that they became utterly demoralized and broke into confusion, "fleeing for dear life away to Bagdad."

Unconquerable Valor

In the meantime the crossing was accomplished. It was a wholly impossible thing to begin with, and was so little anticipated that the enemy was struck with astonishment and had no time to concentrate effective resistance. A Turkish officer who was taken prisoner at the time said they had discussed the possibility of such a move, but had decided that against such resistance as they were prepared to offer "only madmen would attempt it."

The river was in flood and was three hundred and forty yards wide at the point where the bridge was thrown across. The position was not entirely undefended, of course, and the whole operation was undertaken under staggering machine-gun fire which swept ferries and pontoons and inflicted heavy losses on the British forces. But, in the words of General Maude, the men worked with "unconquerable valor and determination." They began with the first ferry just before daybreak on the morning of February twenty-third, and by half-past four the same afternoon the amazing bridge was ready for traffic and the Turkish Army was in full retreat toward Bagdad.

The enemy retreated fighting, however, every foot of the way, and though the advance of the British forces from Kut to Bagdad, a distance of one hundred and twelve miles, was accomplished in only fifteen days it was made in the face of such stubborn resistance as served to cover one field after another with mingled British and Turkish dead. In no other campaign of the war has there been such continuous hand-to-hand fighting. The country, a vast region of yellow sand and gray-green marsh, stretches away to the far horizon as level as a table top and without so much as a bit of scrub brush upon it for cover. The thing the uninitiated in the mysteries of warfare wonders at mostly is how and when the large bodies of men, advancing across such a territory, managed to intrench themselves. Yet along the entire distance there are to-day the shattered and shell-riven remains of a network of defenses which tell a tale beyond one's wildest imagining. In their stark and glaringly revealed extent they make one realize that war with all its slaughter and horror is largely a matter of prodigious physical labor, and making my way across the battlefields up the banks of the River Tigris I thought to myself that if the Panama Canal had been built by an army under fire it could have been finished in a week.

But to return to the operations: In the meantime a gunboat flotilla, which had supported the advance from the river, proceeded up stream, shelling the enemy in retreat and coming itself under heavy fire from guns of all kinds, including machine guns and rifles, that were covering the retirement along the banks.

At Aziziyeh, just halfway to Bagdad, the British halted to reconcentrate forces and

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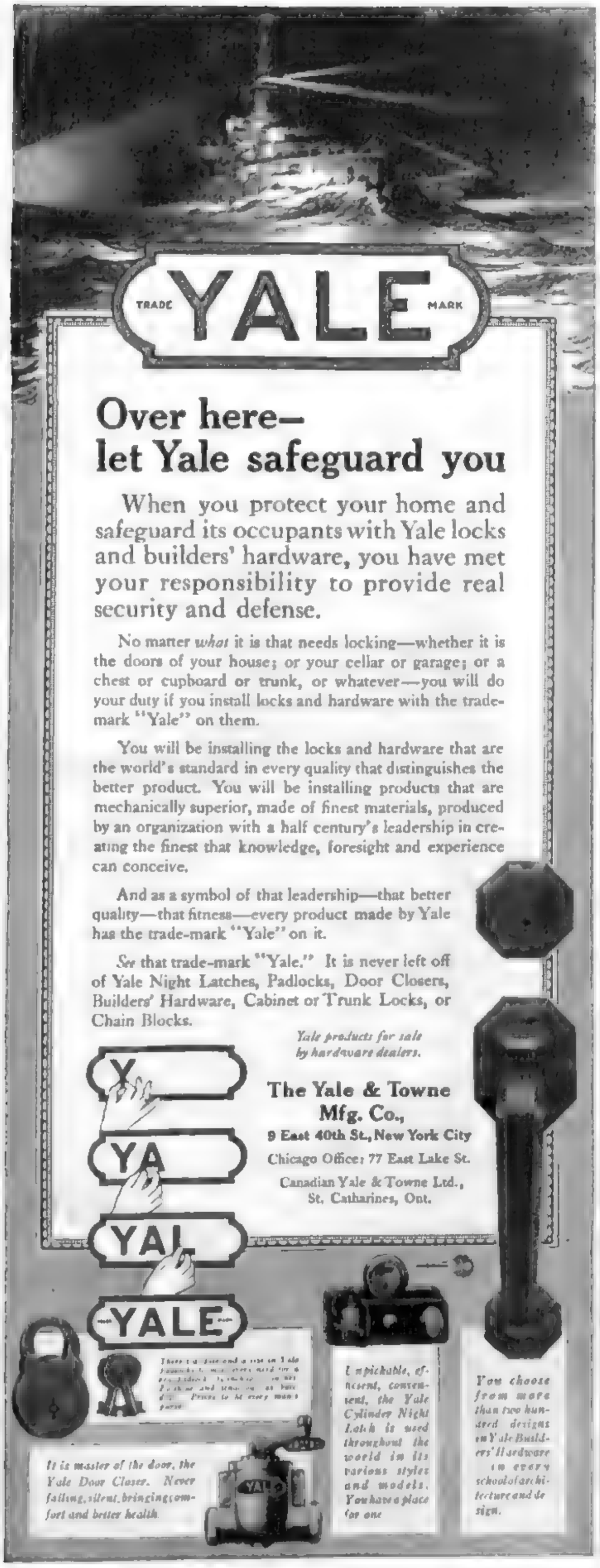
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to reorganize the lines of communication, but after a quick readjustment of the situation the pursuit was resumed, and for two days the armies plunged forward—eighteen miles one day; seventeen miles the next—in a blinding dust storm which limited vision to a few yards ahead. The enemy made a final strong stand in a previously intrenched position at the Diala River, which joins the Tigris from the east about eight miles south of Bagdad, and here for three days the British troops came under decimating fire from concealed machine-gun batteries as they worked in vain to force a passage of the stream by ferry and pontoon.

In the meantime General Maude, who had taken one of the big paddle-wheel supply boats for headquarters, moved on up the river, and at a point a few miles south of the mouth of the Diala he threw a bridge across and transferred two infantry divisions and his one division of cavalry to the west bank, up which they proceeded to march at a forced pace toward Bagdad. It was a flank movement which threatened to cut the resisting Turkish forces off and resulted in their hasty retreat from the Diala, the rearguard engaging the British with admirable tenacity and valor all the way.

As his last act the Turkish commander sent a message to General Maude requesting him not to shell Bagdad. This the general had no intention of doing, and as a preliminary measure he had sent airplanes to drop proclamations all over the city calling upon the people to observe strict order and to fear nothing from British troops.

It is a matter of considerable regret to most persons concerned that he made no triumphal demonstration upon his arrival. It was thought that a display of pomp and a parade of victory might have a good effect upon the population and serve to enhance the local prestige of the conquering forces, but General Maude was undemonstrative in every way, and he walked into the city as casually as he might have done had he been a very tired traveler arriving under the most ordinary circumstances.

Putting Bagdad in Order

Only a few troops were marched through from the south entrance—the main force continuing the pursuit of the Turks to the northward—while he ordered his boat to bank in at the river wall on which stands the most imposing building to be seen along the water front, the fine English Residency of peace days, which the Turks used for a hospital and which is now British General Headquarters—the "G.H.Q." of everyday Mesopotamian conversation. Here he walked calmly ashore, accompanied only by his personal staff, and had a look round.

I am not forgetting, of course, that steaming up behind him came the battle-scarred fleet of monitors and small river gunboats and a long line of supply boats of various kinds. The S-1, with General MacMunn and his staff aboard, was among the first to arrive, General MacMunn, as Inspector General of Communications, having come up directly behind the army with fifty boats heavily laden with supplies for the immediate establishment of an advanced base wherever General Maude might halt in his progress.

Standing on the bridge of the S-1 as we rounded the last great bend in the river which brings Bagdad into view, they told me how it had seemed to them then. Not any one of them, the skipper included, had ever been to Bagdad before, and they say the thrill of rounding one wide curve of the river after another, knowing nothing of what lay beyond the next, and coming at last full upon the domed and minareted town of their desires, was overwhelming, and that it was good to have lived for the privilege of steaming up as victors between those high banks that were black with cheering throngs.

There were people everywhere—on the housetops, in every window and balcony, lining the river walls; and the welcome they gave the British conquerors was genuine. When the Turks left, anarchy was let loose in the city; and at the moment the British entered chaos reigned, while bands of murderous Arabs were looting the bazaars and scattering terror in every highway and byway. This state of affairs lasted just as long as it took British patrols to march through the streets, and no longer; while a few subsequent hangings and imprisonments and the excellent conduct of the

(Continued on Page 45)

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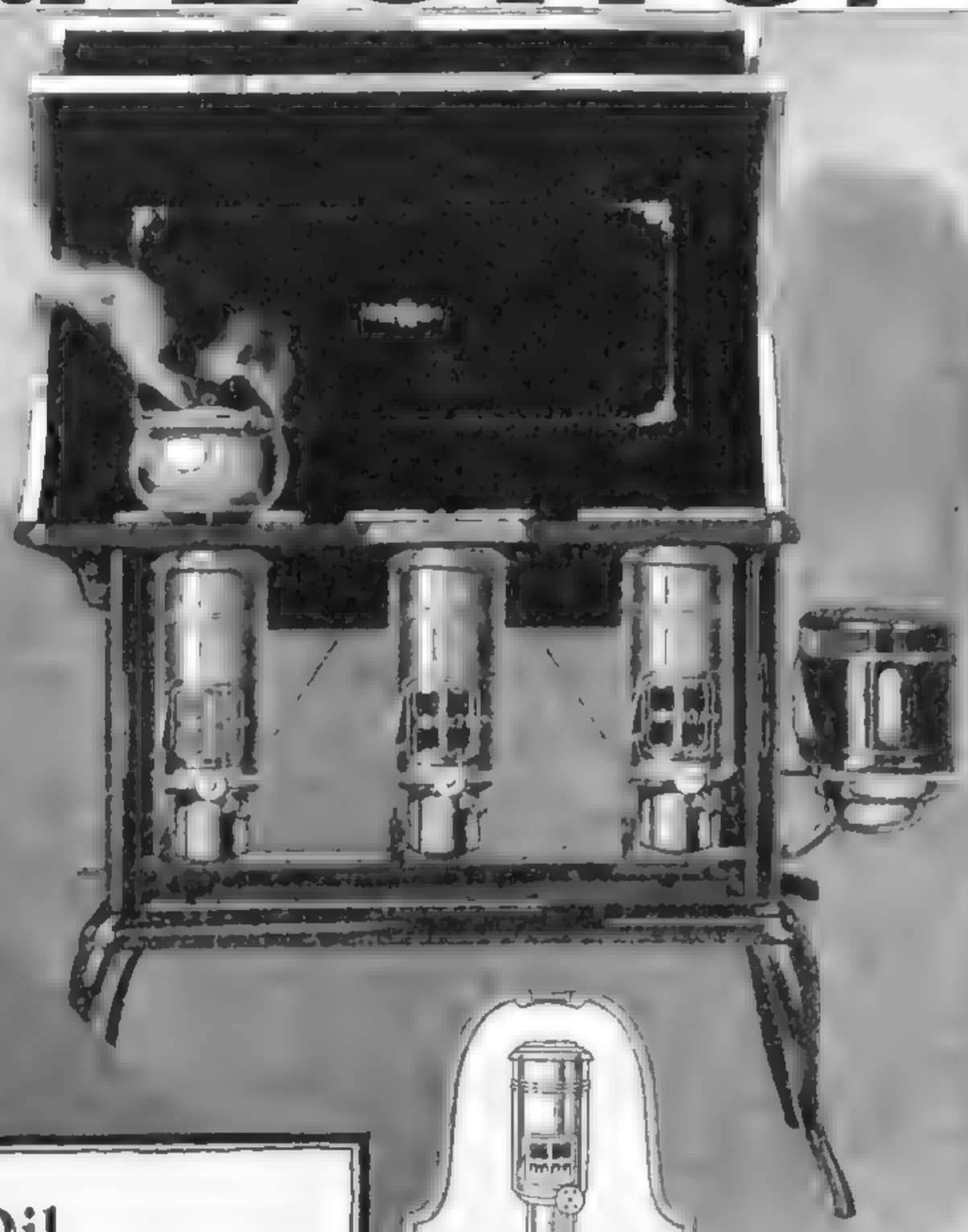

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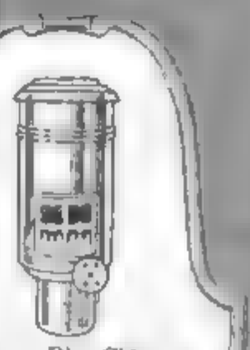

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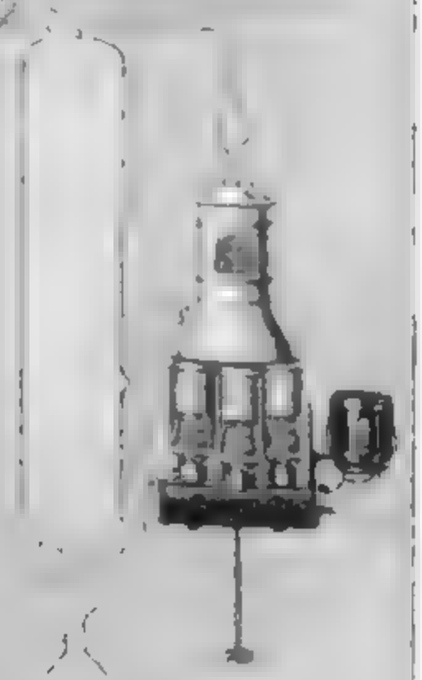

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SAVE THE NATION'S COAL

Continued from Page 42

British troops served to restore almost at once the complete confidence and serenity of the people. British occupation of Bagdad was regretted by nobody but the defeated Turks and the offscourings of Arabian tribes who were halted in their criminal pursuits by the immediate establishment of British law and order.

And now I have arrived in Bagdad. We anchored a few yards off the bank, directly opposite General Headquarters and almost on the spot from which General Maude made his first landing, though not quite. The river at Bagdad has a rise and fall of more than twenty feet, and just now the water is at its lowest, making a mooring at the bank impossible for anything but the shallowest launches, but when he arrived it was the flood season and the river filled its banks to the very top of its bunds, so he was able to throw out a gangway and walk ashore.

After a little while a launch came out to get me and took me down river a couple of hundred yards to the landing at the river wall of General Maude's house. He and his two aids, Captain Musgrave and Captain Forbes, were waiting on the little pontoon platform to receive me, and as he helped me ashore he said:

"Well, here you are! That's good! Come along now and let's have some lunch."

That was all. It was as though I had been away for a few days and had just returned. But it was peculiarly characteristic of the man. His thoughts ran in clean-cut grooves and his besetting weakness was punctuality. It was a quarter past one o'clock and his luncheon hour was one. He had waited for me an unprecedented fifteen minutes.

The house was bristlingly historic. General Von der Goltz had died in it—of cholera, they say—and it was the residence of Khalil Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces, while Bagdad was Turkish headquarters. General Maude occupied the room in which Von der Goltz died, and was rather pleased with the idea of doing so. It was not a particularly comfortable house, and was about as elaborate in its furnishings as a camp in the desert. Like all other residences in Mesopotamia it was built round a wide, paved court, and the living rooms opened on a second-floor balcony on the inside. Its floors were mud brick and its walls were painted a fearful saffron hue which seemed to have had some intention of being yellow.

The Air of Command

"How do you like our pretty yellow walls?" the general smilingly asked.

And I could only assure him that being in an excellent state of health I was able to look upon them without disastrous results.

There was a western terrace with a vineless arbor built over its railing, from which one got a magnificent view up and down the wide sweep of the river, but as the whole river side of the house had to be screened in with canvas on account of the pitiless, terrific sun, the terrace was not of much use. There were always impressive-looking sentries posted on it and also in the corridor outside the general's room; while on the street side of the house, just under the windows of the room I occupied, there was always an adequate guard. There had been frequent plots to assassinate him, and only a day or two before I arrived a perfectly arranged little scheme had been uncovered by the secret service, with the results that the schemers got into very serious difficulties and the guard surrounding the army commander was strengthened.

Few persons ever referred to "General Maude." It was always "the army commander." And the atmosphere of command with which he managed to envelop himself was extraordinary. The attitude of his personal staff was like nothing I have ever encountered. There were only three of them: Colonel Williams, his military secretary, and the two A.D.C.'s; and they were devoted to him with a devotion that was founded on unquestionable love, but which was rendered more or less ineffectual by a too profound respect. They were never able to unbend in his presence or to "rag" him, as members of a personal staff should have been able to do, into a proper regard for his own safety and physical welfare. That was not their fault; it was his own. He did exactly as he pleased—rather liked to boast that he did, as a matter of fact—and would have looked upon advice touching his individual habits as unwarranted interference.

A Glutton for Work

He worked literally all the time he was awake; and he got up every morning at five o'clock and put in two hours before breakfast looking over papers and dictating telegrams while he shaved and dressed. One of his aids told me this in a moment of confidence when we were discussing the possibility of getting him to give himself a little rest. In my privileged impudence and blissful ignorance of his character I told him that I thought a man in his position who did not regard his health as a matter of primary concern was guilty of a kind of treason for which some form of punishment should be provided. His value to his country was immeasurable.

He breakfasted at seven and was always in his office at headquarters by eight o'clock. He had a habit of remarking quite frequently that time in war was an element of first importance, and the greatest offense that anyone could commit was to waste a moment of his carefully planned day by being late for an appointment with him. The man who was not punctual to the minute could not hope to enjoy his confidence. He made every detail of his operations his personal business and delegated unshared responsibility to nobody, yet despite all this he found time to think of and to attend to all manner of small and unimportant things and to take an active interest in the life of the community and in the affairs of everybody round him. If he had known anything at all about the fine arts of indifference and of getting other people to do his work he would have been an unqualifiedly great man.

In my own experience he was a charming host, and he paid as much attention to small arrangements for my comfort and happiness as he would have done under the most ordinary circumstances. In this connection I have in my mind an unforgetable picture of him. On his way out of the house one day he came to my sitting room and stooping from his great height within the

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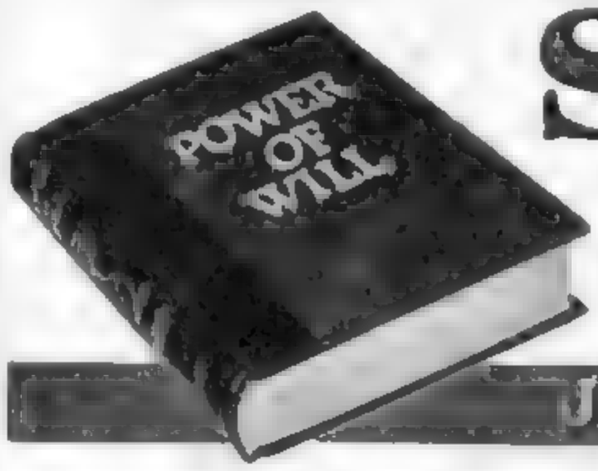

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They will tell how to make dollars go farthest in buying revolvers, shotguns, and cycles. Indicate which book you want: A—"Arms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

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147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

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IVER JOHNSON

doorway stood and talked a valuable hour away. He would not come in and sit down because he had to run along at once, he said. He inquired about every item of my day's program—what I had done, what my next plan was, whether or not the A.D.C.'s were doing everything for me just as they should and, most important of all, whether there was not something he could do to add to my comfort. I gave him my embarrassed assurance that I was never more completely provided for in my life. Then he laughed and walked away, saying:

"Wretched place for a woman, just the same. And don't you go doing without anything we can possibly turn up for you."

The afternoon of the day I arrived he asked me what I wanted to do.

"I want to do everything you will allow me to," I replied.

"Yes, I suppose you do; but what, for instance?"

"May I go to the Front?"

"My dear lady, you are at the Front."

"Yes, I know; but may I go out to the lines?"

"You may—wherever you like. What else?"

"May I go to Babylon?"

"No; I'm sorry, but that is one thing you may not do. I shall not knowingly take a risk of having you killed, and the desert between here and Babylon is infested with marauding Arabs."

"Wouldn't a couple of armored motor cars be all right?"

"They might be, and again they might not. Motor cars in the desert are not invariably reliable. I nearly lost a bishop in one of them last week. He thought he had to see Babylon before his education would be complete, and the Arabs got after him. They had to make a run for it—and anything might have happened to the car, you know."

I suggested an aëroplane, but I was not in earnest about it. I should have been worthy of no privileges at all if I had not been able to appreciate the character of his responsibility for me. He himself traveled to and from the lines of defense by aëroplane and up and down the river in a *glisseur*—a surface-skimming motor boat driven by a huge wind wheel at the stern which makes from thirty to forty miles an hour and as much noise as a flock of aëroplanes.

Always the Quickest Way

His official family was very much opposed to his flying, but his choice of a way to do anything was always the quickest way, and he did not know what fear was. When anyone made so bold as to protest against his using an aëroplane he always referred to a friend of his who "fell down a little stairway and died of a broken leg." He was going out to Ramadi one day—headquarters on his western line—and one of his aids asked if he would not please have a message sent through to them as soon as he arrived.

"I will not," he replied. "Why should I? If I don't get there they will probably let you know sooner or later. Then you might send out and gather up the pieces."

He sent me everywhere I went in a big motor car, and I have memories now that are like nothing else in all my experience, of long rides at fifty miles an hour over great stretches of hard-packed desert as smooth as a billiard table; and I have memories, too, of hours spent in heavy laboring across other great stretches of loose sand and fine yellow dust which rose in choking clouds round me and made life for the time being a weariness and a test of endurance.

General Maude was a very impressive figure, handsome in a way, yet strangely not so. He was six feet three inches tall and had a very soldierly bearing. His innate kindliness expressed itself in a gleam of humor that was hardly ever absent from his eyes, and he was rather fascinating when he talked because of a slow drawl in his speech and a vein of quiet fun that was peculiarly his own.

At the beginning of the war he commanded a brigade in France and was severely wounded. As a matter of fact he had a bullet lodged in his back where the surgeons could not get at it which gave him trouble always. He told me about this himself, and about how, with one leg temporarily paralyzed, he thought for a long time that he was done for. For services in France he was made a major general, and when he recovered from his wounds was sent to command the Thirteenth Division at Gallipoli. After the evacuation of Gallipoli he brought this division to Mesopotamia and commanded it in all the attempts to relieve General Townshend at Kut. After Townshend's surrender he was appointed to command the Tigris Corps and succeeded Sir Percy Lake in full command of Mesopotamian forces the following twenty-eighth of August. The uninterrupted success of his subsequent career won for him the enviable title "Maude, the ever-victorious."

He was specially promoted to be a lieutenant general for his services in Mesopotamia and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. He was also a Companion of St. Michael and St. George and had a D. S. O. for services in the South African War. The French Government made him a Commander of the Legion of Honor.

I must not forget to record that he insisted upon having me inoculated against cholera as one of his first kindnesses in my behalf. Though cholera is not epidemic in Bagdad by any means, it is quite extensively prevalent. There are now a good many cases in the infectious-diseases hospital and an isolation camp for suspect cases has been established down the river a mile or so.

Hamlet in Arabic

He wanted me to meet all the officers in Bagdad who were associated with him in the direction of the big job, so every night we had a dinner party of sorts with six or eight guests. The second evening after my arrival he had an army surgeon come in after dinner with his needles and serum, and not only I but his official household and everybody present had to take it. He would have none of it himself, however; in fact his physician had tried in vain for many months to inoculate him. He would not permit it, and his curiously unreasonable excuse was that no man at his age ever got cholera. He was about fifty-four, I think.

He said to me one evening:

"How would you like to see Hamlet played in Arabic by children of Israel who are direct descendants of the left-overs from the Babylonian captivity?"

I thought it was some kind of complicated jest and answered guardedly, saying something about the novelty of such a performance.

"Novel it may be," said he, "but after about the first round it's sure to be a beastly bore. In a weak moment I promised to be present, however, so I suppose I shall have to go. I always try to keep my word. It's an entertainment being given by a Jewish school to-morrow night, and they've been getting ready for it for weeks. Amateurs! And Hamlet of all things! I'd like to have you go, but not unless you think it would amuse you."

I assured him that however slightly I might be amused I was bound to be tremendously interested and that I should like very much to go. Then I readily fell in with a plot to get away at the end of the first act in spite of anything that might be done to detain us. Little we knew what we were letting ourselves in for!

To go to this promising affair we left the house next evening at half-past eight. And it was very cold. Not being an A.D.C. and having nothing to fear from the big man, I protested against his going out without an overcoat, but he only laughed and refused to send back for one. Even so he did not consider it necessary to pretend that he was comfortable. He was cold and his legs were too long for the automobile and the streets were execrably rough—and he hated automobiles anyhow! He was very humorous about it and he started off laughing and grumbling with the utmost cheerfulness. It was a curious mood for General Maude, and a delightful one.

He had no idea, really, where we were going, but the A.D.C. had, and along the entire route through the city the guard had been so strengthened that we might have found our way by following the double line of pickets. All the streets except the wide and brightly lighted New Street were in semi-darkness, but our side lights threw long rays into the narrow passages, while behind us a car carrying guardsmen had a searchlight which seemed to fill space all round us with a curious glow. As we passed them, one sentry after another—click-click-click!—brought his heels together. It was rather thrilling.

(Continued on Page 49)

Columbia Grafonola

You forget you are in a store

THE Columbia dealer's way of demonstrating a Grafonola is first to make you feel at home. When you go into a Columbia store, the dealer knows exactly what you want. He knows that you came to hear music and he is glad you came.

You can select as many records as you wish to hear, and he will play them for you or let you play them. There is no "hands-off-the-instrument" atmosphere. Walk up to the Columbia Grafonola and get acquainted with its mechanism

The better you know and the more you compare the Columbia Grafonola with other phonographs, the more the Columbia Grafonola will attract you. In a test, the Grafonola always appears at its best

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250
Period designs up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Food will win the war
Don't waste it

One of these Five Is Just the Tire You Need

No one type of tire can fill all needs.

There are rough roads, smooth roads, hard roads, soft roads, level roads, hilly roads.

There are big cars, small cars, light cars, heavy cars.

It is to meet these varying conditions that we make five different United States Tires,

—the only complete line of tires produced by any manufacturer.

No matter what your needs, there is a type of United States Tire *exactly* suited to your requirements.

Each is of the supremely high quality that has kept the demand for United States Tires growing far faster than the number of cars produced.

Put your motoring costs on the thrift basis demanded by war times.

Get more tire mileage—the extreme service hundreds of thousands of motorists are finding in United States Tires.

Study the conditions under which you drive.

Then ask the United States Tire dealer for the type best suited to your individual needs. He can supply you.

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes *and* ***Tire Accessories*** *Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make* ***United States Tires*** *Supreme.*

(Continued from Page 46)

The ways were narrow and some of them lay through the bazaars that were vaulted overhead and gave back to the sounds we made mysterious, whispering echoes. Many of the turns were so sharp that we had to back and go forward and back again in order to get round them. And in all the city there was not a sound to be heard except the whir of our own engines, our own voices and the shuffle and click of sentries' salutes.

As we threaded our slow and jolting way through the ever-changing shadows of the intricate byways we began to discuss the city's lamentable lack of architectural distinction and to express our respective opinions of the dreamers of dreams who are able to repeople the mud-brick Bagdad of to-day with the colorful figures that move through the tales of the Thousand and One Nights. We decided that they were all guilty of the rankest nonsense and that we had no regard for such intelligences.

But what would you, under just such circumstances, when suddenly your searchlight falls upon a Persian-blue enameled minaret lifting itself in alluring grace above a battlemented wall, and you pass a wide-arched gateway with massive closed gates of Lebanon cedar—barred with bands of rusted iron and studded with square, time-pitted nail heads—which Harun-al-Rashid himself must have looked upon? Yes, here and there are a few suggestions left of the old and the wonderful in Bagdad, but taken all in all the City of the Caliphs is now very dun-colored, flat-surfaced and generally uninteresting.

We were finally halted on this memorable ride before a brilliantly lighted doorway in the narrowest street of them all, and were met by a number of important-looking persons in European clothes and red fezzes. They were the headmaster of the Jewish school and a delegation of his confrères, and they led us through the crowds within the entrance and into the center of the most extraordinary scene I had ever looked upon.

I am sure General Maude had no idea about the kind of show it was to be, because if he had known, nothing on earth would have induced him to go. He was modest to the point of timidity, and if he had been told that in the rôle of a conquering hero he was to meet all native Bagdad in a bright white light he undoubtedly would have managed at the moment to be somewhere else.

The improvised theater was an open oblong court surrounded by high balconied houses, and the first impression one got was of gaudily Oriental magnificence. The walls were hung from the roofs to the ground with Persian carpets, while stretching from balcony to balcony were festoons of colored lights and gay banners and pennants. The pavement, too, was covered with rugs, and the stage, at one end of the court, was built of them, a particularly beautiful one forming in wide folds a fine proscenium arch. Palms and plants completed the decorations.

The Hospitalities of Bagdad

The audience, filling every inch of space, even to the balconies and the surrounding windows, was startlingly colorful. The middle of the court was crowded with women in bright silk robes and abas, and our attention was called to the fact that they were unveiled. That was extraordinary. It was the first time high-class Bagdad women had ever been known to appear with uncovered faces, and it was a subtle public acknowledgment of the trustworthiness of the British. That was what it was intended to be.

"Under British rule," said one man, "our women need never be veiled."

The men in the audience—Jews, Persians, Arabs, Kurds, Syrians, Chaldeans and representatives of a dozen Eastern races—were all in their finest and most elaborate garments, and there was a variety in headdress—tarboosh, *kuffiyeh*, turban and Persian lamb cap—that was positively bewildering.

As General Maude entered, this amazing throng rose to its feet and cheered him loudly and long, and I am sure that anyone observing him at the moment would have seen a look of pained astonishment cross his face. They had erected a little platform for him in the center of the first row of seats directly in front of the stage. This was covered with a beautiful Persian carpet, and the chair he had to occupy was draped with stiff brocade. A lower and less pretentious chair had been placed beside him for my benefit, and I sank into it with a sense of helpless inability to escape from a situation wherein I felt I was conspicuously superfluous.

A good half hour was wasted in preliminary courtesies. One person after another came up and greeted the general, and there were numerous introductions. The chief rabbi of the city, a large black-bearded man in long silken robes and a white-and-gold turban, took a seat on the other end of the little platform and assisted in the ceremonies, while the headmaster, a typical Bagdad Jew with a French education and old-fashioned French manners, hovered about and displayed his pleasure in the occasion by much suave gesticulation and many smiles. Then they brought a small table and placed it before the army commander and me, on which were two cups, a pot of coffee, a bowl of sugar and a jug of milk.

Before the recollection of that, one must pause to speculate and wonder. Yet one may speculate and wonder for all time. What can anyone ever possibly know? As I write, General Maude lies dead in a desert grave outside the old North Gate, and they are saying boldly and insistently in the bazaars to-night that he was murdered! He drank the coffee, and he poured into it a large quantity of the cold raw milk. I drank the coffee, too, but without milk. When it became certain that he could not live, the doctors asked what he had taken that night, and I told them. They had no suspicions at the time and no thought of anything but of the overwhelming disaster, but they decided that that was where he probably got the infection. He had cholera in its most virulent form.

A Long Program

But to return to the fateful entertainment—if fateful it was: When we looked at our programs we discovered that Hamlet was to be the eleventh number and that among the ten other numbers—children's dances and recitations, odes, choruses and solos—was a French comedy in three acts. All in one evening? Impossible! But yes!

The first number was an address to General Maude delivered in French by a little Jewish girl who wore white muslin and a wreath of pink-paper roses round her hair. She read the address from a piece of foolscap paper, which shook in her nervous little hand until one could hear it rattle. It was a kind of eulogy of the big chief and of Britons in general and was full of references to Bagdad's great good fortune in having come at last under honest and honorable government. Perfectly sincere too! The words *"mon général"* occurred with great frequency, and every time the child pronounced them she thrust one foot forward and made a sweeping gesture with her left arm. It was very painful, but delightful in that it was so friendly and so kindly meant. At the end of practically every paragraph the audience interrupted with vociferous applause.

Then came several choruses and dances, done by the smallest children in the school. Sweet little tots they were, too, all done up in Frenchy frocks with many paper flowers pinned on them. They did not know their lines in the least, but they were so charmingly nonchalant about it that they managed to be really amusing. After they got through they were all brought down by the headmaster and presented to the general, who took a huge delight in shaking their baby hands and telling them what fine little actresses they were. Then they were permitted to do exactly as they liked and were not restrained even when they wandered, in blissful unconsciousness of wrongdoing, out on the stage while the French comedy was in progress. They got in the way of the grown-up actors and divided with them the attention of the audience, but nobody seemed to mind.

All together, it was the most astonishing performance I had ever witnessed; and when one of the actors, who was supposed to remain seated throughout a long act, got suddenly excited and rose to his feet, thereby disclosing the cramped figure of the prompter curled up under his chair, I began to realize that I was being greatly amused as well as entertained. Unimaginable scene for a colossal crime—if a crime was committed—was it not?

It was eleven o'clock when the comedy came to an end and General Maude turned

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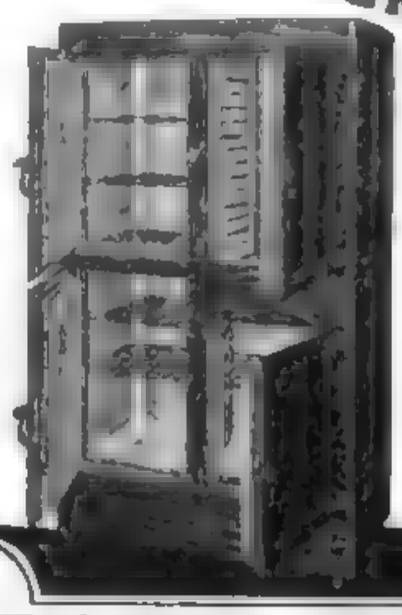

The special construction of this well known line of refrigerators provides wonderfully efficient insulation [illegible] air-tight, heat-tight doors. The ice chamber is large [illegible] that one [illegible] is safe to carry you [illegible] per cent [illegible] day. The [illegible] System sends [illegible] through the chambers rapidly, keeping [illegible] at the same time assuring ventilation and dryness.

The one-piece porcelain lining—no cracks, seams or joints—has full rounded corners. Ask the Bohn dealer in your city to show you the Bohn construction and advantages. Several models and sizes to fit every need. If you want we will send you literature and the Bohn dealer's name in your [illegible].

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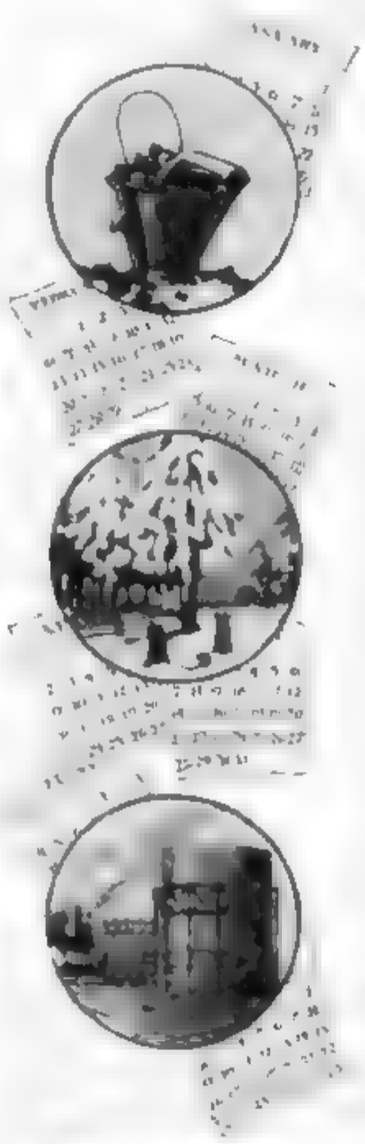

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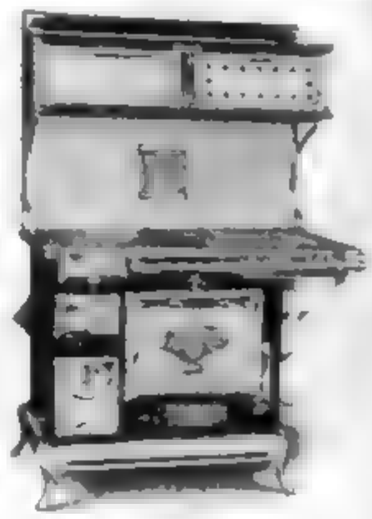

THE Duplex-Alcazar is the original three fuel range. One type burns Gas, Coal or Wood singly or in combination. The other style uses Oil and Coal or Wood.

This one range in your kitchen suits every cooking need and every weather condition from winter to summer and the seasons in between. The change from fuel to fuel is instantaneous without interchange of parts and the combination insures better cooking results at a lower fuel cost.

This, the pioneer of all combination Ranges, continues to hold the lead it gained, on the basis of quality and utility. All sizes—styles and types of construction in cast iron, steel and porcelain. There's a Duplex-Alcazar to fit your taste and pocketbook, as well as your kitchen conditions.

See your dealer or write us mentioning whether you are interested in the Gas or Oil type.

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TWO RANGES IN ONE

Learn Why

ATHENA UNDERWEAR

Gives Greater Comfort

WOMEN who have once entered the charmed circle of ATHENA-Wearers have only one regret—*that they did not learn of it sooner!*

For ATHENA is very *different* from ordinary underwear. This dainty underwear is built to fit the form of the woman who wears it. It gives her the real comfort to which she is justly entitled when she buys underwear.

ATHENA UNDERWEAR FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Whether you are medium, slender or stout—whatever your type of figure—there's an ATHENA garment *just right for you.*

ATHENA Underwear gives the correct foundation for the corset and fine gown. The beautiful fabrics and dainty, durable trimmings appeal to particular women.

All weights, sizes and qualities, at the prices you pay for ordinary underwear.

Note the Striking Contrast

between ATHENA and ordinary underwear, as shown in the illustrations. ATHENA is tailored in the MAKING to conform to the figure naturally, without being *stretched* into shape.

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago

to me and said: "I don't think we had better stay for Hamlet, do you?"

He made a motion to rise, but instantly the headmaster was upon him urging him to stay for the next number because it was to be a chorus written specially for him and sung in Arabic. So we stayed and were interested principally by hearing the name "Sir Staneley Mod" breaking a way occasionally through a long barrage of high-pitched and curiously syncopated sounds made by the most motley chorus that ever stood behind a row of footlights. After that we went home, wondering at and discussing the character of a people who would make Hamlet, in all its acts and all its scenes, the eleventh item in an evening's entertainment. We were told afterward that they finished about four in the morning.

Two days later, Friday, General Maude was late for luncheon—a very rare occurrence; and he sent word that we were not to wait for him. It was only a few minutes, however, before he came in and rather startled us all with the announcement that he was not going to have any lunch.

"About once a month," said he, "I find it does me good to go without food in the middle of the day."

He stopped to make some characteristically humorous inquiries about what I was doing and how I was getting on; then he excused himself and went to his room. I never saw him again.

When the city learned on Saturday morning that the army commander was seriously ill an all-pervading hush descended upon it which nothing yet has served to lift. I passed out of the house of imminent danger—sent away by those who wished to save me from a period of quarantine—and went back aboard the old S-1, which still lay at anchor in the river. As I walked through the gardens of General Headquarters on my way to the boat landing I met groups of officers who were discussing the somber possibilities.

And the question they were asking was: "If he dies who will 'carry on'?"

The solemnity of such a question can hardly be realized by anyone who is not familiar with the quality of the influence exercised by an idolized army commander in a theater of war. General Maude had brought the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force out of chaos and had led it on to unqualified victory, and his name was a name to conjure with. Nobody knew that better than the enemy. He inspired the force with a happy confidence that made itself felt throughout the whole field of operations from the Persian Gulf to the last lonely outpost on the far-flung circle of defense; and to have him removed was like shutting off the current in a vast system of gloriously electric enterprise.

Carry On!

The thought in most minds, and a thought very frequently expressed, has been "Could anything exceed the luck of the Germans!"

But—strangely enough, and fortunately—no man is indispensable. That afternoon they telegraphed for Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Marshall, corps commander on the Northeastern Front, and he came in. And that afternoon General Maude roused himself to say to his military secretary:

"Tell them I can't come to the office to-day, and they must just—carry on!"

And they will.

The evening of the second day he died. That was yesterday, and to-day we have buried him. Early this morning the boom of minute guns began to roll across the city from one direction and then another, and the sun rose upon the British flag half-masted in the midst of war.

The only other flag that flies in Bagdad is the American; and our beautiful banner, floating from its staff on the roof of our consulate, next to the army commander's house, drooped its folds on a level with its friend, the Union Jack; and I felt that the two stood prophetically sentinel over the high destinies of humanity which he who lay beneath them could no longer help to direct. Soon, with due honor paid to the honored dead, they would lift themselves again, and together, throughout the world, they would "carry on"—lofty in purpose, clean in principle and resplendent with unconquerable power. That is the inevitable end to which this war is being waged.

It was about midday that "Fritz came across to pay his respects." There had been so many guns throughout the morning that I did not instantly recognize the difference, but it took me only a moment to realize that such a quick succession of shots, from every direction at once, could never be intended as a salute for the dead. I was sitting in my cabin on the S-1 and rushed out on deck just in time to see him directly over General Headquarters and flying fairly low. He passed over our helpless old boat and we had a breathless moment wondering if he would drop something that would fall on us. But he got across and we watched him as long as he was in sight, flying westward toward the Euphrates with every gun in the vicinity blazing away at him, and with a sufficient accuracy of range at least to ring him about with the feathery white smoke puffs from dozens of exploding shells.

We wondered then if this untimely visit had any special significance. He might have come across to drop upon Bagdad a tribute in some form to the dead army commander. That is what the British would have done had the case been reversed. But no; Fritz would hardly be capable of that. And did the enemy know that the army commander was dead? The news had been flashed to the world outside, and there was very little reason to hope that they had not picked it up.

The Burial of General Maude

Only a short time ago they revealed the fact that they knew the British call signals. Bagdad was talking to the Samarra Front, the Samarra operator having asked for the day's news.

"No news," said Bagdad.

"No news at all?"

"Not yet. I'll call you as soon as it comes in."

Whereupon a German on the Turkish Front cut in and called the Samarra operator with his own secret signal.

"Do you mean to tell me you have no news to-day?" he asked.

"Not yet," Samarra replied.

"Well, listen!" said the German.

And he proceeded to flash across a fine German version of the big drive against the Italian Front. It was the first information Mesopotamia had received about the great Italian disaster, and most of it was confirmed in later bona fide dispatches.

We were fairly certain that the enemy knew the army commander was dead, but we devoutly hoped they did not know what he had died of. If they did it would be natural for them to assume that Bagdad was in the grip of a terrific epidemic. And could anything happen that would please and encourage them more than that?

General Maude was buried with spectacular simplicity. A deep silence lay upon the town, and the street through which his body was carried to the North Gate was banked on either side to the very roofs with a dark-robed multitude of men and women who seemed not to move at all and who spoke in whispers.

Outside the walls of Bagdad lie illimitable reaches of blank desolation, and in the midst of this they have made a new cemetery for British dead. I went with the American consul and stood with the representatives of all the divisions of the army and all the services of war beside the grave; and from there we watched the slow approach of the sad burden, draped in the folds of the Union Jack and carried aloft on the shoulders of men.

The way was lined with Indian troops standing at ease, and in the stillness of the desert we could hear the subdued commands and the quiet precise salute "Present—arms!" rustling wave on wave, rank by rank, down the long unbroken columns.

Slowly, reverently they lowered the coffin to the trestle over the grave; then a low sweet monotone of prayer floating out over the bowed heads of a uniformed and war-accoutered throng—"dust to dust" the peace and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ forevermore—the last rifle volleys—and finally the reverberating blare of many trumpets rolling out across the boundless gray waste the heart-chilling melody of the Last Post.

It is a bleak burial ground, far away from the homeland, and he lies in the circular center space that was left as a site for a monument. He will he there always Maude of Bagdad; and over his grave the monument will be raised, to him and to his army that is with him. And whatever be the ultimate fate of the nations, whoever may eventually rule in Bagdad that monument will be respected for all time. He achieved in his life a universal fame. He was a great soldier.

In 1850, in this small factory, was founded the business that now produces 200,000,000 Cinco cigars a year.

LONG BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR, in a quaint little building on Tenth Street, in Philadelphia, William Eisenlohr laid the foundation of the vast industry which today produces nearly 200,000,000 Cinco cigars annually.

In all these 68 years, the character of Eisenlohr's cigars has never been changed, except for the better.

Four sons of the founder devoted their lives to the business. Two of them still conduct it. Their pride in a product which for two generations has been made only under the personal direction of an Eisenlohr, has never permitted its standards to be lowered.

For nine years past Cinco has been oversold.

For nine years past offers of new business from all parts of the world have had to be declined, in spite of the building of one new factory after another.

For nine years past the same distributors have absorbed every increase in production. Never has production been allowed to increase too fast, because it has been the unalterable policy that the merit of the product must be kept up at any cost.

Costs of material, wages of labor, internal revenue taxes, have steadily advanced. Still the same excellence has been maintained, year after year.

Today there is a capital of $9,000,000 behind Cinco. Of this, more than $3,000,000 is constantly invested in tobacco leaf, bought in Havana, Sumatra and the finest domestic fields, and held in storage to season and mature—to mellow with age.

Regardless of the stress of temporary conditions, the makers of Cinco have too much at stake to take from it one iota of the quality which has made it the largest selling brand in the United States.

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EISENLOHR'S Cinco CIGARS
6 cents - *to preserve the quality*

Double Protection

The first meaning of Raynster is protection. The Raynster Label protects you in buying. It assures you honest money's worth. It tells you of sturdy materials and sound workmanship. It makes certain the protection from rain and storm that you expect from your Raynster in the wearing.

Provide this double protection today. Get a Raynster. Equip your family with Raynsters. The modern efficiency-demand makes a weather-proof coat an essential. Health, comfort and economy require it.

Protection is less expensive than doctors' bills or spoiled clothing.

The Raynster Label marks the largest line of weather-proof clothing made; including all kinds of heavy, rubber-surfaced coats for firemen, policemen, teamsters and other outdoor workers; single and double texture slip-ons; featherweight silks and cloth Raynsters of finest woolens. Some of them are splendid overcoats and ulsters.

Ask for your Raynster in any good clothing store. Look for the label under the collar. A Style Book will be *mailed free* if you'll write for it. There is a Raynster for every member of the family.

Look for this Label in your Raynster

Reg U. S. Pat. Off

United States Rubber Company
Clothing Division, New York and Boston

Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BIG MONEY BILLINGS

(Continued from Page 19)

"I have to keep an account of what I spend," he said. "I'm not like you—careful about money. Dimes don't mean anything to me. If I didn't keep account on myself I would be down to hardpan a week after pay day. But I've just hit a scheme that takes all the tameness out of this account-keeping business ——"

"What is it?" I asked him.

He pushed the book across to me and I ran my eye down the pages.

"What are you trying to do—fool yourself?" I asked him.

"No, by jingo!" he said, and he was not embarrassed a bit. "I might as well get some fun out of it while I am about it."

What the crazy man was doing was keeping his accounts ten times over. I don't mean he would enter "Lunch, .25" ten times, but he would enter it "Lunch, $2.50."

"It makes it interesting," he said. "And it makes it easy. I never could remember how I had spent all the nickels and dimes, but you bet when I call a dime a dollar I can remember how I spent it! A man don't forget how he spent a dollar. And anyway it makes me feel bigger. I feel a lot better entering one hundred and twenty dollars a week as my pay than I did when I put down a measly twelve dollars."

"Well, you are a full-blown nut, all right!" I said. "You are certainly the limit!"

"All right!" he said. "All right! But how much have you saved out of your pay this month?"

"Me? I've got enough left to pay my car fare and buy my lunches until pay day," I told him. "How do you expect me to save anything out of eleven-fifty a week?"

"Ah!" he said. "That's just it! You don't. But if you were getting $115 a week you would save, wouldn't you?"

"You bet your boots I would!" I said.

"Well, I'm saving," he told me. "I've saved fourteen and a half dollars this month and I didn't begin until the middle of the month."

"Fourteen and a half dollars!" I exclaimed. "You saved fourteen and a half dollars this month!"

"Well, I call it that," Billings said. "You would call it a dollar and forty-five cents. I call it fourteen and a half dollars. That's how I saved it and that's how I call it. That's how I've got it entered here in my account book."

"Oh!" I said, because I saw what he meant. He had worked the ten-times scheme on that dollar forty-five he had saved, the same as he did on everything else. "But even at that," I said, "I don't see how you can scrape anything off the top to lay aside out of what the Star Cam and Cog pay you."

"Well, I never could before this," Billings said. "At least I never did. This is not a penny-saving town. It is not a nickel or a dime saving town. A man don't try to save until he can save a dollar or so at a time—then he thinks it is worth while. I am like all the rest of them too. I can't save a penny at a time; it is too small to bother with. But when I began calling dimes dollars and nickels fifty cents and pennies dimes, I just felt as if I was throwing big money away all the time. Take those cigars, for instance. I never thought anything of spending a nickel for a cigar, but fifty cents! My! Fifty cents every time I smoked a cigar! That's reckless, you know!"

He was dead serious about it. He had actually got to thinking he was spending fifty cents for a cigar every time he paid a jitney for one.

"It might be all right if I was getting a million dollars a year or something like that," he said; "but even then fifty cents for a cigar would be pretty big money to pay for the kind of cigar I get for fifty cents. And I can't smoke a ten-cent cigar; I don't like the taste of them."

I should think not! When he said ten-cent cigar he meant five for a nickel!

"So I've simply had to reduce my smoking," he said. "You've noticed I smoke a pipe now. Of course the first cost of the pipe would have paid for a lot of cigars—I had to invest two and a half dollars in a pipe ——"

"Say! Did you let anybody sting you two-fifty for that pipe!" I cried, and then I remembered he was ten-timesing everything. He meant he had paid twenty-five cents for it. It looked it!

"Yes, two-fifty for the pipe and a dollar for the tobacco; but every time I smoke it I save fifty cents on cigars," Billings said without a smile. Then he laughed. "Do you get me?" he asked.

"Yes, I get you," I told him. "You've just gone and actually buffaloed yourself into thinking a dime is a dollar, so it will be worth while to save the dime."

"Yes, that's the idea," he said. "Gee! if you knew how I hated to spend a dime for a morning paper each morning! A morning paper is not worth a dime ——"

"But it don't cost ——" I began; and then I grinned. "I see!" I said. "That's why you've been picking Graham crackers and milk for lunch instead of corned-beef hash."

"I save a dollar a day that way," he said.

Well, so he did, if he wanted to call a dime a dollar. But it was not for me! I have some imagination—you'll learn that if I ever have a chance to tell you what your family will be like five years after you are dead if you don't take out enough insurance—but I could not work my imagination the way Billings could work his.

"Good night!" I said. "I'm going back to my room before I catch what you've got. I don't know the name for it, but it looks serious."

So I kept right along doing the way I had been doing; spending what I wanted to until I got down to where I had just enough for my car fare and lunches, and then not spending any more. But Billings actually kept on with his game. I guess he got, after a while, so he actually fooled himself. He was proud of it too. He would say, "I saved $25 last month"; and I would have to think a moment before I remembered he had actually saved only two and a half dollars. Or he would say, as he did one time: "I started an account in the savings bank to-day. I had $150 to put in." He meant fifteen dollars.

But I'll tell you the truth, I began to get frightened. It was all right to josh him about his ten-times business and all that, and to joke him about it, but he was really saving money.

I suppose if we had had these War Thrift Stamps then I should have been saving too. They make it easy for a man to save his pennies, because everyone is doing it and he is not ashamed to do what everyone is doing; but this was long before the war was ever thought of.

But I began to get frightened. Whatever Billings was doing, he was saving some money, whether he called it two hundred and fifty dollars that he had in the bank, or twenty-five dollars, as I would have called it; and I was afraid for two reasons: One was that he might save enough to be so far ahead of me that I should have no chance with Mattie Levoy. Billings and I were pulling just about an even game with her, and the same was true of our standing with Star Cam and Cog. If Billings got a raise I should be pretty sure to get one too; but the bad thing about Billings' savings account, so far as I was concerned, was that if we ever got raised to a point where we could marry a girl Billings would have money in the bank for furniture and all that sort of thing. The other thing that I was afraid of was that Billings might get to thinking he was really earning one hundred and twenty dollars a week and really had two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank, and then he might go and propose to Mattie some night when I was not with him. So I did two things: I began saving like a crazy miser, and I took the first chance I got and asked Mattie if she loved me and whether she would wait until I was able to marry her.

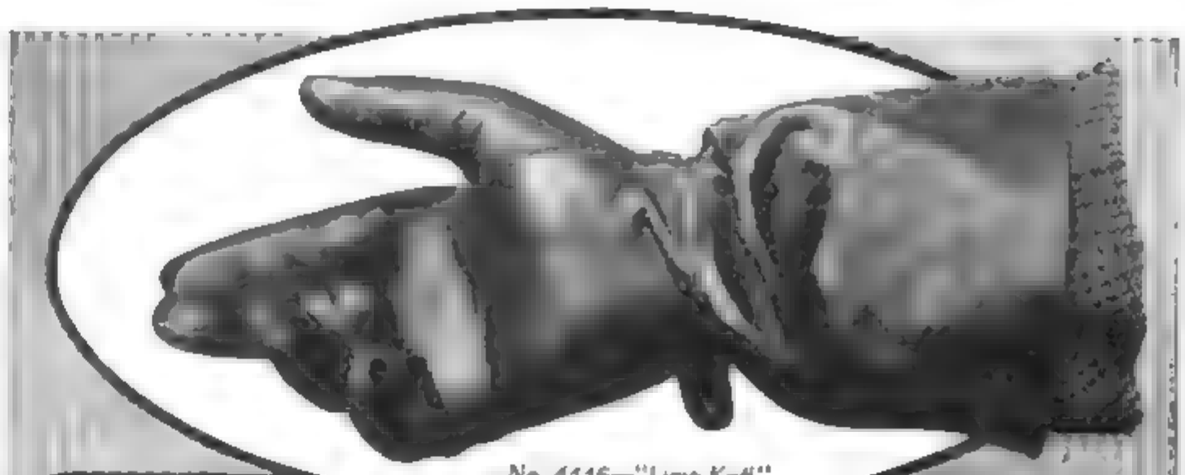
I'll say right here that she was just about as fine about it as any girl could have been.

"Please don't ask me to answer you now," she said. "We are all so young yet; we none of us can afford to marry yet. I do like you and I do like Billings"—only she called him Happy—"but I have always tried not to think which of you I like the better, for fear it would spoil everything. It has been so pleasant at the office and when we were together—all of us."

"That's right!" I said. "We've all been pretty good sports, haven't we? Well, you know I like you; you know how I feel about you anyway."

Just then Billings blew in.

"Happy," I said, "I've been proposing to Mattie."



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Grinnell Quality Gloves

Grinnell Gloves look better, wear better and feel better because they *are better.* Only the very best materials enter into them—only the most skilled leather workers make them.

The GRINNELL name, for 60 years, has been a guarantee of superlative glove value.

There are more than 600 styles—for men, women and children—for work, street wear, dress, motoring, army and aviation and every other conceivable purpose. And every one of them, irrespective of style or price, is made up to the exacting Grinnell standard.

Despite the world-wide leather shortage, we maintain the famous Grinnell quality. Insist upon genuine Grinnells. Look for the name Grinnell—it's there for your protection.

Style Book FREE Write for our new 1918 Style Book. Ask your dealer to show you "Lump-Kuff." If he does not have it in stock send us his name, state size glove you wear and we will send a pair for your inspection, charges prepaid.

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"Best for every purpose"

The Most Expensive Cap

Patrician Caps

"Cravenette" Finished

WHILE the Patrician is the most expensive cap, it is the cheapest in the end. The famous "Cravenette" Finish protects the fibre of the cloth from moisture. Slow to wet and quick to dry, the Patrician never loses its shape and style. After you have once worn a Patrician Cap you won't be satisfied with any other kind.

Sold at the best stores everywhere—$2.00 to $5.00 each. If your hatter won't supply you, write to the factory.

Spear & Co., Ozone Park, New York City

Makers of Headwear de Luxe for Men and Boys

Leading dealers are invited to ask for our salesman to call

Stories of Coal-Waste and Coal-Saving

PICTURE to yourself a Million Coal-cars *dumping their precious coal into the harbors and rivers,* instead of into the coal-barges that should be there to carry it on to the Nation's furnaces.

Just as senseless as that, is our actual, vast American coal-waste. A million carloads a year are lost because we let so much heat leak from poorly insulated pipes and boilers, *which "85% Magnesia" Coverings would entirely save.*

Here are some fact-stories, true in every detail, which show that Saving.

The First Story

Last January during the "zero spell" in a Philadelphia suburb, a gentleman, calling on an invalid friend, exclaimed:

"How warm you keep it here; warmest place I've been in for weeks; must be 75 degrees; you don't care for Garfield's 68, do you? You certainly are shooting your drafts as if you never heard of a coal-shortage."

"No, you're off there," said the invalid. "I haven't been down stairs, but I'll bet you a box of cigars that if you go down cellar you'll find every draft shut and every damper open."

"I'll take you," replied his visitor, and went down to inspect.

When he returned he said, "Cigars are yours; every draft shut; every damper open. While it's zero outside, the thermometer on the newel-post says 74 degrees. But I've found why; you've got your boiler and pipes cased in '85% Magnesia' coverings."

"That's the secret," laughed the host. "And now here's the rest of that story:

The Second Story

"My next-door neighbor is a coal-dealer. Because I've been sick he offered to deliver me each week just the same amount of coal he allotted for himself. His house has just about the same heating space as mine, and he has the same kind of heater. But while he burns up his allotment every week, I've burned only about half of mine.

"That means that I have saved while he has wasted. He wasted because his boiler and pipes weren't properly covered; I saved because mine were covered with '85% Magnesia.'

"Take the winter through, and my unprotected neighbor will burn about 20 tons, he tells me, and his house isn't as warm as mine is on only 12 tons. *My Magnesia coverings save me fully 8 tons a year, which he wastes.*

"He might as well dump that into the river and save hauling it."

Saving or Wasting by Carloads

Those two stories show the Saving and the Waste by *tons.*

But when you get to apartment-houses, hotels, office-buildings, schools, churches, and other big buildings, the Saving by means of "85% Magnesia" runs into CARLOADS of coal.

When you get to the higher steam-pressure required in factories, power-plants, central stations, the aggregate Savings effected by "85% Magnesia" coverings, adequately thick, leaps to THOUSANDS OF CARLOADS.

Here is the Proof

For thirty years engineers have known the maximum protection to heat and steam afforded by "85% Magnesia." Today it is more used for high-pressure than all other coverings combined. The U. S. Navy specifies it. The biggest ocean liners and all the powerful locomotives are protected with it. In New York, the tallest skyscrapers, hotels, department-stores, the big terminals and municipal buildings use it to save coal.

Here are the *exact scientific figures.* They have been worked out by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, of Pittsburgh:

At 5 lbs. steam-pressure (the average for heating), 1,000 square feet of bare pipe leaks enough heat to waste *Three Carloads of coal a year,* which a 1-inch thick covering of "85% Magnesia" *entirely saves.*

At 150 lbs. steam-pressure (as in power-plants), 1,000 square feet of bare pipe leaks enough heat to waste *Eight Carloads of coal a year,* which even a 1-inch thick covering of "85% Magnesia" *fully saves.*

A 200 lb. steam-pressure (100° super-heat), 1,000 square feet of bare pipe would waste *Fourteen Carloads of coal a year,* which even a 1-inch covering of "85% Magnesia" *absolutely saves.*

A 1-inch covering does this; but the thicker the covering, the more carloads saved.

"85% Magnesia" Beats the Coal-Shortage

Those exact figures, from the Mellon Institute, point the way to a complete wiping out of our National Coal-Shortage.

They show the *coal you can save* in your homes, and in your bigger buildings.

They show the *coal you can save* in your factories and power-plants.

Install "85% Magnesia" coverings *now,* and save worry about coal.

Write us for the illuminating little treatise, "Let '85% Magnesia' Defend Your Steam." To Engineers and Architects the standard Specification for "85% Magnesia" is sent on request.

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

702 Bullerin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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I wanted to do the square thing and tell him, because he was always so square himself.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said. "I'm going to propose to her a couple of times myself when I'm drawing three hundred a week and have a couple of thousand in the bank. I forgive you. Come on, folks! I've got three dollars in my jeans that need spending. Let's all go to the movies."

He had thirty cents, he meant. So we went. On the way home he talked to me.

"You poor fish!" he said good-naturedly. "You don't want to go proposing to Mattie now. You'll queer yourself. She's a sensible girl, and she knows neither you nor I can support a wife. If you go to proposing to her now she will think you are not quite sensible. I wouldn't propose to her now and risk my chances for anything in the world. And I'm drawing five dollars a week more than you are!"

"Five ——" I began, thinking he must have got an advance I had not heard about. Then I laughed. He meant that same old fifty cents a week he had always been getting more than I was.

"You needn't be afraid I'll try to cut in under you," he told me. "What I said was true. Until I'm getting my three hundred a week I'll not ask her to marry me."

That did not fool me, and he did not mean it to fool me. We both knew he was ten-timesing again, and that he meant thirty a week.

I felt pretty comfortable about it. I did feel that I had as good a chance with Mattie as Billings had, so I gave him my promise too. I said I would not propose to her again until I was getting twenty-nine fifty a week. That was right enough, because he was getting fifty cents more than I was. It made it an even race, if you can call it a race. I think we both felt pretty comfortable about it. And then, suddenly the very next day—a bomb burst under Billings and blew him clear out of the running.

We went down to the office together that day and Billings said something about half believing he would get up earlier in the morning and walk to the office, because the weather was so fine and he hated to spend fifty cents every morning on taxi hire—meaning five cents on elevated fare. He said he could not think of any easier way of saving fifty cents than by walking a couple of miles on a nice morning. I told him I did not think he would save much. I said the shoe leather he would use up would come to more than the nickel he would save. He said he believed that was so. He said shoes went fast and that he hated to think that he would have to buy a pair in a couple of days.

"Thirty-five dollars for a pair of shoes! It is robbery!" he said.

But that was the way he had come to be, with his continual ten-times obsession. He could not think of a three-fifty pair of shoes; he had to multiply the price by ten before he could think of them.

We reached the office and Baker was already there, and Miss Mattie was in her place. She always was an early arriver, but it was unusual for Baker to get down ahead of us. He looked unusually serious too. He asked Billings to step into the private office, and when Billings came out I knew something was all wrong.

"Fired!" he said as he passed me on the way to his desk.

What had happened was this: Baker, as soon as they were in the private office, said:

"I'm sorry, Billings, but I'll have to let you go. Look at this!" And he handed Billings an estimate Billings had sent out. It was an estimate on ten thousand steel cams, special pattern, and the Star Cam and Cog should have had the order at ten cents each, but Billings had simply done some of his ten-times work and had quoted the cams at a dollar each. It was a rush matter and there had been no time to waste, and the order had gone to Silas K. Birch's concern at fifteen cents per cam.

"I—I'm sorry!" Billings said.

"Yes. So am I," said Baker. "But this is the third case of this kind, Billings, and we can't have it. We must protect our own interests. I'm sorry, but you'll have to go."

That was all. It was all up with Billings. He got his things together and said good-by to Mattie and to me and to the rest of the force, and went out. I went as far as the elevator with him.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "I've got that two hundred and seventy dollars in the savings bank. I can live on that a couple of weeks while I'm hunting another job. I'm not going to worry until I have to."

Two hundred and seventy dollars in the bank! He meant twenty-seven dollars.

"Oh, you'll find another job!" I said, to cheer him up.

"I've got to," he said. "I can't let you get ahead of me with Mattie." And then the elevator stopped and he went down.

Of course I did not see him again until evening. I rather hated to go home to the boarding house; I did not like to think of Happy Billings being there, blue after a day of job hunting. When I opened the door the first thing I heard was Billings' voice. He was talking to Mrs. Dayton.

"Oh, no!" he was saying. "Don't you be afraid of that. I'm not going to be too big to fill my seven-dollar-a-week room for some time yet."

"Gee!" I thought. "He must have had a pretty hard jolt if it jolted the ten-times business out of him," but I chirked up my voice and said "Well, Happy, how did you make out?"

"All right," he said with a smile that he tried to keep decently sober. "I've got a job. Silas K. Birch hired me."

"No!"

"Yes, he did," said Billings. "I went right to him and told him how good I was and braced him for a job, and he hired me. And I'm getting more than I got at the Star Cam and Cog too."

"Honest, Happy?" I said.

"Yes, honest," he said. "I said to myself when I got out on the street that I might as well try for more money as long as I was hunting a new job. I was getting six-twenty-four a year, you know. So I made up my mind I would ask for seven hundred. Why not?"

"Well, that's right," I said, thinking it over. "They would pay you that difference without thinking much about it if they wanted you."

"Yes," said Billings. "So I told old Silas K. I wanted a job, and that I had been with Star Cam and Cog. 'How much do you want?' he asked me. Well, I did mean to say seven hundred. I tried to say it. But it didn't come out of my mouth that way. It multiplied itself by ten and came out seven thousand dollars."

"You poor fish!" I exclaimed.

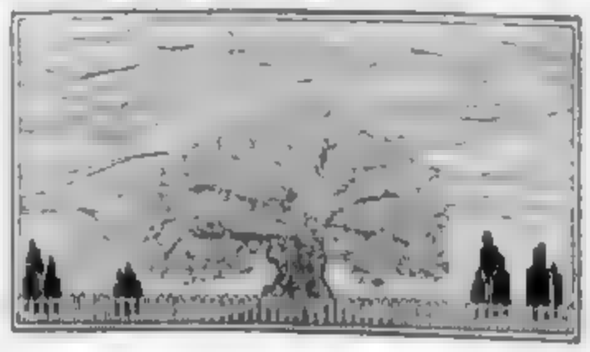
"Yes," he said; "that's what I thought. And I guess Silas K. thought so too. He looked at me as if he thought I had more nerve than enough for forty men. He said 'Hum! You don't think lightly of yourself, do you, young man? Well, we can't use you at seven thousand, but if you are willing to consider five thousand we will give you an opportunity to show what you are worth as manager of the cam-and-cog department.'"

I saw he meant it. He did not mean five hundred dollars; he meant five thousand. He meant what he would have called fifty thousand that morning, but he had dropped the ten-times business for good and all. He had simply made a break that did for him what most of us are too scared to do for ourselves—asked as much as he was worth. I knew he would make good too, because the reason most men fail to make good is not because the men are not big enough but because they are not in big-enough jobs. So I put my hat back on my head and turned to the door.

"Hold on! Where are you going?" Billings asked. He knew I was pulling some sort of joke.

"Going?" I said. "I'm going over to Mattie Levoy's and bid her a fond farewell. I see my finish with Mattie!"

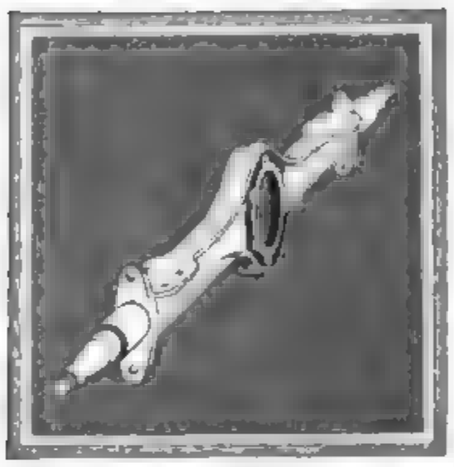
"Wait until after dinner," he said, "and we'll both go over. I've got thirty cents in my pocket and we'll all three go to the movies and celebrate." So we did, but after the show I sort of slid away and let them walk home together alone.



And at that, Billings hasn't anything on me in the wife business. Mattie is all right, but she will never in the world have the style my wife has. I'm satisfied; I'm just as satisfied as Billings is.

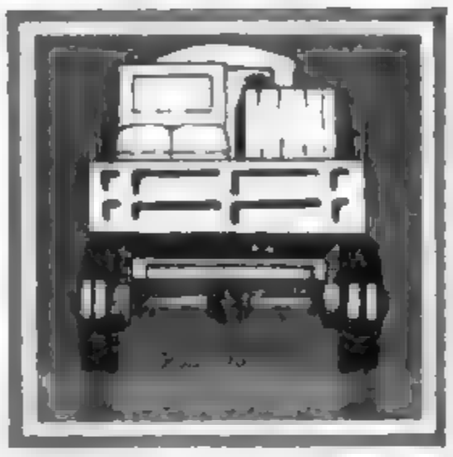
TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

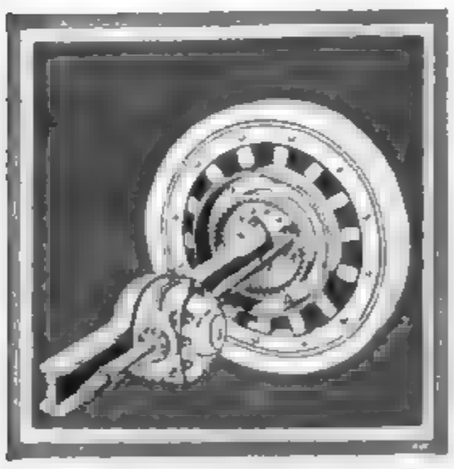
What it does



This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive lighter and stronger than ordinary drives. It carries *all* the load. It makes Torbensen Drive last as long as any truck. It makes rear tires give 20 per cent more mileage. It is *patented* and is probably the main reason for Torbensen leadership.

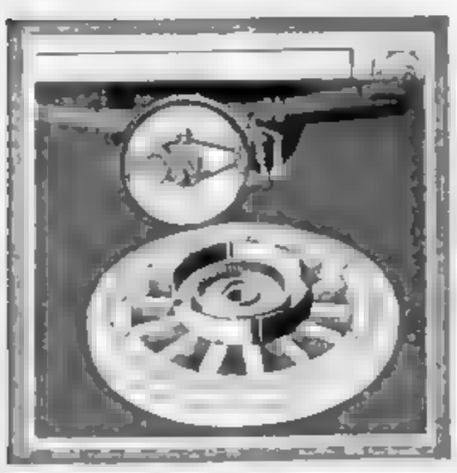
Torbensen Drive adds 45 per cent to rear axle road clearance. Where streets or roads are torn up or muddy; when the truck has to go 'cross country; when deep snow drifts are encountered; this extra road clearance often marks the difference between a stalled truck and free, clear driving.





Here you see how Torbensen Drive works. You can see how the sturdy I-Beam passes through the wheel hub and how it supports the differential housing. This construction absolutely separates the functions of the load-carrying and driving parts, yet it holds them in practically perfect, permanent alignment.

Unusual accessibility makes it easy for any driver to keep Torbensen Drive thoroughly lubricated and finely adjusted. Torbensen Drive is exceptionally free from mechanical troubles. It is made so readily accessible to cut down the time and cost of repairs or adjustments, *should* they ever become necessary.



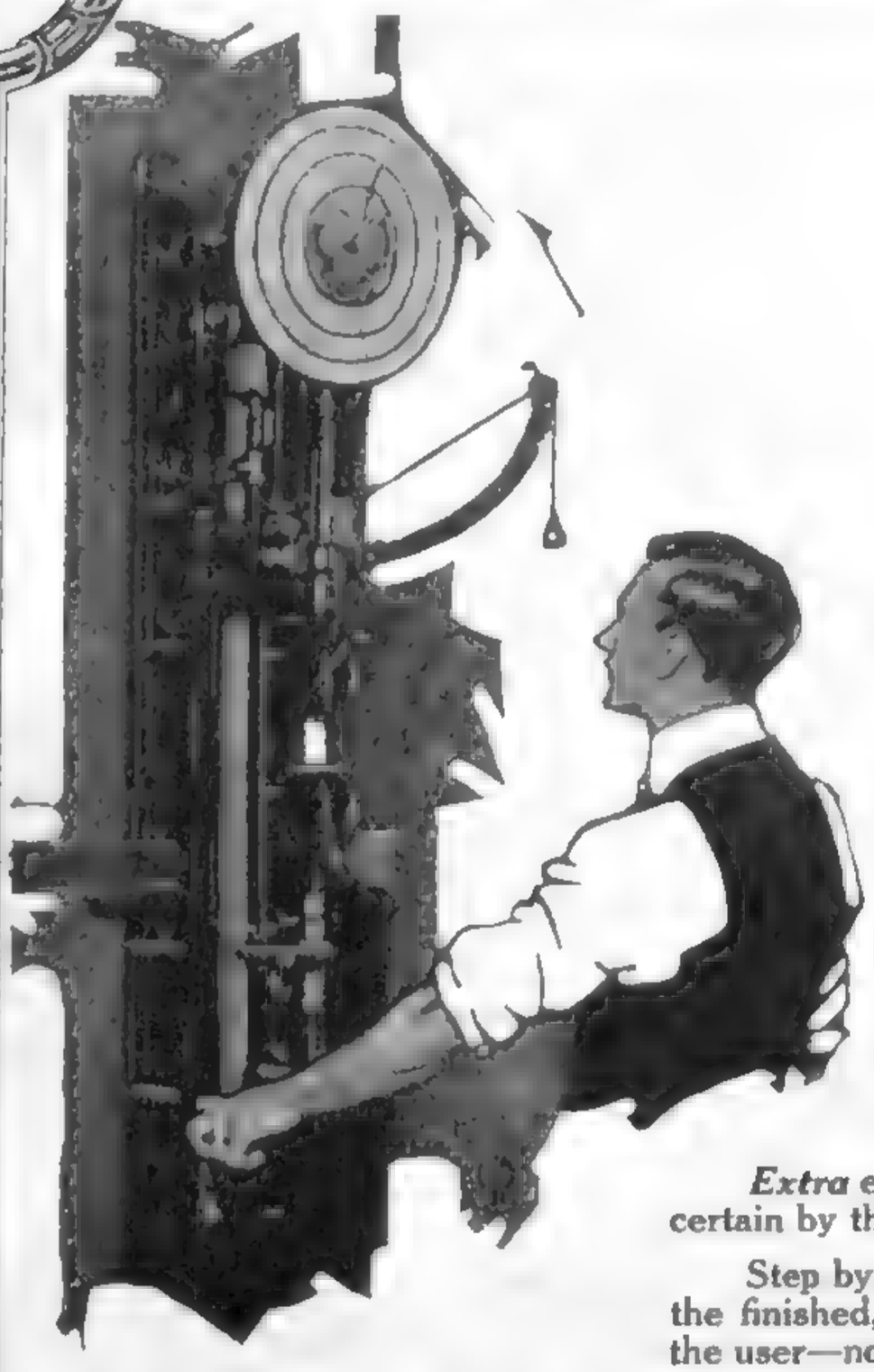
Simplicity is the keynote of Torbensen Internal Gear Drive. Power is applied to the wheels through internal gears *at* the wheel and *near* the rim. This gives Torbensen Drive great leverage for driving just where it is needed. It increases pulling power and saves gas and oil. These gears are guaranteed for two years—two years of faultless rear axle service.

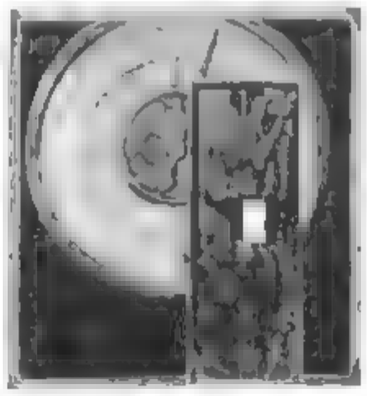
One pound of dead-weight equals *nine* pounds of weight carried on springs, in its effect on truck life. When you figure on this basis, knowing that Torbensen Drive is *half* as heavy as other types of equal capacity, you have very strong reasons for a 20 per cent increase in rear tire mileage and big savings in gasoline, oil and repairs.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Torbensen Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a Gold Bond Guarantee that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck and the internal gears at least two years.

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks





The Extra Test for Tensile Strength—Here, and in the larger picture, we show the special tension registering machine which proves in advance that all fabric and rubber used has abundant strength to meet the pounding blows of the road

Extra Tested
To Give You Greater Tire Mileage

Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires are known for the economy they bring. They are specially built, and Extra Tested in Racine Rubber Company factories, to withstand hard daily usage.

Extra endurance—*extra* mileage—*extra* value for the money—are made certain by the many Extra Tests to which each tire is subjected.

Step by step, these tires are carefully Extra Tested from raw material to the finished, ready-for-service product. Each Extra Test means saving for the user—not in cost price, but in better, longer wear.

RACINE Country Road *and* Multi-Mile Cord TIRES

These Racine Rubber Company Extra Tests were devised to make *extra* value certain. Each Extra Test is thorough. Each is exacting. For instance: the Extra Test for Tensile Strength requires all fabric and rubber used to reveal *extra* fighting quality—*extra* resistance to wear. An expert watches the dial—records to the dot the strength this Extra Test discloses.

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comes with every tire bearing the Racine Rubber Company name. As an added value factor, one expert, highest paid inspector constantly works with every seven tire builders. This insures perfect, tire-for-tire uniformity always.

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Racine Country Road Tires—5000 Mile Guarantee—are specially designed and Extra Tested to meet the hardest demands of country road use.

Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires—real cord tire quality of Extra Tested worth.

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RACINE RUBBER COMPANY
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ALSACE-LORRAINE AND WORLD PEACE

(Continued from Page 8)

His next proposal contemplated the territory which the great standpatter, the Prussian general, Von Moltke, had fixed with his famous "green border."

This green border was a line, traced well within French territory, which included the fortress of Belfort in Alsace, but not the iron mines of Thionville, Briey or Longwy. It did take in, however, two-thirds of the French iron foundries, chiefly round Nancy.

But the French refused to yield up Belfort. The Germans then consented to let France keep her fortress upon condition that they might enter Paris. A certain vaguely defined zone round Belfort was also to be returned to France, in exchange for the towns of Vionville and Sainte-Marie aux-Chênes in Lorraine. Now, these towns lay within the Thionville iron district. But at that stage of the negotiations iron was not thought of. Germany wanted those towns only for "monuments to commemorate the valor of her armies in the bloody battles waged there in August, 1870."

Upon this basis the preliminaries to the final peace treaty were about to be ratified when ——

Suddenly appeared a hard-working little mining expert, Hauchecorne! Like lots of other "good Prussians," this fellow had been stolidly snooping about in Lorraine before the war. He gained Bismarck's ear. He told him that certain iron mines, overlooked by Von Moltke and his General Staff, might be worth grabbing.

Then started one of the most disgraceful exhibitions of German iniquity of the scrap-o'-paper kind. Iron sounded pleasing to the Iron Chancellor. He remembered the vagueness of the definition of the area round Belfort and the overwhelming need France had of retaining the fortress. So Bismarck began to pretend that the return of the fortification and city of Belfort only had been contemplated. Yielding by Prusaia of a zone round Belfort would necessitate the ceding by France of territory elsewhere.

Coal, Iron and Labor

And thus, in consideration of a zone of about six miles' radius—ten kilometers—round Belfort, Bismarck acquired for Germany the Thionville mine district.

This district, two kilometers wide—less than one and a quarter miles—runs southward from Audun-le-Tiche, and lies directly west of the line through Thionville, Uckange, Maizières, Metz. The ores in this strip run thirty to forty per cent pure. West of this strip the ore holds one-half to one per cent phosphor and three to seven per cent lime. Prior to 1876 phosphor could not be eliminated. It made steel useless.

Hauchecorne stated this in his report to Bismarck. Consequently only the narrow strip of Thionville mines, which contained all of the at that time—valuable ore, was annexed. The balance of the Lorraine ore bed, seemingly useless, was contemptuously left to France.

A Typical Father and Daughter of French Alsace

One French peace commissioner, Pouyer-Quertier, objected. Owning mines in the strip, he knew the value of Lorraine ores. Favre, the other commissioner, sided with Thiers. Harried by the need for a quick peace and not sufficiently familiar with the ore wealth of the Thionville strip, Thiers counseled acceptance of Bismarck's terms.

The final peace treaty, concluded at Frankfort in May, 1871, placed Germany in possession of the Thionville mines! It put into the hands of the Hun the steel with which he keeps the civilized world at bay.

Won through cupidity, iniquitously, this ill-gained property prepared the doom of Germany with all the relentless, fateful certainty of a Greek tragedy—the doom our Allied armies are now about to wreak upon the Hun. It is Lorraine iron which has led to the great rise of German industries. It was this all too rapid rise which necessitated trade and territorial expansion. It is this expansion in turn which necessitated the German military development. And it is finally this military development which required steel—steel not purchased in peaceful commercial ways, but steel manufactured and mined under a military monopoly.

Running round this steel circle of cause and effect might have driven to madness even less ponderous brains than those curdling in the Teuton skull. Steel, stolen steel particularly, required soldiers. Soldiers needed steel. Military development became "a matter of life and death," as Von Jagow expressed it to Sir Edward Goschen on August 8, 1914. As General von Bernhardi had previously stated in the words: "We face the alternative of increasing our military power to such a degree as will assure victory, quick victory—or of renouncing our future. There is no choice: Either we must be a great military power or we must yield to irrevocable decadence."

In other words, having grabbed the first violin in the European concert by force, Germany could keep it only by force. It is the principle of the truculent bully, who must keep strong and be ready at all times to display his strength.

Now witness how swiftly and irrevocably Germany brought down upon herself the doom for her rape of Alsace-Lorraine. Prior to 1870 Prussia had been an agricultural country, barely touching her immense possessions of coal. Then 1871 found her established as the German Empire and compelled to maintain her position by sheer force of arms. The unexpected acquisition of the Lorraine iron mines turned her barnyard-accustomed eyes to the manufacture of steel to maintain her force of arms. Events relentlessly fixed her course!

In 1875 a young London police official, Sidney Thomas, collaborating with one Gilchrist, invented the Thomas process to convert phosphor-containing iron ores into high-grade steel. Coevally, the great economic revolution of the nineteenth century set in. Science overthrew the old methods. Big business and big industries were born!

Her tremendous wealth of coal and the Lorraine iron inclined Germany toward the iron-and-steel industry—the more naturally when we keep in mind the Hun need for weapons of war. Nature had provided the coal; iniquity had provided the iron ores. The populace would provide the labor.

Suddenly Germany transformed herself from a mediocre agricultural country into an industrial power. In 1860 her iron production, of 700,000 tons annually, ranked fourth in the world. The United States produced 800,000 tons, France 1,000,000 tons and England 3,500,000 tons. In 1880 Germany had quadrupled her production. England had doubled hers. In 1900 German iron reached 7,500,000 tons, against 9,000,000 in England and 14,000,000 in the United States. In 1912 the German iron production of 19,000,000 tons was second only to the United States' 29,000,000 tons. England's 8,500,000 tons were far exceeded.

As to steel—in 1880 Germany made no steel worth mentioning. The Lorraine ore as yet had not encouraged its manufacture. But no sooner had the Thomas process proved its value than Germany began. In 1882 her steel production came to 800,000 tons. Thirty years later it had increased to 17,000,000 tons. The United States produced some 30,000,000 and England about 7,000,000 tons.

Now, the United States used most of its product at home. Not so Germany. She exported steel and iron, in spite of her tremendous consumption at home for armament and railways. German railroads increased from 3700 miles in 1850 to 52,000 miles in 1900. Her total area is only about 210,000 square miles. The United States, with about seventeen times the area, has more than six times as many miles of railways.

Of the 19,000,000 tons of iron Germany produced in 1912, showing an increase in that year equal to that of the four previous years, she exported more than 1,000,000 tons, or 36 per cent of the total world exports. England, with her so-called monopoly of iron, exported only 1,383,000 tons. In 1906 Germany exported only 470,000 tons of iron!

The Kartel System

But Germany had no intention of fighting England's iron monopoly. Steel would be her great product. Iron is more or less a raw material. Steel, however, is more of a finished product, which requires more labor—employment for German hands. So Germany in 1912 exported about one-third of her steel output, more than 5,000,000 tons of rails, beams and plates.

She usurped England's first place as steel exporter. She invaded the markets of England, France and Russia. For thirty years she had pushed her iron and steel industries till they cracked. She had been compelled to. Her steel paid for her bread. While her exports climbed from three to ten billion marks—$720,000,000 to $2,400,000,000—between 1892 and 1913, her imports in the same period had increased from $960,000,000 to $2,640,000,000.

Now, two-thirds of Germany's import-and-export trade went by sea. This placed her in a situation similar to England's. But unlike England she was not Mistress of the Seas. In that she could not usurp England's position.

Not being able to feed herself in peacetimes, a German war with England would mean slow starvation. Hence Germany must arm herself so powerfully that she would unquestionably gain a quick victory in any such war. This became the "question of life or death." Which again emphasized the need for steel, more steel.

In order not to be killed, Germany was bound to maintain military supremacy. In order to live she had to have commercial supremacy as well. Much of her food, one-third at least of her wheat alone, was imported. Her birth rate was excessive. Her population increased from 40,000,000 in 1870 to 65,000,000 in 1912. To feed this increased population her industry had to be increased. And the sale of her industrial product had to be increased.

Germany had to conquer the European market. But she was the last come among European producers. Therefore she had to resort to the common huckster's device of underselling her competitors, the foreign manufacturers.

To do this, competition at home had to be eliminated. The process of this elimination, starting as early as 1879, set into full function the German *kartel*.

Superficially, the *kartel* seems the German counterpart of our American trust. But while the trust is an absorption by the strongest of a series of weaker concerns, the *kartel* is an organized federation in which each concern is suffered to continue its individual subsistence. Upon entering the *kartel*, or syndicate, each manufacturer simply renounces a definite part of his industrial or commercial autonomy.

The function of the *kartel* pre-requires a certain psychological state of mind which

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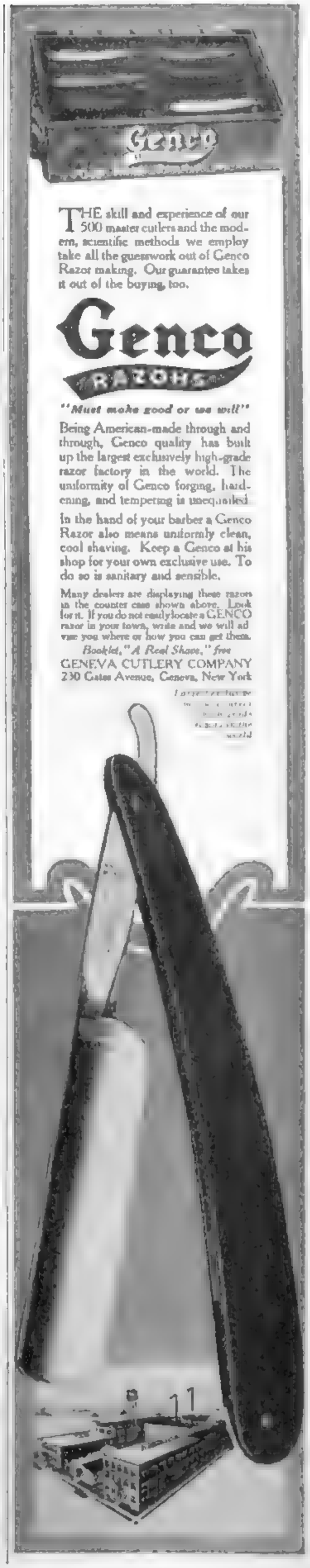
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Model 90—The Car That Makes Your Dollar Big

Mints make dollars for the thrifty men and spendthrifts identical in size.

The reason one dollar buys more is the reasoning of the man who spends it. Sane reasoning points unerringly to this Model 90 as bigger value per dollar.

And here is why it does—

Full value, or complete satisfaction, is possible only through complete satisfaction in all of these five points—Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price.

See how this Model 90 meets each and all of these requirements in the most satisfactory manner and you understand with 80,000 owners why the sum total of its value makes its price extremely small in proportion.

In *appearance* Model 90 is unusually attractive with this big-car stylish design, correct color scheme, quality finish and appointments.

It is not only what it does but *how* it *performs* that makes Model 90 of greater value. You enjoy this car while you *employ* it.

Its sweet-running powerful motor is exceptionally economical with fuel and the strong, light chassis, perfectly balanced, minimizes tire wear.

This car does not look cramped and it is not.

It looks decidedly *comfortable* and it is, decidedly!

With wide seats, deep upholstery, spacious interior, rear cantilever springs, and scientific distribution of weight, it glides buoyantly over the roads, relieving passengers from fatigue.

No matter where you drive there is always accessible expert Overland *service*.

The nation-wide Overland service facilities protect your investment in a Model 90 and guarantee continued satisfaction in your car.

The *price* of the Model 90 is one of the most potent factors in its favor.

It represents the high mark for quality, competence and pleasing accommodations at the lowest possible cost.

Make your dollar larger by investing it in this Model 90 thrift car.

You will be richer in time saved and opportunities improved and happier and healthier.

In emergencies such as catching a train, a physician's race with death, or innumerable cases where time is *more* precious than money, Model 90 is invaluable.

Every day and night it multiplies the man-power of business and professional men.

It is as indispensable for the *home* as it is for the office.

What else *works* all day for business and then is equally valuable for the family?

What else has such endless work uses and at the same time affords *recreation?*

Order your Model 90 now. Let the Willys-Overland dealer save you money.

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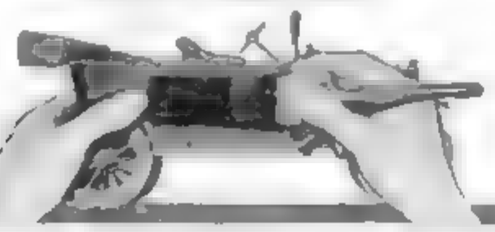

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Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Endurance Auto Finishes.

(Concluded from Page 57)

is exclusively German: the instinct of huddling together, joined to the habit of submitting to authority unquestioningly. As Francis Walker stated:

"Individual enterprise has ceased, to a great extent, to be the unit of German industry. The German unit is the *kartel*."

The manufacturer who enters the *kartel* loses the right to sell freely—and directly—to the consumer those items of his manufacture that are syndicated. His entire output may even have to be disposed of by the *Verkaufsbureau*—the selling office—which sells the output to the best interest, not of the manufacturer, but of the syndicate. The sale price is fixed by the selling office, alone and absolute. The *kartel* committee may also determine the volume of output of each factory and the territory in which it is to be sold.

The *kartel*, then, has in fact more of a commercial than an industrial function. It fixes prices, it regulates production, it appoints markets.

Now to undersell foreign competitors in foreign markets, where transportation and customhouse charges increased the cost of production, German manufacturers had frequently to sell at a loss. But it was better to sell at a loss than not to sell at all. Germany had to sell! She could not cut down production to fit home consumption. She was equipped for production far in excess of home consumption, and had to keep that equipment in operation, as will be shown presently. So sell at a loss she did.

Underselling Competitors

Which leads back to the *kartel*. Selling at a loss must be offset by selling at a profit in the home market. The *kartel*—and its boon companion in Germany, the protective tariff—prevented German manufacturers from price cutting in the home market. The *kartel* was master of prices at home. The next step was to fix prices at which German goods should be sold in foreign markets. The *kartel* took the step: It began the dumping process.

We know this process well in America. The "bargain sales" of our big stores are "dumping." The German version of it was the fixing of two prices for one product—one relatively high price in the home market and one low price, sliding according to cases, for the foreign trade.

The results of dumping show in the following figures: The cost of production of structural steel—beams—in Germany ran from $20.40 to $24.80 a ton. In the German market this product sold at $31.20 the ton; in the Swiss market at $28.80 to $30; in the English market at $24.72 to $26.40; in Italy as low as $18 the ton.

In this way markets become battlefields. The competitor must be killed. How could he help being killed when the German manufacturer received in 1912 from the Westphalian *kartel*, for each ton of export goods, a premium of $1.50 for iron, $3.60 for steel, and from $2.80 to $4 for finished products?

American imports of implements into France lingered round $1,000,000 annually from 1895 to 1913. German imports climbed from $2,000,000 to $8,000,000. American imports of machinery climbed from $1,000,000 to about $9,000,000. But German similar imports jumped from $3,000,000 to $28,000,000 in the same period.

There is no need of discussing in this article the efforts of German manufacturers to escape the tyranny of the *kartel*, which not only fixed the sale price of their products, but the prices and the sources of their raw materials as well. These efforts led to combinations between factories and sources of raw materials. Steel mills sought ownership of coal and iron mines, and so forth.

Neither could the *kartels* dominate every industry. Only those of which the product was uniform would be held under their sinister sway.

It was again the steel and iron industry which was most amenable to *kartel* methods. The overproduction—or rather the subconsumption—of the home market urged increase of exportation, the conquest of foreign markets. Iron and steel were best suited to invade the foreign markets with. They were the commodities Germany could produce at the lowest cost. For she had, as mentioned above, the natural monopoly of vast coal beds, the stolen monopoly of the rich Lorraine ore beds of Thionville, and the labor monopoly her tremendous birth rate gave her.

Whichever way we look, the rape of Alsace-Lorraine fatefully compelled Germany to steel.

Fatefully—for Germany, mad with the dream of world empire, started her steel industry upon too vast a scale. She equipped herself, not to supply her immediate needs, but the needs she meant to have in fifty years. The huge cost of such equipment tied up vast capital and necessitated proportionally large returns. This meant immediate intensification of production, which in turn required vast quantities of available raw material, labor and a working capital as vast as the capital sunk in equipment. The cogs began to grip, the mills of her doom began to grind.

Because of these vast amounts of capital involved, German industry became subservient to the banks. It was conducted on credit—on credit not always covered. It had to run on to make good. It had to sell its product to make good. Steel must be sold, not to make a nice profit and be happy, but simply, grimly, in order to be able to go on producing, in order to be able to exist.

To stop selling was equal to a death warrant. And selling had to be done abroad. And selling abroad meant selling cheap. And selling cheap meant selling greater quantities of steel. And greater quantities of steel meant a continuously tremendously increased production. And this tremendously increased production led to inevitable exhaustion!

It required, in 1913, 43,544,000 tons of ore to supply this production. Some 15,000,000 tons of this ore were imported. Germany herself dug 28,607,000 tons. Twenty per cent of this came out of Luxemburg. By means of the *zollverein* Germany gained control of the Luxemburg mines. An insignificant five per cent came from within Germany's natural, logical borders. The balance, the overwhelming portion of seventy-five per cent, was extracted from the Lorraine mines of Thionville, the narrow strip Bismarck annexed.

In 1890 Germany extracted 5,000,000 tons of ore from Lorraine and imported 4,600,000 tons from foreign countries. In 1902 she dug 16,000,000 tons from Lorraine and imported 3,900,000 tons. Evidently the increase of her industry could be paralleled by the increase of her Lorraine ore production. But in 1913 her Lorraine ore production had increased only 5,000,000 tons, namely, to 21,000,000 tons. Her ore imports, on the contrary, jumped from less than 4,000,000 tons to 15,000,000 tons in the same period.

Covetous Eyes on French Ore

The answer is that Germany had reached the maximum capacity of her Lorraine ore mines. Each year she would become more and more dependent upon ores imported from abroad: from Spain—but its ores were acid, and not well suited to the German process; from Sweden—but Swedish ores, too, were acid. Besides, before the war Sweden had already restricted her ore shipments to Germany, frightened at the ravenous Teuton appetite.

The country that supplied Germany with most of her ore importation, whose ores were best suited to the German process, was France. France sent nearly 4,000,000 tons of iron ores to Germany—one-fifth of the total French iron-ore extraction. France could afford to export ore. She is one of the richest ore countries in the world.

These French ores, which Germany needed more than any other kind, came from the immensely rich ore basins of Longwy and Briey, in French Lorraine. They were the very basins which Bismarck in 1871 had scornfully left to France. The very fact that these ores contained phosphor, which had caused Bismarck to pass them up, had made them all the more valuable now. The Thomas process had given them this value. The calcareous, phosphor-containing Longwy-Briey iron ores had become the indispensable complement to the ores of Thionville.

Germany realized her mistake in not annexing the entire Lorraine ore basin when she was about it in 1871. She never forgave herself the stupidity of annexing only the mile-wide strip. Prof. Hermann Schumacher, of Bonn, venting his country's aspirations to territorial expansion, delivered himself of the following oration:

"We must make sure of the raw materials essential to our war industry by taking them away from our enemies. Without the Lorraine iron ores we cannot produce sufficient steel for the present war. The Treaty of Frankfort might have given us all of Lorraine. But . . . Bismarck made an error. We know now that, contrary to Bismarck's vision, the Longwy and Briey basins are the richest of France. To-day we can correct that error. To-day it is necessary to the life of our nation, in peace and in war, to possess this source of military and commercial power."

The gentleman from Bonn was right.

It is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon the German efforts to find new outlets for her manufactures. Her newly acquired colonies could not absorb the surplus product. The Kaiser's Berlin-Bagdad railway to a new Asiatic outlet failed. The Balkan perturbation of 1912 mixed up this imperial plan. Serbia blocked the road, and the other countries followed suit. About that time the German Army stirred up her effectives and the Kaiser showed signs of unrest.

Incidentally the nations whose markets Germany had invaded retaliated with a strongly protective reaction—even England. About the same time—1912—110 socialist members were elected to the Reichstag. Four-fifths of her exports went to Entente countries, and only one-fifth to Germany's present allies. A crash was imminent.

Lorraine, the unrighteously gained, forty years ago had led to the German steel industry. The industry had condemned to frenzied overproduction. Now raped Lorraine lured with scorned Lorraine the German monster to its doom!

Confidential Statements

The first swift thrust of Germany, her first important military move in this war, hurled troops through Belgium toward Paris. Thus it cut off at once from the rest of France the coveted Longwy-Briey basin. Ever since August, 1914, the Huns have worked these mines full blast. Their extractions have fully compensated them for the loss of their 15,000,000 tons of imported ores. Longwy-Briey had yielded 18,000,000 tons in 1913. Not only has this occupation kept Germany abundantly supplied with weapons and munitions to fight the world—it has deprived France of ninety-one per cent of her iron ores, seventy-six per cent of her steel production, and ninety-five out of a hundred and twenty-seven French foundries and mills. Without these mines and mills Germany would not have enough to fight another month. They furnish eighty per cent of her present consumption. And Germany means to hold on to them.

Hear what the confidential memorandum of the big German industrial associations said on this subject. After admitting that "If the Lorraine ore production were interfered with the war would be lost!" the memorandum goes on to say:

"If the fortress of Longwy were ever returned to France and a new war were to break out, the following German mills, and Luxemburg mills [which furnish twenty per cent of German steel] could be destroyed in a few hours with a few high-powered cannon."

Then followed the names of several mine and mill towns lying within radii of four to fifteen miles from Longwy, and the reminder that Dunkirk had been bombarded from a distance of twenty-two miles. The memorandum blithely continues, urging that the possession not only of all the Lorraine mines but of the fortresses of Longwy and Verdun as well is an "imperious necessity."

Our American soldiers are on the Lorraine Front. They will conquer! And with their victory the world will enter upon an era of marvelous industry. The steel of peace will tower and span wherever war has wrecked the buildings, bridges, factories and railways of Europe. Restored to France, Alsace-Lorraine will hum with such an activity as never it knew when trod by the Hun military monopoly.

With Alsace-Lorraine returned to the mother country, France will again possess one of the richest iron-ore treasures in the world. A visible supply of more than 7,000,000,000 tons—one-third of all the world's iron supply—will be opened to world commerce. French water power will release French coal for coke. French industry will look for its development to the United States, whose armies will win her back Lorraine, whose genius will help her build an industry second only perhaps to her own great American steel-and-iron manufacture.

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You will appreciate the mental and physical comfort of wearing

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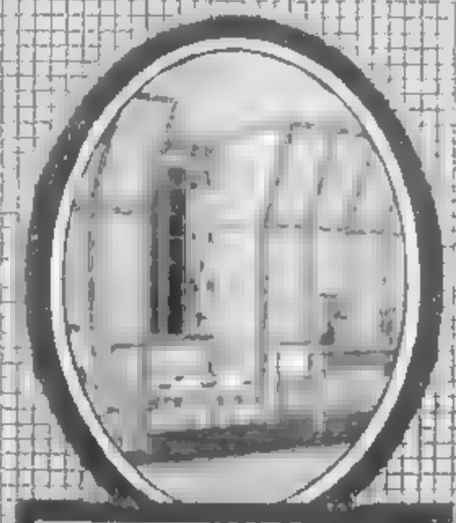

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Neponset Roofs and Building Products are made from fibre, asphalt, and crushed slate, which are plentiful and not in demand by the government for war work. They also conserve car space because they are very compact. They save time and labor because they are easily, quickly applied.

Neponset Products are first quality, through and through. Their long life means thorough-going service at a very small cost per year—an economy well worth your consideration. They lessen the danger from fires, an important economic factor. Not the least consideration, they give you the assurance that you are not using in your building and repairing commodities that the nation needs for war.

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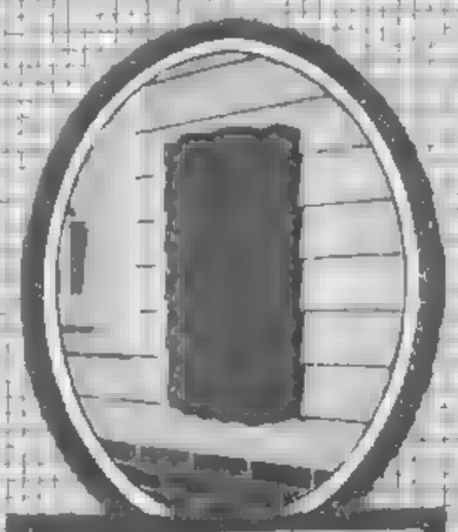

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Neponset Twin Shingles Neponset Twin Shingles are used on distinctive homes because of their soft, restful colors, red and green, their crushed slate surface defies wear. They are tough and strong. Impregnated with time-defying asphalt, they are weather-proof. Two shingles in one and self-spacing. The only twin shingles. Easily handled by one man. Less nails and nail-holes required. They are fire-safe.

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ROOFS

An Honest-Built Car

JUST go over this Saxon "Six" inch by inch yourself. You don't need to be an automobile engineer to see the honesty with which every single part is built.

In every big feature and every little detail of construction there is shown careful workmanship.

It is a good car clear thru. It is a car you can depend upon. You won't find any other car that sells within $300 of the Saxon "Six" price that will surpass it either in quality or construction.

It is built and balanced accurately, giving the riding qualities of the highest-priced cars. It is economical in the use of gas and oil.

Saxon "Six" is a strong and enduring car. It will take road-punishment without flinching, effecting long life of tires.

Its design is unusually smart and graceful. The French pleated, genuine leather upholstery and details of finish spell highest quality.

The powerful six-cylinder Continental motor has been developed to a point where there is the very minimum of vibration and friction. It wrings full mileage from each gallon of gasoline.

It is proving its superior quality daily to 100,000 owners in every part of the country. They know that $300 more cannot get a better car. Choose Saxon "Six" —the **honest-built car.**

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

(335)

MAKING FLANDERS GOOSE-STEP

(Continued from Page 9)

German Government. In its stead is the new nation, De Staat Vlaanderen, and four small provinces called Wallonia.

The work of dividing Belgium was begun many years ago. Long before the war, Germany had secret agents spreading revolutionary propaganda among the Flemish people. Nearly eight years ago, when the German consul at Ghent died at his post, a monument was erected over his grave with the inscription that he was the pioneer in the Flemish movement. As soon as the German Army had conquered the greater part of Belgium the work of separating Flanders from Belgium was undertaken by an army of officers and soldiers under the leadership of Governor General von Bissing. Under his reign of terror the work was so satisfactorily accomplished that Baron von Falkenhausen, the present military dictator, has but to sign the orders to make Flanders independent.

Upon the death of Baron von Bissing, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, the founder of the Fatherland Party and the champion of the war industrial leaders and the annexationists, assumed the leadership of the Flemish movement in Germany. By many people Von Tirpitz is looked upon as a ruthless agitator with no authority and limited responsibility. Some of the Liberal newspapers and Reichstag members desire the outside world to obtain this impression, but Von Tirpitz, nevertheless, in all questions regarding Belgium, speaks with the support if not the authority of the German Government, the Kaiser and the imperial chancellor.

Because he does not hold an official position he can speak more freely and more accurately. In January he granted the Berlin correspondent of the great Holland newspaper, the Nieuwe Rotterdamische Courant, an interview.

Von Tirpitz Protests Too Much

"My first question," wrote the Dutch correspondent, "related to the wishes of the grand admiral regarding the future of Belgium.

"Excellenz von Tirpitz showed that he had no special interest in the Wallonian [French] part of Belgium, but regarding Flanders he said:

"'We desire that in the future England will not be in a position to attack us over that land [Belgium]. Further, we wish to free the Flemish inhabitants from the shameful oppression of the Belgians. You Dutch are not powerful enough to give the Flemish people the proper support. Only a strong Germany can do that. These two objects we can under no circumstances give up.'"

"Does Your Excellency expect to see these problems solved by having Flanders annexed by Germany?" the correspondent asked.

"Under no circumstances," Von Tirpitz replied. "We do not desire to rob any nation in Europe of its independence. In order to accomplish these purposes only one thing is necessary, as the Council of Flanders recently suggested—that is, military occupation."

"And a submarine base?" the newspaper man suggested.

"Yes, indeed! But this must not be interpreted as an aggressive movement against England. We desire, above everything, as the character of our people has demonstrated — peace! Further than to secure this the Flanders coast would not be used. We desire only a position which will prevent the English-speaking world from repeating its attacks."

The journalist, who is considered one of the few independent neutral observers in Berlin, then asked: "But you wish, nevertheless, that an independent Flanders shall lean upon Germany?"

"It will probably develop that way of its own accord," replied the father of the U-boat warfare. "Economically Flanders will desire to have Germany as a protecting power. Our only object will be to prevent England from having a base on the Continent and to free the people of Flanders from the French oppression."

"What does Your Excellency think about the future form or organization of the state of Flanders?"

"We don't need to bother our heads about that question now. We shall be able to unite in solving that problem at the peace conference."

"Regarding Antwerp," the correspondent asked—"will you not have to use that as a maritime base? What does Your Excellency think about the problems of the River Schelde?"

This river runs through Belgium and Holland, and ships which leave Antwerp have to go through that part of the river which is Dutch.

"Everything shall remain as it is," replied Von Tirpitz. "None of the present rights of Holland shall in the least be disturbed. That must be a decisive demand [evidently of Holland].

"We must demand that peace protect us permanently against a renewed attack by a jealous England," continued Von Tirpitz. "We will not share the fate of those powers which have been robbed of their position and authority by England during the past century. Against the future terror of an Anglo-American domination of the world there can be but one security: that is a strong opposing power which will make an attack useless. This will be possible only if Germany emerges from the war as such a great power that she can command a world position. In this respect it is very important that the Continental nations of Europe unite their interests, because the two great powers which will emerge from this war will be the Continent of Europe and the transatlantic nations, at whose head will stand England. Between these two groups of nations the economic war, which will follow the signing of peace, cannot be avoided. If Europe succeeds in uniting her cultural and economic aims and development against this [transatlantic] power Germany's political object will be realized."

At this point in the interview the question of the annexation of the occupied provinces of France and the return of the German colonies was discussed. According to Von Tirpitz, France will remain an enemy of Germany no matter how the war ends, and for this reason Germany can follow her own inclinations. A compromise peace, or a peace based upon an understanding with the Allies, is impossible; and the only outcome of the war, in the opinion of the grand admiral, is a German victory.

These statements by the Kaiser's former secretary of the navy are important because they reveal Germany's intentions in Flanders; but his closing remark has a wider significance. Count von Hertling, the Imperial Chancellor, stated in January that Germany at the coming peace conference would discuss peace terms only with those nations directly interested in the questions of territory—with France in regard to Alsace and Lorraine; with Belgium in regard to her territory; and with Russia concerning the Baltic provinces. President Wilson stated in his reply that the world would not return to the methods of the Vienna Congress, and that the peace which would end this war must be a peace between the peoples of all nations. Von Tirpitz, in his interview with the Dutch correspondent, indicates Germany's intentions. Germany wishes to solidify Europe against England and the Western Hemisphere. If this can be accomplished, the admiral stated, Germany's "political objects will be realized."

As soon as the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany and before the American legation left Brussels the Flemish movement assumed official form. On February 4, 1917, some two hundred Belgians of Flemish extraction met in Brussels and created a diet called the Council of Flanders, with the Flemish name, the Landdag van Vlaanderen. These delegates issued a proclamation in the name of Flanders announcing the separation from Belgium and demanding individual representation at the future international peace conference.

One month later a delegation of Flemish citizens was received in Berlin by the Imperial Chancellor, who announced that from that date on "the international status of Belgium was annulled."

Prussian Camouflage

On March 21, 1917, Governor General von Bissing announced that in the future there would be two administrative bureaus in occupied Belgium; that Brussels was to be the capital of Flanders and Namur the capital of Belgium.

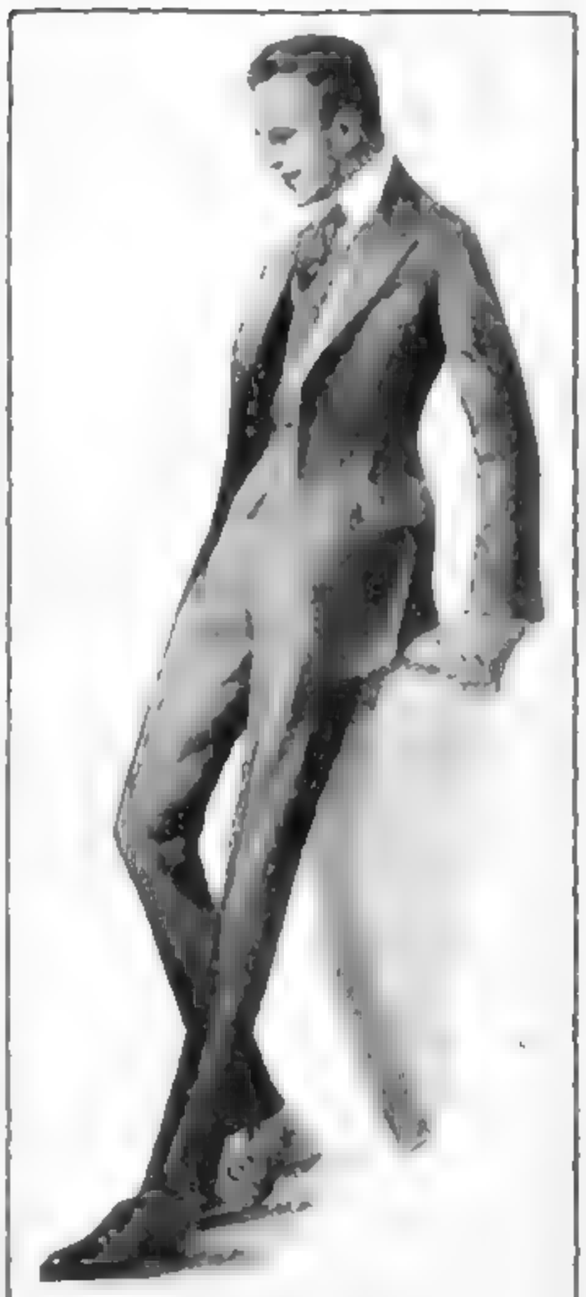
Within the brief period of forty-five days Germany crushed the political form and "international status" of Belgium for the sole purpose of making it possible for Germany to annex the richest provinces of Belgium. The creation of Flanders is but the cloak to conceal the premeditated annexation crime of the Hohenzollerns. The wrong which Germany confessed in August, 1914, has been forgotten. "Belgium is not a state; it is a state of mind." That is the German explanation of 1918.

"The decision of the Council of Flanders," wrote Doctor Otto Pfeffer, one of the German agents in Brussels, to the Münchener Neueste Nachrichten, "coming at this time, shows the complete independence of German influence."

This is the explanation the German people are given. They are informed that the Flemish movement is the independent, free expression of the desires of four million oppressed people. A few months before, after Germany had invaded Poland, stripped that country of all raw materials and food, destroyed homes and factories and brought the people to a point of starvation, the German Government announced that Poland had been freed and an independent Polish nation was created by German arms. General von Beseler, the conqueror of Warsaw, was made the governor general, and when peace was discussed at Brest-Litovsk the Russians were informed by General Hoffmann, the personal representative of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, that Poland was independent and under the protection of the Central Powers. What Germany did

(Continued on Page 68)

Germany Has Divided Belgium Into Two Parts and Has Declared Flanders Free



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and
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The Style is self-evident. The Quality—both in fabric and in workmanship—is woven into the very name itself—

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Our new spring lines of Sincerity Suits and Top Coats are ready now in Sincerity Stores all over America — and our new Style Booklets will be sent on request.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
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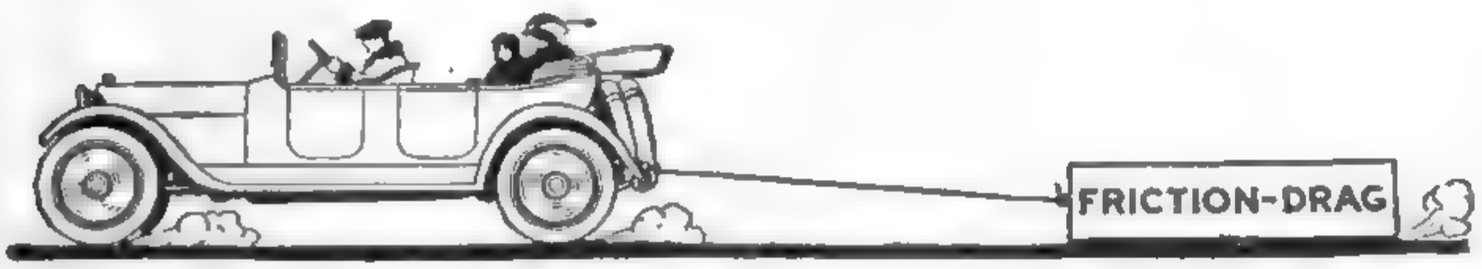
"Give me a quart of Oil"

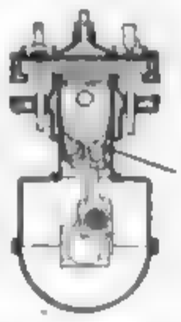
This careless request may bring costly penalties



THE garage man comes out. The motorist says, "Give me a quart of oil." His "quart of oil" is poured into the crank-case, or reservoir. The car goes on. No doubt the motorist thinks he has amply protected the 1500-odd parts of his engine.

Far from it. *One of the surest ways to invite friction-drag and engine trouble is to say, "Give me a quart of oil."*

"Give me a quart of Oil" *invites* LOSS OF POWER

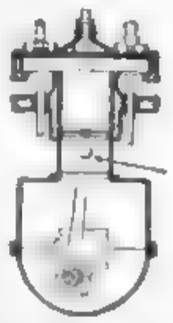


Escape of explosion past the piston rings, loss of compression and loss of power frequently result from oil of incorrect *body*. The power-loss is felt most on heavy roads and on the hills.

You can get full compression—complete power—only by using oil whose *body* suits *your* engine.

Correct body is seldom secured by saying, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" *invites* WEAR OF PISTON PINS

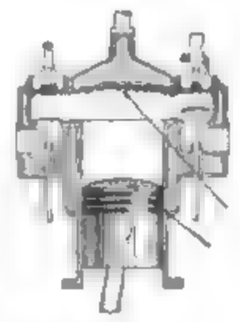


Piston-pin lubrication is a difficult problem and little understood.

The location of the piston pins within the heated pistons and the slight oscillating motion of the pins or bushings demand an oil which will spread readily, yet maintain the proper film between the pins and bushings.

Quick damage will come if the oil fails to meet these conditions. To encourage piston-pin troubles prematurely, it is only necessary to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" *invites* CARBON DEPOSIT



Guesswork won't eliminate this trouble.

Both the *quality* and the *body* of the oil must be considered.

Suppose the *body* is too light for the piston clearance. The oil then works too freely into the combustion chambers. In burning, excess carbon accumulates unless the oil's ash is light and naturally expelled through the exhaust.

An easy road to carbon trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" *invites* WEAR OF BEARINGS

The problem of bearing lubrication is far from simple. Bearings differ widely in type and size. The oiling systems which supply them also differ. Adjustments vary.

Both the *quality* and *body* of the oil must suit these conditions. For every oil that suits your engine bearings, you will find many which will cause undue friction.

An almost sure start toward bearing trouble is "Give me a quart of oil."

A GUIDE TO CORRECT AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

Electric Vehicles—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round.

Exception—For *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc								
Abbott Detroit			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cyl)					A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar
" (6-18 & 6-39)			A	Ar	A	Ar				
" (6-39B) (Teetor H)	A	Arc								
" (6-39B) (Cont'l)	Arc	Arc								
Autocar (3 cyl)	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Brisco	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Buick	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	Ar
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Case	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
Chalmers	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Ar				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
Chevrolet	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	Ar
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (4 A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar

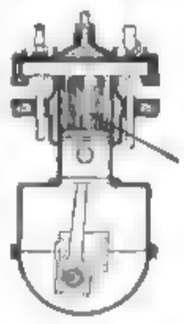
GARGOYLE Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A
" Model			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" & Ply-mouth	A	A								
Detroit			Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	E	E		
Dort	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar		
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar				

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Federal (Mod. S-X)	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Special)	A	A	A	A						
Fiat	Arc	Arc	...	...						
Ford	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Franklin	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Grant	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hal Twelve	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes	..	..	A	A	A	A				
" (12 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Holmes (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	..	.		
" (8 cyl)	A	Ar	A	Arc					.	
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Super Six	...	...	A	Ar	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Jackson	..	..	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
K-W Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King	...	..	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	Ar		
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
" Mod 48					A	A	A	A	A	A
" 12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Lexington			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Liberty (Detroit)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						

"Give me a quart of Oil" *invites* SCORED CYLINDER WALLS



Scoring frequently results from oil of low lubricating *quality*. Often, also, the oil's *body* is too light. Then the cylinder walls have no protecting film.

Scratching results.

Too often the blame can be traced straight to "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" *invites* NOISE

Noise is often a sign of worn parts—resulting from friction.

It may be a dull "thump" at every revolution of the main shaft. It may be "knocking" of worn piston pins. It may be "hissing" within the cylinders. It may be "knocking" caused by excessive carbon deposit.

When a comparatively new car pounds and racks its way along the roads it is seldom necessary to ask what brought on premature old age. Generally it is undue friction—resulting from incorrect lubricating oil. A way to invite premature noise is an off-hand request, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" *increases* MAINTENANCE COST

If the oil's *quality* is low, an excess quantity will be consumed and still the proper film will not be maintained.

If its *body* is incorrect, it may fail to reach and protect all moving parts.

In either case, excessive friction-drag results. Fewer miles are obtained from each gallon of gasoline. Your fuel and repair bills mount up.

This common waste is the frequent result of "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" *reduces* SECOND-HAND VALUE

What fixes the selling price of a used car? (1) The condition of the engine. (2) The condition of the chassis. (3) The condition of the body.

The engine is the vital part of the car. The engine condition, therefore, is most important.

At an auction sale in New York City, second hand cars of uniformly prominent makes were auctioned off. The bodies were in good condition. The prices of the cars originally ranged from about $1000 to $3000. *The selling price in some cases* was as low as $200.

Why? Because the engines and other mechanical parts were badly worn.

Was the wear due to long service? No. The age of most of these cars disproved that. *Premature* wear was evident.

It is safe to say the owners of these cars had used the common expression—"Give me a quart of oil." They paid a high price for their carelessness.

How to secure the Correct Oil for your car

DO NOT say, "Give me a quart of oil." You want an oil of the highest *quality* and of the correct *body* to meet the lubricating requirements of your engine.

Ask for that oil and get it.

Below we print, in part, our Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

This Chart is the result of the most far-reaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication, for every class of machinery, is recognized throughout the world—the Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the lubricating requirements of each make and model of American and foreign cars.

For years this Chart has been recognized as the scientific guide to correct automobile lubrication.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified in this Chart for your engine. Then make sure that you get it.

You will then give your engine oil of the *highest quality* and of the *correct body*. Its use will result in

Saving of fuel — Saving of oil
Maximum power — Minimum repairs

The requirements of the transmission and differential of your car are equally important. The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for the transmission and differential are specified in the complete Chart of Recommendations which you will find on your dealer's wall.

Write for 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Motor-boat engines.

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If your dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

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GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod M)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (Mod MW			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	F	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Matheson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" 8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar
Meteor	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar
" (22-70)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc
Mitchell							Arc	Arc		
" (8 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline-Knight					A	A				
National	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" 8 cyl)	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile					A	A				
" (8 cyl)	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Owen Magnetic			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod. M25)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
" 12 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Ar
Paige (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Paige (6 cyl).	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (6-36)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (6-38-30)			A	Arc						
" 6-40	A	Arc								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Pathfinder			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" 8 cyl)					A	A	Arc	Ar		
Renault (Frenche					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Roer	A	E	E	E						
Saxon	E	E	E	F	F	F	E	F	E	E
Selden			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
" ¾ ton			A	Arc						
Simplex			A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" 8 cyl	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie 4 cyl)							A	Ar	A	Arc
" 6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Ar	Arc								
" ¾ ton	A	Arc								
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys-Six			Arc	Ar						
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.

What $1 Buys

In Staple Foods Nowadays as Compared With Quaker Oats

We figure food by calories, the unit of nutrition. The average person needs at least 3000 calories per day.

The cost varies immensely. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times what Quaker Oats cost for the same food units. Note this table.

What $1 Buys in Food Units

In Quaker Oats	19,440 Calories
In Eggs	2,000 "
In Meats on the average	2,500 "
In Fresh Fish about	2,200 "
In Broiled Chicken	900 "

Cost comparisons based on prices current at time of writing

Then consider these startling facts:

Six big dishes of Quaker Oats cost no more than a single egg. You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one bacon-and-egg breakfast.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It is the food prescribed for years of growth, and as energy food for adults. In flavor, in nutriment and balance no other grain food compares.

It has twice the nutrition of beef per pound, and six times that of chicken. In these times make it your basic food. Make it the entire breakfast.

Quaker Oats

The Doubly-Delicious Flakes

In Quaker Oats, without extra cost, you get an exceptional flavor. They are flaked from queen oats only—from just the rich plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This flavor has made Quaker Oats supreme. It is due to yourself that you get it.

13c and 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Put the oats, milk, baking powder and salt to be ready in the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add these to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

(Continued from Page 65)

at Brest-Litovsk in regard to Poland is what she is preparing to do at the international peace conference with Flanders.

In January of this year the German Government delegated Herr von Wallraf, the Imperial Secretary of the Interior, to extend official greetings to the Rat von Flandern. On the fifteenth of the month the following address, "in the name of the people of Flanders," was presented in Brussels to the secretary:

"Your Excellency comes to our country at an important hour. Founded upon the will of His Majesty, the German Emperor, who said that Flanders must be guaranteed its free development, and based upon the unbendable determination of the Flemish people not to return to the yoke of the Welsch-Belgians, the council hopes that this hour will strengthen the position of the council and permit the Flemish people to develop their own independence. We await with firm faith the decision which will soon be given which will decide our fate and leave no doubt in the minds of friend or foe that Germany will respect and protect the independence of Flanders."

Protests Against the Outrage

In reply the official representative of the Imperial Government stated:

"With the thought that I am indebted to you for your words of confidence I reply not to strangers but to representatives of a race related to Germans. The nation which produced a Memling and a Rubens, the people whose thirst for freedom and whose courage in death were related to us in bygone days by conscience—stand in thought and feeling near to our hearts. For this reason it fills us with great joy that German weapons should build the way to freedom for the Flemish people—that which the unforgetable Baron von Bissing accomplished in Belgium at the request of the Kaiser, which the new Governor General, Baron von Falkenhausen, is carrying on. One name alone shows the way: The Flemish University of Ghent."

With the words "Long live Flanders!" the secretary departed. The future of Belgium is to be the future of all nations crushed under the heel of the German Army. Flanders, with its millions of good people, is to be fastened to the German Empire as the western flank.

The impression which the German statesmen and the enemy press bureaus seek to convey, that Germany's sole interest in Flanders is to permit that country to decide its own future and determine its own destiny, is Teutonic camouflage. Even a diplomat of the Middle Ages would blush to-day at the garishness of the German annexation plot in Belgium. Germany's aims are economic and military, not humane and political. Germany is not interested in the freedom of the Flemish people. Germany wants Antwerp as the outlet to the sea for her Rhine Valley industries, and Zeebrugge as a naval base in the English Channel to serve as a bayonet at the heart of England and a threat to the Western Hemisphere. Belgians who were murdered at the beginning of the war because they blocked the way to the sea are now being forced by the same army to shout for the Kaiser and lift their hats when the band plays Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles. The iron heel of the invader is being lifted from the necks of those who praise him for bringing freedom.

One might get the impression from reading only German reports that the people of Flanders had turned against their country and rushed to the standard of the Hohenzollerns. This is because Germany attempts by every open and dishonest means to prevent the voice of the Flemish people from being heard. But the people of Flanders are by no means the traitors the Germans make them out. The hearts of the German authorities in Belgium are as hard as diamonds.

They neither heed nor hear the pleadings of the Flemish people, of the outside world. They disregard the protests of the German people who raise their voices against the German tactics. They set their minds upon a certain military goal and nothing can influence them to change it.

Between March and September of last year seven formal protests were made by leading Flemish citizens in Belgium to the German Chancellor and the Governor General. They declared the will of the people was disregarded and that the formation of a state of Flanders violated the wishes of the Flemish people. The first protest, of the tenth of March, was signed by seventy-seven leading citizens of Flanders, including the mayors of Antwerp, Mechlin, Turnhout, Saint-Nicolas, Berchem, Hoboken; the president of the Flemish lawyers' association; senators and deputies of the Belgian Parliament and professors of the Universities of Louvain and Brussels. This document, published by the Belgian Government, pointed out that of the one hundred and seventy representatives of Flanders in the national parliament only two are taking part in the German maneuvers. This protest stated that two thousand literary leaders had protested against the conversion of the University of Ghent into a Flemish university, where only Flemish could be taught and spoken. They declared the Flemish people were being wronged and the Hague treaties violated. The protest closed with the statement that all Belgians, in Wallonia and Flanders, had but one thought and one desire—"the liberty and unity of Belgium."

The Imperial German Government, however, paid no heed to this protest, and on April 7, 1917, all of the senators and deputies in the occupied districts sent another protest to Berlin, this time condemning the order of Von Bissing dividing Belgium into two different governments, one Belgian and the other Flemish.

On the sixth of June Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of Mechlin, wrote Governor General von Falkenhausen protesting against the measures of the German authorities ordering the arrest of Belgians who did not agree with the new order of things. The German baron replied, refusing to discuss the subject.

Flemish Citizens Address Neutrals

On the sixth of July five hundred lawyers and well-known citizens signed a protest which was equally disregarded by the German authorities. Finally, in desperation, the loyal Flemish citizens addressed the following note to the neutral legations in Brussels. It is given in full here because, to my knowledge, it has not been published in the United States:

"BRUSSELS, September 12, 1917.

"*To His Excellency, the Minister.*

"*Sir:* In the name of the communities of Brussels we believe it our duty to point out to Your Excellency the seriousness both with regard to Belgium and international law of a decree issued by the Governor General of Belgium, dated August 9, 1917. [Official Bulletin of September 2, 1917.]

"This decree, with regard to the official language of Flanders, stipulates that in the governmental districts of Flanders Flemish is to be the official language for all authorities; all public officials of the state, the provinces and communities, as well as for all institutions and establishments, schools and their staffs of teachers. [Article one.]

"Article Five of the said decree extends the provisions to the Belgian Société Générale, the Banque Nationale, the General Savings Bank and Bank of Pensions, the National Society for Water Power, to the tramways and railways, to electric enterprises, charitable institutions and other organizations for the public welfare, and to all establishments, institutions, societies or persons rendering public service.

"This decree is the sequel to another decree dated March 21, 1917, which created two administrative districts in Belgium and caused lively protests in the Flemish part of the country, especially in the region of Antwerp.

"We might insist upon the fact that these decrees have been issued in utter ignorance of the historical traditions and customs of Belgium. And it would be just as easy for us to show that if the decree of August ninth is put into effect it will cause a painful perturbation in the life of the population, ending in all probability in the complete disorganization of public service. But it is not questions of this nature, whatever their practical importance may be, that we consider ourselves bound to call to the attention of the neutral powers.

"These powers cannot look with indifference upon the direct encroachment upon the fundamental principles of international law nor upon the manifest transgression of an international convention bearing their signatures.

"In the present case the violation of Article Forty-three of the 'Convention de la Haye' is amazingly evident.

(Concluded on Page 71)

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The Haynes All-Season Sedan—When Nature smiles, inhale her ozone. When she fumes and weeps, bar her. Windows lift or lower by cord pulls. Silk curtains, dome light, smoking and vanity cases, Perfection heater, a driver's door at the left, keyed locks for doors, two seats receasing within the forward chairs, are features. Colors: Haynes blue, deep carmine, royal green, beige brown.

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P. A. will do for your smokespot just what it has done for men from coast-to-tall-timbers! That flavor, that fragrance, that coolness just about knocks galleywest any smokegrouch you ever developed! Double jointed smokestunts for *yours truly* every time you put a match to P. A.!

Prince Albert's patented process cuts out the bite and parch. Why, it lets the man with the fussiest tongue feel like he's got a roll in his jeans big enough to choke an elephant. For, the sky's the limit when it's P. A.-for-packing; and, the quicker you get into action and prove that out, the cheerier your smoke-department will be!

For, there's no time like just now to swing-a-deal with P. A.; to *get yours* right over the counter; to pack in a plenty-much load—and smoke in the 100% sector as though you were breaking in fresh-like-a-thoroughbred-colt!

You buy Prince Albert *everywhere* tobacco is sold, in toppy red bags, tidy red tins and handsome *full* pound and *full* half pound tin humidors; also, in that clever, practical *full* pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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(Concluded from Page 68)

"The decree of August ninth . . . abrogates Article Twenty-three of the Belgian Constitution, which declares that the use of languages in Belgium is optional, that it cannot be regulated but by law, and this only for acts of public authority and for the courts. This decree, suppressing the principle of the freedom of languages . . . penetrates into the dominion of Civil Law, affecting industrial and financial establishments with organizations entirely different from those of public utilities. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a more flagrant disregard of Article Forty-three of the Hague Convention.

"This convention makes it the duty of the occupant to respect the laws rigorously. He [the occupant] is not permitted to suspend them unless compelled by necessity. Suspensions might be made on political or military grounds. But the discussions preceding the adoption of this article prove beyond a doubt that it [the convention] was unanimously considered a guaranty for the occupied country against the invader.

"The occupant [Germany] issued the decree of August ninth neither for reasons of public safety nor because of necessity. It is aimed exclusively at the modification and transformation, even for the future, of the entire régime of Belgium. . . . It is the application of the right of conquest manifesting itself under abnormal conditions, because the national government [of Belgium] still exists and its existence is recognized by all nations and its armies take part day by day in military operations.

"The Belgian people have always been strongly attached to their liberties. They have continually protested against absolutism. That which injures the people cruelly in the decree of August ninth and the preceding one of March twenty-first is the fact that the occupant, without any regard to the will of the people and contrary to international law, assumed the prerogatives of a conqueror and master and thought himself at liberty to alter and reshape the interior constitution and construction of the country."

The Futility of Protests

"The administrators of the communities will have to ask themselves whether it will be possible to avoid conflicts with the occupant authority. The administrators know that the decree of August ninth is absolutely contrary to the traditions, the interests and the will of the people whom they represent. They cannot acquiesce, not even tacitly, in this decree without betraying the trust of those who have invested them with the power of watching over their common weal.

"We confidently hope that sooner or later Belgium will recover its complete independence, secured from all alien interference. It is not impossible, however, that the future of Belgium may become the object of diplomatic negotiations. By numerous signs we are led to believe that Germany fosters the design or at least cherishes the hope of having the changes which she has introduced into the régime of Belgium sanctioned by international treaties.

"It would be extremely pernicious for this country if the invader could present an accomplished fact [at the peace conference] and take advantage of a tacit assent given by the population itself. . . .

"If conflicts should arise under the new order it will be well and useful for the neutral powers to know where to look for the cause, for it will rest in the manifest violation of international law on the part of the occupant."

This document, which to the Belgian Government and in the minds of the Belgian refugees in Holland expresses the will of the Belgian and Flemish people, is a forceful indictment of the German occupation of Belgium and a logical criticism of the Flemish movement, which the German Army has started for the purpose of making it possible for Germany to keep that part of Belgium which her army and navy demand and which the war industries and business interests of the German nation need.

The world to-day is faced by a *fait accompli*. Belgium is divided. Germany has constructed a new nation, as she reorganized Poland and the Baltic provinces. De Staat Vlaanderen is and will remain the western flank of the Empire until the Allies win, and so far neither they nor the neutral powers have officially protested against this premeditated annexation plot of Germany.

It is possible that they have recognized the futility of lodging protests with the present German Government and that they realize that until the war is won and Germany is forced to evacuate Belgium nothing will prevent her from executing the dreams of the military authorities. The Kaiser, who is so accustomed to complaints and who passes upon them so light-heartedly, would probably be as inclined to heed a protest against the new order confiscating all electrical machinery in Belgium as he would to listen to an appeal from the neutral powers.

Whether the neutrals or the united Allies protest is not so important as that they should be prepared, when the peace conference takes place, to expect a German trick in regard to Flanders. Public opinion in Germany and outside may compel the Imperial Chancellor to state definitely Germany's position with regard to Belgium. If he does, his words and promises will not be worth consideration unless at the same time he states that Germany will stop its separationist propaganda in Flanders.

Another Spirited Repudiation

In Holland the people, both the Dutch and the Flemish refugees, are bitterly opposed to Germany's maneuvers in Flanders. There are thousands of Dutch citizens, including government officials, who realize that if Germany succeeds in carrying off the prize of Flanders at the peace conference Holland will be next, because the Germans have for years been jealous of the port of Rotterdam. But Holland, being completely surrounded by Germany during the war and threatened by a German military ring after the war, is powerless. Germany is at the zenith of her military power, and the Berlin Government is not in the mood to listen to protests from Holland or any other neutral.

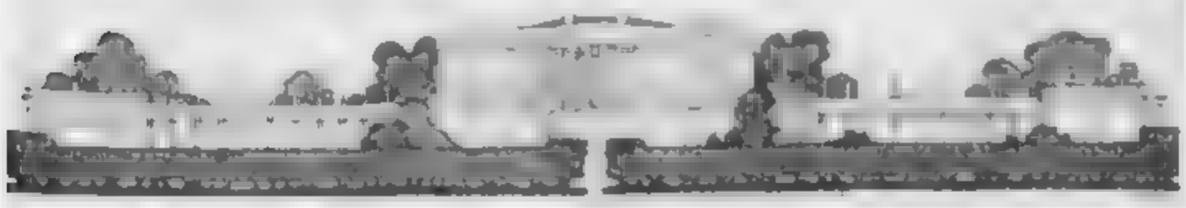
In Holland at the present time there are thousands of Belgian refugees. Recently six thousand Flemish-Belgians formed a Flemish-Belgian Union, with Dr. Frans von Cauwelaert, a deputy, and the Liberal leader, Julius Hofte, as leaders. In February this union issued the following statement:

"The proclamation of the political independence of Flanders through the so-called Council of Flanders compels all Flemish citizens who can freely state their opinions to condemn unreservedly this attack upon the rights of the Flemish people to determine their own destiny. The acts of the Council of Flanders were brought about by the German Militarists and Annexationists, who expect to realize their intentions through a national council. The fact that the work of the council was begun by the Annexationist von Bissing and is being continued by the present German Government with the support of the Tirpitz party must cause its unconditional condemnation.

"At no time has the Council of Flanders been empowered by the people to act for them. The council is simply a substitute for the occupying power. Inasmuch as the free expression of opinion is prevented in the occupied territory, such arrogance is an insult to the rights of people to voice their own sentiments.

"Such politics is only calculated to prolong the war, because a clear statement from German sources that Belgium's political independence will be restored is a primary condition of peace.

"Upon this ground all Flemish citizens will with universal disgust refute this attack upon their freedom, their honor and their future."



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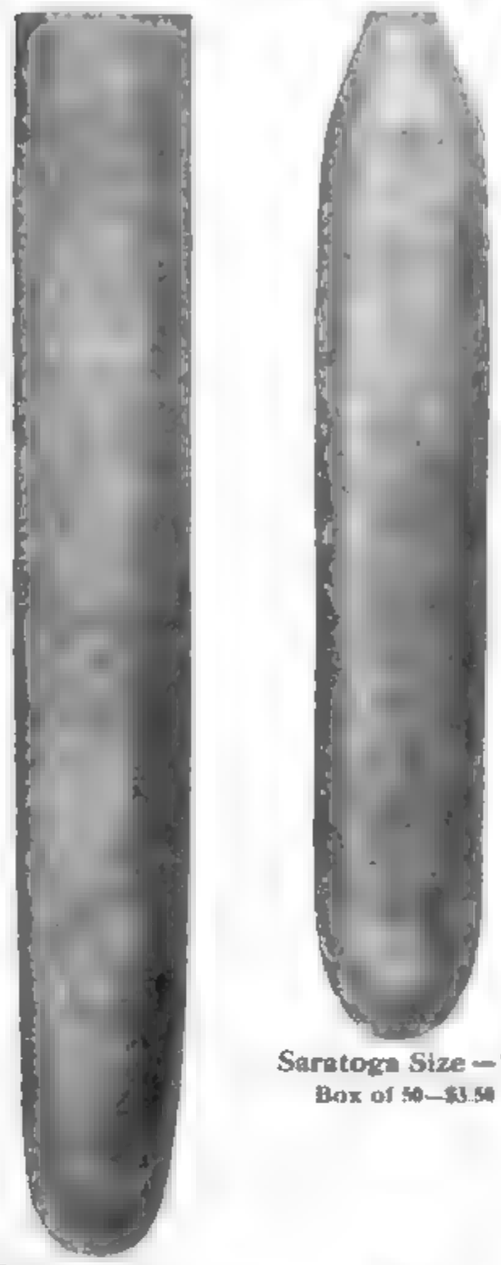

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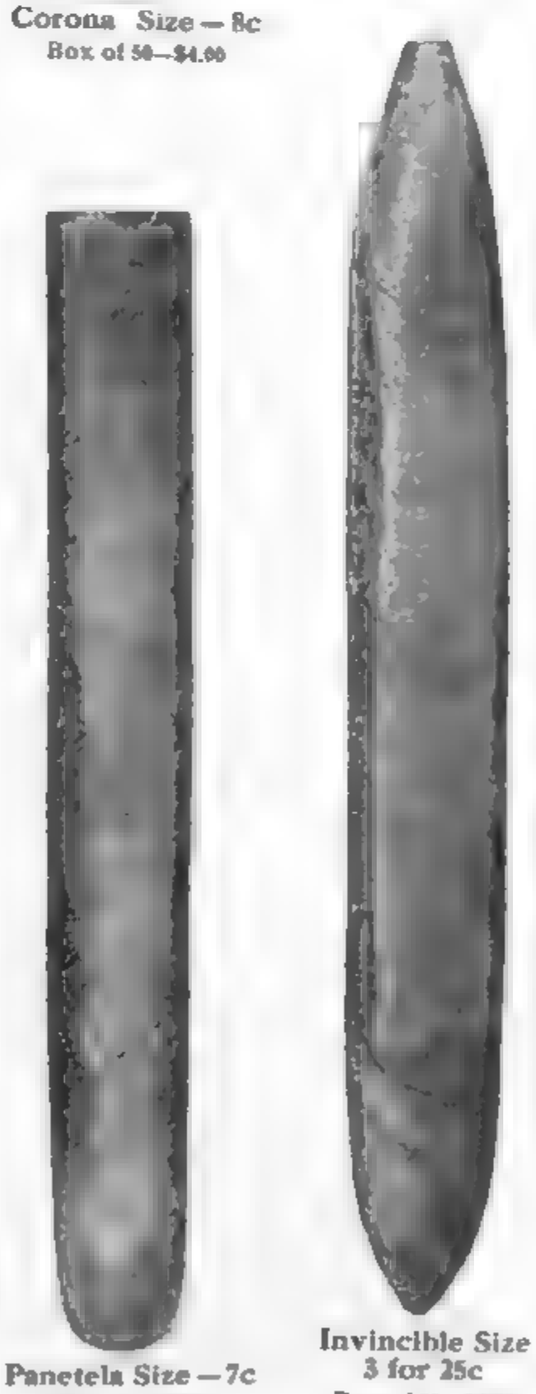

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Box of 50—$4.00

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CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

(Continued from Page 11)

give them hell this time" and I guess it made a hit with the instructers because they kept smileing at me and talking about me between themselfs and I could pretty near guess what they said. But of course it made Shorty Lahey sore to see me getting all the attentions and he says to me "Who do you think you are Jonah Vark?" So I said "You tend to your business and show some life or I will Jonah Vark you in the jaw."

So afterwards when we was in the barracks he come up and says "If you are playing Jonah Vark you should ought to quit telling us to come on boys and give them hell because Jonah Vark wouldn't never use a word like that." So I said "I guess he would say a whole lot worse then that if he had a dirty rat like you in his command." So that shut him up.

Tonight they showed us some pictures that was supposed to be the West Pt. cadets drilling and Capt. Nash says if we ever got so as we could drill like that he would quit working us so hard. Well Al its all O. K. to hand that stuff to the boys that don't know no more then to fall for it but I hope they didn't suppose I was a sucker enough to think those was real pictures but of course I wouldn't say nothing because if looking at a lot of fake pictures makes the boys work harder the sooner we will get sent to France.

I was just talking to Red Sampson and he was telling me about a bird named Chambers in Co. A and it shows some people don't know when they have got a good thing and don't appreciate what people trys to do for them. I remember this bird comeing out with us on the train and they wouldn't nobody go near him on acct. of him being such a bum and Red says he heard that for a while after we got here they had to chase this bird under the shower bath with a bayonet and he done most of his drilling in the guard house. So finely his captain told him he wouldn't stand for no more of his monkey business and he would call him up in front of the court marshall if he didn't behave himself.

So then Chambers says all right he would make a new start and sure enough he cut it all out and begin to take a pride in himself and got the drills down pat and kept clean and his captain wanted to show him it payed to be a man and he made a corporal out of him.

Well Al you can't break the rules when you are a corporal no more then a private but this bird went to Chi the day before yesterday on a leave and he was supposed to be back at 11 P. M. last night but he don't show till 2 A. M. and he was all lit up like the City of Benton Harbor and of course the guard nailed him and he got called up before his captain and he busted him and I don't mean he cracked him in the jaw but when a man gets busted in the army it means you get reduced to a private. So I said to Red what a sucker this bird was and Red says maybe he wanted to get busted because a corporal has got such a load on their shoulders that lots of men would rather be a private. So I said it must be a fine kind of a man that would turn down a job in the army because it was a tough job and Red says "Yes but everybody ain't like you and some men don't want no responsibility but you are one of the kind that the more they have the better they like it and everybody could see you was a born leader the way you acted in that trench drill today."

So I suppose after all a man like Chambers has no business in a job like corporal because it is a cinch nobody would ever call him a born leader unless it was in the gin league but still a person would think he would try and behave himself after the captain give him that chance but still I should not worry and it is none of my business and all I got to do is set up the right kind of an example for my own command and leave the rest of them take care of themselfs. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 23.

FRIEND AL: Well I have quit takeing French class leasons and I quit because I felt it wasn't fair to either myself or Capt. Nash because when a man is a corporal its all head work you might say and a man ought to keep their mind on their job evenings as well as day times and I felt like I couldn't do that and be monking with French at the same time and it would be like as if I was back pitching baseball and trying to learn to play a saxophone or something at the same time and in the evenings when I ought to be figureing out how to pitch to Pipp instead of that I would have my mind on what keys to blow next though of course I just say that for a comparison because I could learn how to play the whole band and still make a sucker out of that bird because all you got to do is to pitch outside. But besides that I figured that the man who was trying to learn us French didn't know what he was talking about and what is the use of learning it wrong and then you got to start all over again when we got over there. For inst. he asked me what was the English word for very in French so I knew it was tres so I said tres and he says no it was tray because you say the letter e like it was the letter a and you don't pay no attention to the letter s. So I asked him what it was there for then and he said that was just the French of it so I had a notion to tell him to go and take a jump in the lake but I decided to just say nothing and quit. I guess the French people are not crazy and they wouldn't nobody but a crazy man stick a letter in a word and then make up their mind to ignore it you might say and it would be just like as if I wanted a beer and I would go up to the bar and say "Give me a bee" and I guess the man would think I thought I was in a bee hive or something or else he would think I had a bee in my bonnet eh Al?

But laying all jokes to one side I have got to much on my mind to be fooling with it and besides I put in a week on it and I figure I have got it down good enough so as I can get by and besides I am one of those kind that don't have much to say but when theys something to be done you don't have to send no blood hounds to find where I am at.

Red Sampson got another letter today from his brother in France and Red says his brother and Pershing was right up close to the front where they could see the fighting and they was a big battle in Sept. that the papers didn't get a hold of it and about 2500 Frenchmen was killed. So Shorty Lahey asked if they was all privates and Red says No that in the French army they have things different and you don't often see a private killed but when theys 25000 men killed you can figure that at least 20000 of them was corporals and sargents because the corporals and sargents has to go out in front of all the charges.

Well Al I am glad its different in the U. S. army but at that I am not the kind of a man that would hang back for the fear of getting a bullet in me and if I was I would resign from my command and tell them to get somebody else.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 24.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this was Liberty Day and we had a parade in Rockford and they was also some ball games out here and that is the boys thought they was playing ball and everybody was crazy I should pitch for one of the teams but in the first place I didn't feel like it would be fair and besides I figure its bad dope for the officers to mix up with the men and play games with them and etc. and thats not because I think I am any better then anybody else but if you hold yourself off they respect you that much more and I have noticed that Capt. Nash and the lieuts. don't hang a round with nobody only themselfs and when it comes to the majors and colonels I guess they don't even speak to their own wife only when they are danceing maybe and step on each others ft.

Well Al I decided today to not try and work that little scheme I had about alloting my whole salary to Florrie and then the govt. would put the same amt. with it and I would be salting away $66.00 per mo. instead of $36.00 and I was talking to Corp. Haney about it and he says it couldn't be done and I don't know about that but any way I figured it wouldn't be fair to the rest of the boys so I am going to allot $18.00 per mo. to Florrie to keep for me and that leaves me $18 per mo. to spend that is it leaves me that amt. on paper but when you come to figure it out Al I am paying $5.60 for soldiers insurance and $10.00 per mo. for another liberty bond I bought and that leaves me $2.40 per mo. to spend and how is that for a man that was drawing a salary in the big league but at that I have got it on some of the privates that gives up the same amt.

"Mother, here's the ad. The first time I showed it to father he just said, 'Tut, tut.'"

ALWAYS Acorn IMPROVING

"Why Father bought Our Acorn Range"

From a letter:

"Your advertisement last January fell on fertile ground. I started in to convert Father.

"The first time I showed him the Acorn advertisement he just said 'Tut, tut. If anything is wrong with the stove get the Empire people to come and fix it.'

"So I decided I'd *make* him see. He never suspected why I dragged him out to the kitchen before supper every night, and made him tinker with the 'darned old thing,' as he called it, trying to get the oven hot enough to brown the macaroni without almost melting the lids.

"But I give him credit. When he really got close to the 'cooking operations' he *saw* why Mother's patience was worn to a frazzle every night after cooking three meals.

"And then I intimated what I thought about a man who would let his wife get along with a back-number cook-stove just because it *looked* like it would cook.

"He 'tumbled!' The next morning out came our beautiful new Acorn Range!"

TRADE MARK REG.

Acorn

Made for 88 yrs. -RANGES- *Always Improving*

Gas, Coal, Oil and Electric
Combinations: Gas-Coal and Oil-Coal

Automatic Gas-Range
(Servantless, Fireless Cooker)

RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.:
Please send me booklet of Acorn Ranges. I have underscored, in the above list, the kinds I am especially interested in.

(Sign name and address in bottom margin, and mail today.)

RATHBONE, SARD & COMPANY, Main Office, Albany, N. Y. Factories, Albany, N. Y., and Aurora, Ill. Branch Offices and Warehouses: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Portland and Dallas. Foreign Agencies: Shanghai, China; Kobe, Japan; and Cape Town, South Africa.

"HIS FIRST COMMAND"

COMMUNITY PLATE

RIGHT in line with the spirit of the times is COMMUNITY PLATE—with its beautiful designs, and its lifetime of wear at less than a third the cost of solid silver.

Long celebrated as the highest standard in silver plate, COMMUNITY was never better worth while than it is today—an exquisite setting for the table, and all the more satisfying to live with because of its true economy.

A chest containing a complete outfit of COMMUNITY PLATE for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $50 to $300. Or in individual sets; for instance, teaspoons $6 the dozen.

AT YOUR SERVICE FOR FIFTY YEARS

ONEIDA

for insurance and a liberty bond and they only get $30.00 per mo. and ½ of that amt. gos to their wife so when it comes to the end of the month they owe $.60 for being a soldier.

Speaking about the soldiers insurance with the kind I got if I was disabled they would have to give me $50.00 to $60.00 per mo. on acct. of me haveing Florrie and little Al and that would come in handy Al if I got my right arm shot off and couldn't pitch but at that I know birds in the league now thats drawing $400.00 and $500.00 per mo. and as far as their pitchings conserned they might just as well have both their arms shot off and include their head.

Well any way we won't have to practice fighting no more with broom sticks and cans and etc. because Sargent James told us tonight that the rifles was comeing so I said to my boys that I hoped they was good shots so we could make a sucker out of the other squads and I told them if they was all as good a shot as me I wouldn't have no kick because I figure that anybody thats got as good control when they throw or pitch should certainly ought to shoot straight. So Red Sampson says that if I was in the French army it wouldn't do me no good to be a crack shot and I asked him why not and he says the corporals in the French army are not allowed to carry no guns but all they was supposed to do was run ahead of the privates and draw the fire and maybe if the Germans happened to not hit them they could pull out their scissors and cut the bob wire untanglements so as the privates wouldn't have no trouble getting in to the German trenchs where they could use their bayonets.

Red says "Instead of the pollutes trying to get to be a corporal they try not to because when they appoint you a corporal in the French army its a good night kiss and of course its a honor at that because it shows they think you are a game bird and don't care for your own life as long as you help the cause and that is why they picked you out. Because a corporal don't carry no arms of any kind and all he is is a kind of a decoy to keep the Germans shooting at him so as to protect the regular soldiers and that is why over 80% of the casualtys in the French army is corporals."

Well Al as I said before I am not in the French army and I should worry about what they do to corporals in the French army.

I pretty near forgot to tell you that I am going home on leave Saturday and you can bet I am going this time sick or no sick because from all the rumors a round the camp we might be leaveing for across the pond any day now specially with the rifles comeing and that makes it look like we would soon be on our way and if I didn't see Florrie and little Al before I left it would probably be the last time I would see them because something tells me Al that if I go over there I won't never come back. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 26.

FRIEND AL: Well don't be supprised if you read in the paper any A. M. where our regt. has been ordered to France but of course I don't suppose they would come out in the paper with it because General Pershing don't want it to get out what regts. is over there and probably you won't hear nothing about it when we do go because they won't be no chance for me to write to you and if you don't hear from me for a long while you will know we have gone and the next time you hear from me will be from over there.

I got the dope tonight from Red Sampson and he heard it from one of the men that was on guard yesterday and this man heard the Col. telling Capt. Gould of Co. B that General Pershing had sent for the best looking regt. out here and Gen. Barry had recomended our regt. and from what Red says we will probably go in a week or so and he don't know if we are going by the way of the Atlantic or the Pacific but all as I hope is that we get there before the war is over.

I am certainly glad now that I arranged for leave this wk. end because it will give me a chance to fix my affairs up before I go and if anything should happen to me they wouldn't be no trouble for Florrie about property and etc. I certainly wish I had enough so as I could leave you and Bertha something to help you along old pal and maybe if they had give me more time I could of fixed things up but all as I can leave you now is my friendship and remember that if anything happens I was your old pal and you boys that stays home is the ones we are laying down our life for and if it wasn't for men like we where would you be at Al and your familys?

Well Al I am proud of my squad the way they took the news and we was the only ones that knew about it and yet they wasn't a man in my command that didn't act like he was tickled to death and thats the right kind of a spirit and I spoke about it to Red Sampson. I said "I am proud of all of you because instead of you whineing and putting on a long face you all act like you was going to a picnic or something." So Red says he guessed the rest of the boys and him didn't have no license to cry as long as I kept up my spirits. He says "Maybe it would be different if we was all corporals because then it would seem like we was leaveing home forever. But you are the bird thats takeing the chance and if you can keep smileing we would be a fine bunch if we broke down and begun to whine and I don't suppose theys a man amongst us that has thought about danger to themselfs but its all whats going to happen to you."

Well Al thats the kind of a bunch to have under you and it makes a man think of Napoleon and how his men looked up at him.

Well maybe you won't get no more letters from me that is if the call comes before I leave tomorrow for Chi but if I get there O. K. I will write to you from there because probably by the time I get back here the orders will be to pack up and move and then I won't have no time to write. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.

FRIEND AL: Well Florrie is still in the hay yet and little Al is playing with himself on the floor and reading the pictures in the Sunday A. M. paper and I thought I would sleep late this A. M. but when a man gets in the habit of wakeing up early you get so as you can't sleep after you wake up once and thats the way it was with me.

Well Al I suppose you will be supprised at me saying it but I pretty near wish I wasn't no officer but just a private like at first and I got a good notion to go back to the camp like Chambers did behind time and ½ stewed and the reason I feel like that is because I have got attached to my boys and I would pretty near rather give up going to France all together then quit them because it seems like it wouldn't be hardly fair to leave them now that they have got so as they look up at me and I figure that even if I wasn't a corporal no more but just 1 of them I could do more good then if I quit them entirely.

I suppose you will wonder what am I getting at Al. Well on the train comeing from Rockford yesterday I was setting with Shorty Lahey and he was on leave to and I know its a mistake sometimes for a officer to pal a round with their men but I set with him on the train because I can't stand it to hurt a man's feelings and Shorty's hearts in the right place with all his jokeing and etc. So we set down together on the train and got to talking things over and he says "Well Keefe you have got to be a corporal and that means you have made good and I only wish I was in your shoes."

So I said that if he took care of himself and minded his business they wasn't no reason why he wouldn't be advanced higher up the ladder some time in the future and he says "Yes but now is the time I would like to be in your shoes because I would like to get over to France and get in it." So I asked him what he meant and he says the dope Red Sampson was giveing me was part of it right and part of it wrong and the right dope was that General Pershing hadn't sent for our whole regt. but what he had sent for was all the non commission officers out of the regt. and that means all the corporals and sargents and they was the only ones going this time because the French army had ran out of non commission officers and General Pershing was going to lend them the best ones we had over here in training.

So I said "Well it looks like I was elected and its 100 to 1 that I won't never come back." So Shorty says "Oh I don't know about that and I think Red Sampson is wrong about them killing all them corporals because from what I heard they's a few of them they don't try and kill so they can take them prisoner and get information off them."

(Concluded on Page 77)

Wise parents and the perfect nursery floor

The nursery floor is childhood's stage whereon the youngsters dramatize life as it appears to them. Here they ride to war on fiery chargers. Here they climb (figuratively) into the cab of a mechanical engine and whirl the "Limited" across vast continents from wall to wall.

In furnishing the nursery, wise are those parents who remember their own youth. Who remember that mechanical toys cannot be properly operated or thoroughly enjoyed on carpets. Who remember, too, that plain wood floors are splintery and that parquetry floors are slippery, and that both of them are mighty hard and painful on sudden impact. To the parents who remember these things the perfect nursery floor is a Blabon linoleum floor.

In the nursery the child is "monarch of all he surveys," and in the exercise of his royal prerogatives he is none too easy on the furnishings of his kingdom. So the nursery floor-covering must be of a toughness and durability to withstand the happy savageries of youth. Again, the perfect floor is a Blabon floor.

And then there is health to be thought of. The dirt which lurks in woven carpets and mattings is obviously unhealthful. A Blabon floor cannot absorb dust or dirt; things spilled or dropped upon it are easily removed; and the linseed oil in its composition is a preventive of germs. Blabon floors are charming to look upon, and economical to buy.

The floor in our illustration is Blabon solid brown linoleum. Thrown over it is a small Colonial woven rug which can be taken up and cleaned with ease and frequency.

Altogether there are 361 Blabon creations with and without patterns, from which to choose floors and floor-coverings not only for nurseries, but for every room and every decorative scheme in the home. Ask your floor-covering dealer to show you the genuine Blabon Linoleums.

Important Notice: [illegible] are imitations that look like Blabon but are merely felt carpet imitations. [illegible] these two easy ways to tell genuine Blabon. First, look at the back to be sure it is burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily.

Established 67 years — **The George W Blabon Company** — **Philadelphia**

BLABON ART Linoleums

BUSINESS has selected SIGNET INK just as the American People selected LEPAGE'S GLUE

Permanency of Record

is absolutely necessary where the written word has to do with business. Contracts, accounts, deeds, wills, legal papers—all signatures—are made, not to fade and disappear, but to *last*, to stand the wear and tear of centuries.

"—an ink that is INK"

Signet Permanent Writing Fluid is permanent—everlasting—*absolutely*. It is made from the world's best dyes, now so hard to get. It is without sediment, flows freely, will not corrode the pen or "cake." Besides, Signet is as suitable for fountain pen as it is for the ordinary pen—a perfect all-around INK for every writing ink use—at home, in the store, office, bank, school, college.

This you'll appreciate: Signet blue-black ink *writes blue*, the old-familiar pleasing blue, but *dries black*, so good to the eye, so easy to read and "feels" good as soon as you put the pen to paper.

The Same Quality That Made LePage's The Universal Mender

The same standard of excellence that has made LePage's Glue famous is characteristic of all the Signet Inks—Blue-Black, Black and Carmine. "Signet, Made by the Manufacturers of LePage's Glue" is a warranty of the good faith, the good will, the principles and ideals of the Manufacturers. It's an iron-clad guarantee of quality.

DISCRIMINATING DEALERS—those who realize that "quality attracts quality"—sell and recommend Signet. Insist on Signet and know the difference between ink that is "just ink" and ink that is INK.

With the new clean and handy tube and spreader

HERE'S an innovation that will appeal to you.

The spreader works without *fuss*, *mess* or *waste*. So easy to apply the Glue. The stopper is the spreader—"ready and waiting" when needed, *always* there.

As you know, LePage's is the Universal Mender—never varying in quality—and the strongest ally "*Mend—don't spend*" ever had. Indispensable in the home, office or store—a money saver. Get the new tube and spreader—you'll like LePage's more than ever. All dealers sell LePage's Glue

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

RESISTS hot or cold water—requires no heating—in handy tubes all ready to mend china, glass, or porcelain. Don't be without a tube in the house. "Mend—don't spend." All dealers sell LePage's CHINA CEMENT.

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A MUCILAGE exceptionally strong in adhesiveness and possessing a remarkably "quick-stick." Nothing better where a liquid sticker is needed. A WHITE PASTE that's smooth, "creamy," perfumed and *different*. *Both* of the LePage family and *both* inherit the same standard of excellence.

DEALERS: When we say to you that we will co-operate in selling Signet we do not mean that we will "just help." We mean that we will stand behind you with a liberal sales plan, and a whole-hearted, aggressive, national advertising campaign. "LePage" has never been found wanting in co-operation. Look up your Signet stock. Order at once. Display this ad and the ones to follow. They help increase your sales.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY

Makers of LePage's Glue, LePage's China Cement, LePage's Paste and Mucilage; also Signet Ink, Signet Metal Polish and Signet Oil.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Concluded from Page 74

So I said "They would have a hell of a chance getting information off me because they could kill me before I would spill anything." So Shorty says "You might not spill nothing at first but you would be a game bird if you stuck through all the tortures because when they ask you something and you don't tell them they cut off a couple of toes and see if that won't make you talk and so on till you don't hardly know if you are alive but if you are game enough to stand all they give you why finely they will see what a game bird you are and then they finish you off so you won't suffer no more. But if you tell them all you know right at first they won't do nothing to you only of course you will be a prisoner there in Germany till the war is over and they make you work your head off without no food and they don't even feed the guards because they want to keep them mad at the prisoners so as they will make them work harder and every time you act like you was loafing or something the guards scratchs their initials in you with their bayonet."

So I asked him where he got his dope and he says he didn't know if it was all true or not but his wife's 2 brothers was in the German army and they had wrote home about it and maybe it was all bunk.

Well Al I figured I would take Florrie to a show somewheres last night because maybe it would be the last time but after supper I felt kind of sick on acct. of the change in food and I asked Florrie if she would just as leave stay home so I went to bed early and I thought I would get a good rest but I didn't get no sleep and as I said I couldn't sleep this A.M. and now I am waiting for her to get up for breakfast.

I only wish they was some way for me to get out of this corporal and it isn't that I can't handle it but it seems like a shame to leave the other boys that almost worships me you might say and here is little Al playing on the floor and if his daddy was just a private I might maybe stay at Camp Grant all winter and come in and see Florrie and he every month. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Oct. 30.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am not going to France at all that is right away and this time I got the dope straight from Capt. Nash and not from no Lahey or Sampson.

Here is the way I come to find out Al I was supposed to get back in camp Sunday night but I missed the train out of Chi and I took the first train yesterday A. M. and I got reported for being A. W. O. L., and that means I was absent without no leave so I got called up in the orderly room in front of Capt. Nash.

So he says "Well Keefe don't tell me your aunt died." So I asked him what he meant because I haven't no aunt only by marriage that lives down in Texas. So he says "Do you know what we could do to you for being A. W. O. L." So I said "I suppose you could bust me." So he says "Yes and that isn't all. If you was drunk or some excuse like that we could have you out in front of a fireing party or if we wanted to go easy with you we could send you down to Ft. Leavenworth for 10 yrs." So I said "I wasn't drunk sir and all the trouble was that I missed a train out of Chi and I didn't miss it more than 2 minutes." So he says "Well 2 minutes and 2 yrs. don't make no differnce in this game. But you have been behaveing yourself O. K. and we got a fine record in this Co. and I don't want to loose no non commission officers because I haven't got none now thats worth a dam. So you see that you don't miss no more trains because the next time it will go a whole lot different. You are excused only that you won't get no more leave for a month."

So I said thank you sir and told him I was sorry because I was in a hurry to get to France and didn't want nothing to come up to interfere with me going and he says "You don't want to go no more then I do but it looks like we would all be here till we die of old age." So I asked him if the corporals wasn't going ahead of the rest of the bunch and he says the corporals would go with the privates unless they was all shot by that time for being A. W. O. L.

So here I am Al and I have told the boys I was not going to quit them and I never seen nobody so tickled. Well Al I am glad to in a way and on the other hand its a big dissapointment but a man has got to learn to swallow their dissapointments in the army and take what comes.

Your pal, JACK.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1918.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are

NAME OF	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, Curtis Publishing Company	Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania.
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Merion, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
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George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
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Gerard Trust Company, Trustee, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1918.

(SEAL) W. C. TURNER.

My Commission expires end of the next session of the Senate, 1919.

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Wear Miller Rubber Gloves to protect your hands throughout your spring housecleaning, gardening and for kitchen work every day in the year

Our experts have produced a Rubber Glove that fits and wears

Prices range from 50 cents upward

Nothing better for cleaning or more beneficial for the skin and bath than a Miller Rubber Sponge. It cleanses the pores on the surface promptly. Toilet size 50c. Others 15c to $1.50

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For Kitchen and Nursery—For Toilet and Bath

WITH cleaning days here and warm weather just ahead, why not make up your mind right now to get this seasonable equipment that Miller Rubber experts have perfected to help and delight you?

Pick out the things you would like to have from among the Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods shown here. Any others that you need are ready for you at the drug stores authorized to sell the famous

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Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods

Miller Rubber Goods have ranked highest for 27 years among thousands of able surgeons, physicians and nurses.

This has led to a great demand for the Miller improvements in Household Gloves, Sponges, Syringes, Hot Water Bottles, Nipples, and other articles needed in the home.

So Miller is producing these home goods—by the same expert methods that won us the preference of medical men.

Miller Household Rubber Goods far excel ordinary rubber. And only good druggists are authorized to sell them.

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THE MILLER RUBBER CO., Dept. E-8, Akron, Ohio

Manufacturers of Miller Uniform Mileage Tires, Tire Accessories, Rhin-O-Hide Soles, Balloons, etc.

Miller Hot Water Bottles cannot leak because they have no seams and are made with the Miller C-Kure-Nek, a patented feature. Prices $1.00 to $3.00.

Miller Non-Collapsible Nipples keep the flow of food even and prevent wind colic. Sizes for small-neck and wide-mouthed bottles.

This spark plug has short-circuited. It's wasting power, depriving you of the use of one of your cylinders. And it's wasting fuel, unburned gas is being discharged through the exhaust. The solution of short-circuit is a perfect insulator; perfect at all motor temperatures. Read the story which follows:

—that "short" is holding your car back like a binding brake

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It happens when the motor heats up—when the porcelain, a perfect insulator perhaps at low motor temperatures, becomes porous in the intense heat of hard driving. Then the current becomes unruly. It looks for the nearest exit through the porcelain and the result is short-circuit.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Tricks of the Angler's Art

HOW do you keep your fine gut leaders so that they will not deteriorate; or your hanks of gut which you have bought to tie your own leaders after a time? If you keep them carelessly thrust into a drawer of your desk, or crowded into the back of your fly book, or maybe left to dry out in your wet box after you have been fishing, the chances are that one or two years will mark the end of the usefulness of your leaders. A new wrinkle in tackle is a leather-backed book provided with chamois leaves or pockets. If you keep your gut in chamois it will last for years without deterioration.

You ought not to leave too many leaders wet in your wet boxes, either; wetting a leader and drying it out is apt to make it brittle before very long.

It is astonishing how long a good article of gut will last. In 1908, when on a trip to Paris, I purchased there a few delicate nine-foot tapered leaders for dry fly fishing. Nine years later I used some of these leaders—which at the points were extremely delicate—and in one afternoon killed nine grayling of an average of two pounds each, without once breaking the gut. It seemed to be as good as new.

The Weight of Fish

It is a common saying that most anglers overestimate the weight of the fish that they take. What is a good rule for accuracy in such matters? I have heard it said that a twelve-inch brook trout ought to weigh a pound; but there are very few brook trout that really weigh a pound at that length. The average weight of a twelve-inch brook trout is only 11¼ ounces. The same species twenty-four inches in length will weigh about 4 pounds 15¼ ounces. A twelve-inch grayling will weigh about 10¾ ounces. A twenty-four-inch grayling is scaled to weigh 5 pounds 5½ ounces. You think there never was such a grayling in all the world? That is quite true; indeed, there are few grayling known to-day to the modern angler, for the species is extinct in the Southern Peninsula of Michigan, where once it reached such beauty. There are, however, grayling in some of the Rocky Mountain streams. Two pounds in weight is not extraordinary there. I heard of one grayling taken recently which was reported to have weighed 3½ pounds. I saw one grayling alive in a certain Western preserve which I believe would have weighed four to five pounds; it was a monster grayling such as I have never myself seen taken in actual angling. Let us hope that it will long flourish. It has long been known and many have tried to take it.

A twelve-inch black bass will average two pounds in weight. Above that length the bass increase in weight very rapidly, so that a fifteen-inch specimen would ordinarily weigh 3 pounds 8 ounces. Small-mouth bass weighing 6 pounds 8 ounces have been found to measure only 21½ inches in length, but to have a girth of 16½ inches. Therefore, if you have with you no scales but do have a tape line you may save your conscience, if you care to do so, when you tell about your specimens later on.

Speaking of specimens, the art of taxidermy is now advancing so that you can really get beautiful representations done of the game fishes—though not one taxidermist in fifty is able to do much in this line. Therefore, should you ever have a very fine specimen of trout or grayling or bass it may be worth your while to preserve the skin. The process of skinning the fish is not really very difficult, as has been mentioned before. The main thing is to remember that a fish is a fish, and not a muskrat. Use your fingers—and more especially your thumbnail—and not your knife point. It is very easy to cut through the skin of a fish.

About fish—who has not found that remote lake where the big trout or big bass could be found, but where the shore line or other conditions made it difficult to lay out a line to the right spot? A raft is the only answer in such conditions. You can make one without much difficulty if you find yourself so situated; and you don't have to ship it back home. Get some short logs—ten feet will do; and if you have no hatchet and nails with you, as you ought to have, lash them together with grapevines, or, better yet, with the all-useful hay wire. Crib up your raft until it will float you. Put a cracker box on top—you ought to have one with you—and there you are with your seat in the center of the raft. Your feet will not get too wet. You can drift out or even pole out, and perhaps you will not be drowned or even wetted. Not long ago I was asked to take a raft trip of seven days down the Snake River in Idaho. I did not go, but hope sometime to hear from those who did—there is plenty of rough going on the Snake in spots.

Speaking of distance casting, how far can you really cast with the average trout rod, say of six-ounce weight? One thing is pretty sure—you are not casting so far in feet and inches as you think you are. Sixty-five feet is really a pretty long line for a six-ounce rod in actual fishing. In tournament casting, with all the tricks of the trade and all the special qualities of equipment in your favor, much more than double that distance has been done. But that is not fishing.

If you will try actually measuring your line you will find that ninety feet is an extraordinarily long cast for you to make. Some anglers can do a hundred or a hundred and five feet with only fairly powerful trout equipment—not tournament special tools, with which one hundred and forty-two feet, single-handed, has been done. Ninety feet, or even seventy-five feet, however, is a far longer line than the average trout or bass fisherman uses. It is farther than you can safely hook a trout, except in very unusual conditions. Of course if you are fishing straight down wind or straight down stream your line may sometimes lie straight enough for a fish to fasten himself. If there is a cross wind or a cross current you will not be apt to take up the belly in the line quickly enough to hook your fish. Fifty feet, forty-five feet, thirty-five or even thirty feet will kill more fish for you if you are careful. You are much more apt to be successful with a short line than with a long one, though the reverse of this is the usual advice of the angling sharks. The all-arm, full-body style of distance casting in club competitions is most unlovely anywhere; and most useless on a stream. No man can keep it up all day.

Wax for Fly-Makers

Do you tie your own artificial flies? It is a very pretty art and one not too difficult of learning; neither does it need any very vast amount of materials. Of course you must have a wax to use upon your tying thread, so that it will stick where it is placed. There are commercial products which they will sell you for this purpose, but simple beeswax is almost as practical as any of these. An English formula for shell wax recommends 120 grains of pitch, 60 grains of rosin and 20 grains of tallow. This, however, is not for fly tying. Neither should you use the cobbler's wax. You can take half cobbler's wax and half beeswax and make a product that will work very well on silk thread.

A very fine product which is recommended by one authority for fly tying is one ounce clear rosin, one dram guttapercha, one teaspoonful of crude linseed oil. Melt and stir and pour into cold water. This will harden it. You can now take the lump and work it until it becomes soft and tough. Of course if you do not have these ingredients and do have a little piece of beeswax you can go on and make very fine artificial flies just the same.

Any man who takes wild game or wild fish ought to make use of it. Gambling in golf is done, but shooting for count or shooting in competition with a fellow sportsman is a thing frowned down upon by the best and most dignified practicers of field sports.

The slaughter of fish or game is something not done by gentlemen in this country. At a recent time I knew of two men, who would have been supposed to know much better, who on a Western lake brought

(Concluded on Page 81)

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(Concluded from Page 78)

in two hundred and fifty trout taken by their two rods in the course of one afternoon. This was in a state where the legal daily limit of trout is twenty pounds per man. The result of their exploit—whose underlying animus I confess myself unable to determine—was a practical ostracism by everyone acquainted with the facts. Even such waste of food to-day ought to put any man under the ban, quite aside from the broken game laws.

Never is it the highest form of sport simply to kill something which cannot be used. Therefore all the little tricks of saving and bettering game ought to be borne in mind by the hunter or the fisherman. For instance, if you are fishing for trout in a lake where the fish have rather a muddy taste, bleed and clean your fish immediately after they are taken. Soak them overnight in a little borax as well as salt. If necessary, skin them. But don't kill them and then allow them to waste.

Some people seem to think that water is the best thing in the world for a fish. It is while the fish is alive. After it is dead water is the worst thing possible. To behead a handsome trout and let him soak all night in a dishpan full of water, even cold water, ought to be considered a criminal offense as well as a culinary crime. Keep your trout as dry as possible from the moment you have caught him. Don't swaddle him up in sweaty green grass to mark his beautiful sides. Use him gently and as a work of beauty. Wrap him up in a long strip of cheesecloth to keep him from his fellow when you are to add his fellow to your basket. The cheesecloth is better than moss, though dry moss is fine. Then when you have taken him home clean him gently, and if possible wipe him out clean, and do not use water at all. After you have him cleaned put him on ice—not against the ice, but in some vessel that will take the coldness of the ice but still keep him dry. In this way your fish will be fresh for two or three days at least. Don't keep it on a pine board

As to whether you ought to scrape out the dark streak that lies along the spine of a trout, I suppose that sportsmen will never come to an agreement. The majority think that this black streak will make a trout spoil, because it is nothing but coagulated blood for the most part. On the other hand, artists in handling trout—commercial-fishery men who have shipped trout for the market—will say that the less you handle a trout the better, and that if you go to scraping him along any of his bones you must quickly loosen the bones in the delicate flesh and so invite deterioration.

THE SILVER GREYHOUND

Continued from Page 7)

Expecting every second to hear the great bells of the Hôtel de Ville in full haying he stepped outside, drew down the window, reached up the wall and, grasping its top, went over in a swinging vault that landed him upon the pave in a crouching position.

His hand came away from his automatic. He felt of his breast to see if the packet was there. Then he rose to his full height. He sauntered up the alley, turning now and then and glancing back as if he, too, wondered what all the clamor round the embassy was about.

Through dreaming streets he made his way till he reached a narrow path that led to the bank of a canal. Upon this water the fog rested, lifted and fell again. He sat down, drew out the packet and unbound it. He caught the name on the loosed wrapper: Otto Mononsonberg. Tossing the wrapper away he opened a small flat box. Inside of this was a pair of silver-framed smoked glasses. Nothing more!

He sprang to his feet and stood swaying on the bank of the dark canal. He eyed the glasses with vindictive rage. His white, keen face flushed with the memory of the chances and the trip he had taken. Again he glared at the glasses, gritted his teeth, drew back his arm.

"Sent me," he said huskily, "sent me through hell to get this trifle! You, Richard, and you, 'Keenon, are mad with power."

The glasses described a flashing arc, plumped into the slime of the canal and sank down through its ooze. Fay, kicking viciously at the paper of the wrapper, went on up the path, turned on the top of the embankment and glanced back. A yellow fog had settled upon the surface of the canal. It was like a winding shroud to all his hopes.

He reached the hotel, tired but determined. Hastily packing the little black bag he routed out the proprietor, paid his bill and started along the quays in search of a boat for Norway. He had determined to give Scotland Yard the chase of its history. He would double back at Stavanger or the first port of call and take passage for the States. He had the little silver greyhound. It would carry him far.

Ships lay in endless rows alongside the docks. He eyed each one for funnel smoke and signs of departure. Dawn was almost breaking. Wet sea fog swung in from off the ocean. Its tang widened his nostrils. He breathed like a thoroughbred unleashed and free. Then, quietly, a hand was laid upon his right sleeve. He wheeled with tigerish twist. A little old man with a bundle blinked up at him. A lapel and then a coat's edge were turned back. Fay saw the insignia of Scotland Yard pinned upon the breast.

"I'm feared ye coom wi' me," said the little old man.

"Where?" asked Fay bitterly.

"Back awa' t' the Yard. Ye got it?"

"Yes—I got it!" exclaimed Fay bitterly.

"Then coom, mon; coom right awa'!"

Fay saw that his answer had been misunderstood. He hesitated. A light hand was laid upon his arm. The little old man seemed to grow younger as he closed his fingers in a crushing grip.

"All right," Fay said. "All right—I'll come."

He watched his chances as they walked through the fog in the direction of the city. Again, as before, he let slip golden advantages for escape. A right uppercut would settle the matter for some time. He was fleeter of foot than the little old man. He let matters take their course.

This course led to the central railroad station and MacKeenon. The inspector had covered one exit, the little old man the other. It was the nipper grip and the long arm of the Yard again. Fay resigned himself to the trip to London. He resolved to escape there if the chance was given. Also, he held his tongue concerning the smoked glasses. They were too trivial to mention. He would never be believed—so he thought.

The trip to the lower coast was made between the two inspectors, who said no word save to the train guard. Fay had also learned the habit of silence. Dartmoor, with all its faults, was a school of reticence and obedience.

The Channel boat was awaiting the train. Fay hurried up the plank, with MacKeenon behind him. A midship cabin was secured. Upon the lower bunk of this he stretched himself, drew his cap down over his eyes and thought out the entire matter. He finally concluded to go straight to Sir Richard, blurt the entire story, and take the chance of being believed. It could be substantiated if necessary. There was the evidence at the embassy to show that the Germans had been checkmated.

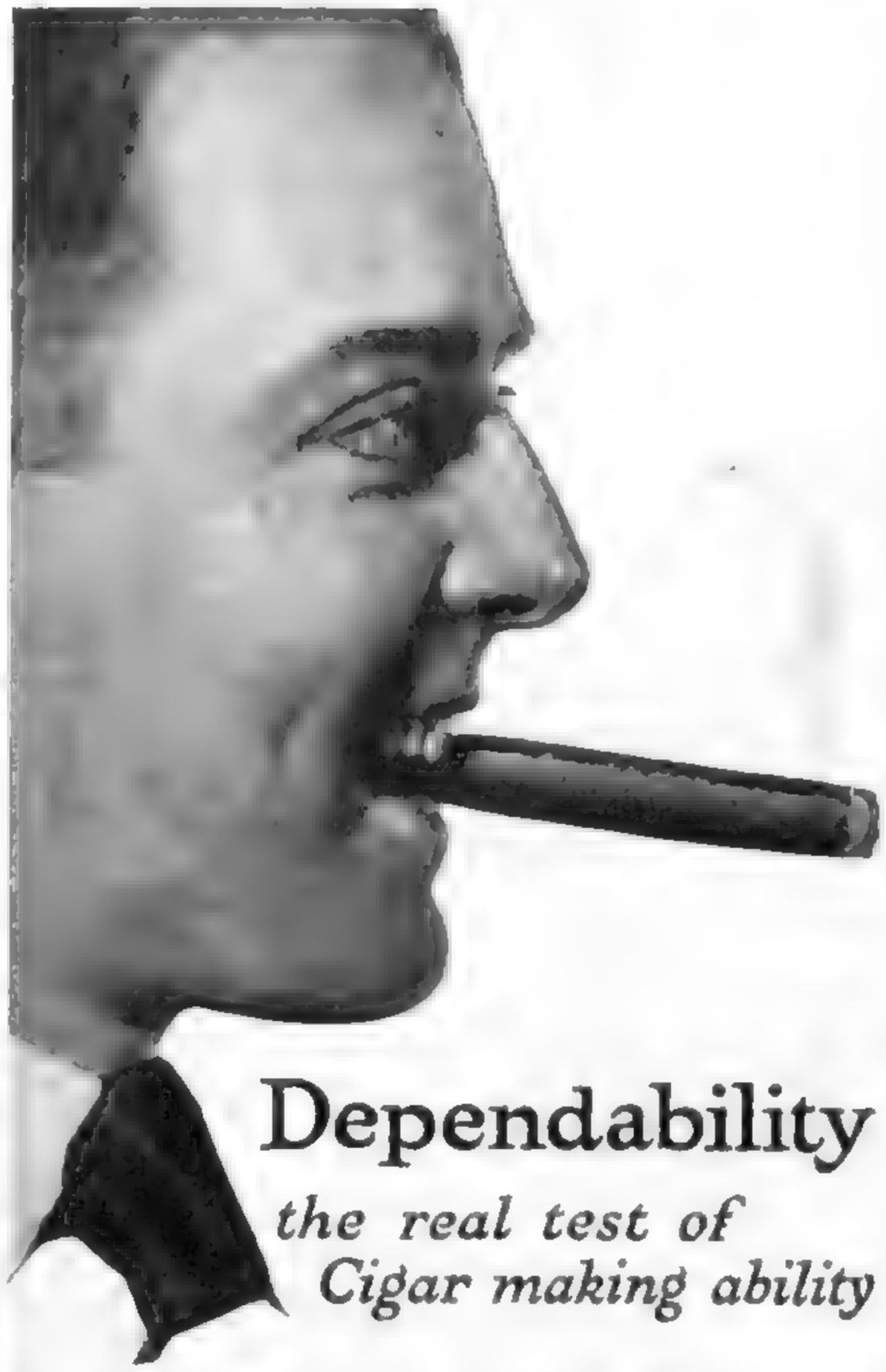
The same black car, with its H. M. S. plates, awaited them at London Bridge Station. The ride to the house with the iron lions was made in utter silence. MacKeenon and his assistant had watched the cracksman with foxhound intentness. They had washed him, fed him, put him to bed and waked him up with close-lipped concern.

Sir Richard greeted MacKeenon after the inspector had tapped the door with the same cryptic four and then five taps. The lights of the huge room were just being turned on as Fay entered, laid his cap upon the long table with its boxes and sheaves of paper, and waited for the clerks to leave. It was evident that they had been copying the cipher under the sole direction of the chief, who placed confidence in few men.

Sir Richard moved his chair behind the table, leaned back, thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his silk-lined vest and waited till MacKeenon closed and locked the door leading to the hallway. The inspector pocketed the key with a dry smile, nodded his head toward Fay, then said: "He'll explain."

Sir Richard leaned forward.

"Well, you got it?" he asked. "You turned the trick and got the clew to this?"



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The chief jerked a thumb toward the locked boxes.

"I got it," Fay said between rigid lips. "Yes, I got what that German bungler got, then threw it away. You sent me on a wild-goose chase."

"How's that?" Sir Richard's eyes blazed.

"How! Why, damn it, man, I'm no fool! Here I go after a safe, get the package you sent me for, and find in it a pair of cheap smoked glasses. You've been gulled! Mononsonberg must have left them at the embassy, and the report got to you people, as well as to the Germans, that it was the key to the cipher. I'm through! I've done my part!"

"Smoked glasses?" repeated Sir Richard. "You threw them away?"

The chief of the investigation bureau laid his hand upon the table, lowered his brows and glared across the polished surface. For the first time since leaving Dartmoor Fay felt the grip of fear. There was that in the man-hunter's eyes to warn him of coming danger. He stepped back and into MacKeenon's leveled squint, which was for all the world like an aged Scotch collie scenting a wolf. The air was tense with things about to happen.

MacKeenon widened his brows and shot a swift glance of interrogation in Sir Richard's direction. The inspector laid his hand on Fay's sleeve.

"Coom on," he said.

"No," whispered Sir Richard. "A moment, Mac. These glasses—describe them." This was to Fay.

Fay closed his mouth, hesitated, then blurted: "Ordinary. I saw nothing at all to interest you in them."

"Do you know where they are?" asked Sir Richard.

"Yes, in the bottom of the Schwartz Canal." Fay turned to the lurking shadow of the little old man, who stood like another collie at the door. "He knows," he said. "It's about a mile from the quays."

Sir Richard rubbed his hands.

"That's better. Now describe these glasses. What kind of bows, and all about them?"

"Silver or German silver. Glasses were very thick and dark. Like some students wear."

"No marks on the bows or the silver?"

Fay felt as if before a crown's counsel. MacKeenon crept forward and sniffed like a dog getting a scent.

"I didn't see any," said Fay. "The bows and ear pieces bent when I threw them. I'd say you could buy them for five shillings."

Sir Richard's eyes glowed sullenly under the electric cluster. Fay bit his lip. These people, he concluded, were the keenest hounds in all Europe. They were balked, but temporarily. There was no beating them. An inkling of the methods that had cost the underworld so many of its choicest lights came to him. He recalled Foley the Goat and the little matter of seven years at Dartmoor for losing a vest button. Then there was the Marble Arch affair, where the Yard had brought home the crime to its instigators by the clew of five black hairs perfumed with a certain Italian hair tonic which only one shop in London poured upon the heads of its customers.

Trifles had beaten the best-laid plans. Now the hounds were snarling and worrying over another. Sir Richard's hand crept to his pocket in abstraction. The fingers came away with the keys to the boxes. He toyed with one. MacKeenon crept closer, sniffing, with the loose pouches of his cheeks hanging down like a setter dog's.

The chief opened a box. He lifted out a single sheet. He studied it, then turned toward MacKeenon.

"It may be," he said musingly—"it may be that there's something in what Fay has said. Go back to the coach house and tell the driver to give you those glasses from out of the side pocket in the tonneau."

"Now you, Fay," Sir Richard said as the inspector unlocked the door and vanished through the hallway. "Fay, you can't steal! You're a mark for us! You've got nerve—the nerve of the damned. You've everything, but you overlook the essentials. That finger print up over the transom in Hatton Gardens—for instance. The dropped key. And now, the smoked glasses. What'll you wager that that trifle solves the secret of the entire German dye industry?"

"About three hours' start that it doesn't," said Fay as he took a short step toward the wall of the room.

Sir Richard rubbed his hands dryly. He squinted at the cipher sheet before him. He leaned and studied it, then raised his head and peered through the gloom of the hallway as MacKeenon glided to his side and laid a pair of yellow-tinted goggles upon the table. The little old man crept to the boxes and leaned over them. The air was tense—the silence a thing of the grave.

"Not smoked," whispered Sir Richard finally. "Not smoked. I'm afraid we're stumped."

Fay took another step toward the wall. An electric-light switch was there. It controlled the cluster in the room.

Sir Richard adjusted the goggles, wrinkled his nose, took off the ear bows and then wiped the glasses with his sleeve in the manner of a man who is puzzled.

He bent finally, like a scientist examining a beetle with a microscope. His trained glance studied the spaces between the lines. His head raised an inch or more. It lowered until the glasses touched the paper. A frown of annoyance darkened his forehead. His chin lifted slightly.

"Mac," he had started to say, when Fay's fingers closed over the black button of the switch. A click followed this motion. The room was plunged into darkness. An exclamation came from Sir Richard. It was one of mingled exasperation and wonder.

"Fay's goon, mon!" shouted MacKeenon. Running footfalls were heard. They died to an echo.

MacKeenon blundered against the closed door. He swung it open and dashed out as the little old man groped blindly for the switch. No sound came from Sir Richard after his first exclamation.

MacKeenon came back within minutes. He stood at the doorway.

"He's goon! Shall I give the word to the Yard?"

"Mac!" Sir Richard's voice sounded strangely hollow in the dark.

"Right 'ere, mon!"

"Mac! Come round the table—the far end. Don't disturb anything. Come! Don't strike a light. Look here!"

MacKeenon leaned over his chief's shoulder as he found him by intuition.

"Look, Mac! What's that?"

"Good God!"

"Yes," said Sir Richard. "Here it is—faint, but here it is. In German too. Here, see it? Right here: '*Werke-Maintz . . . Der este . . . Blau die . . . H_2SO_4 . . . HNO_3 . . . Silber . . . Spiritus.*'"

Sir Richard raised his head.

"Mac," he asked, "you recall the Brooke Street affair, where the card sharp wore smoked glasses and trimmed his pigeons by marking the backs of the cards with phosphor? This is the same—brought to date."

MacKeenon stiffened as he heard a window slyly lifted at the side of the room.

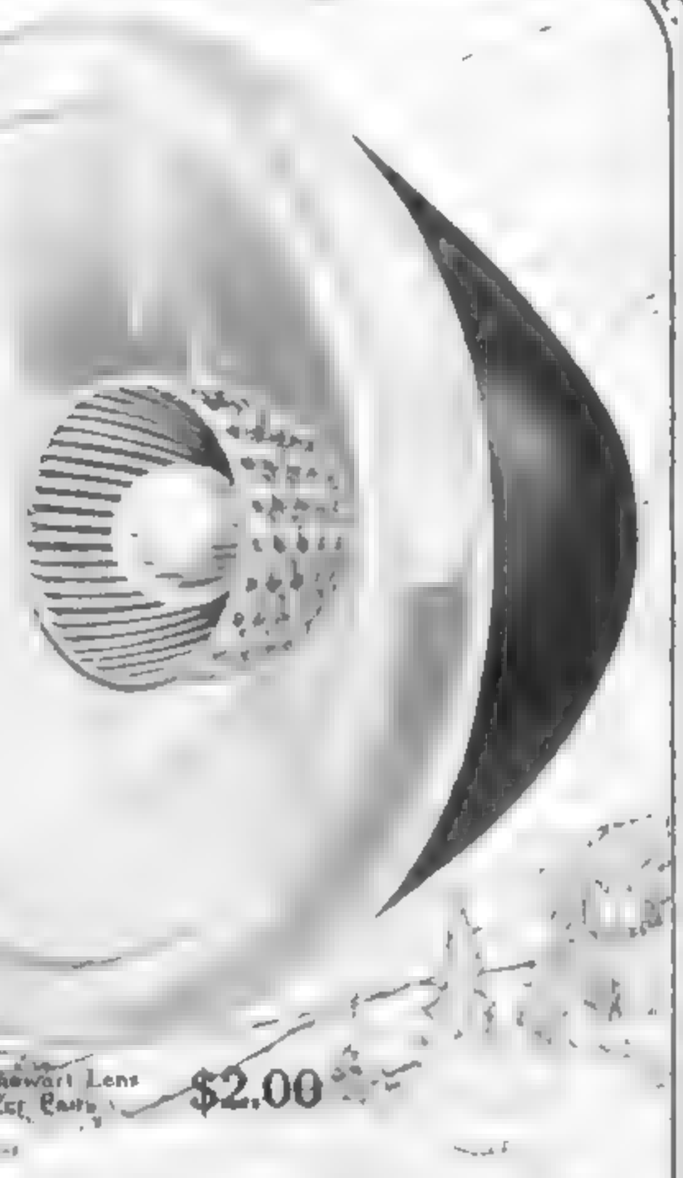
"It's in German script, Mac," Sir Richard went on with triumph in his voice. "It's written between the lines with a white solution of salts of radium. White salt on white paper. No wonder we never found it. Who'd think of looking for a code or secret writing in the dark? If it hadn't been for Fay ——"

A tinkling note sounded upon the table. A light object struck Sir Richard upon the cheek. He covered the sheet before him with his hands as he turned toward the open window.

"Adieu, Sir Richard Colstrom," floated in with Fay's unmistakable American accent. "Adieu, inspectors. I'm off to La Belle France."

Sir Richard found the object. It was a little silver greyhound—worn only by couriers of the King.

Stewart Automobile Accessories



Multiply the Service of the Automobile

Stewart Automobile Accessories are made with that object in view. All Stewart Products increase the efficiency of the automobile. They must or they would not be in the Stewart line

Take any Stewart Accessory—analyze it for yourself. See if it does not make your car a better car. See if it does not enable you to get more and better service out of your automobile.

Consider the Stewart Speedometer. You would not be without it for one minute. You know by experience that a Stewart Speedometer is an absolute necessity. Without it the service value of your car would be reduced to an incalculable degree. This must be true, because over 3,000,000 motorists insist on having a Stewart Speedometer. In fact, 95% of the automobile manufacturers furnish it as standard equipment.

The same is true of the Stewart Vacuum System, which is furnished as standard equipment by 83% of the automobile manufacturers.

This shows a decided preference for Stewart Automobile Accessories. None other are in such demand. None are used so universally. Stewart Accessories dominate the entire accessory field, both because of the service and satisfaction they give, and because they are the best accessories ever made.

Motorists never hesitate about buying an accessory if it bears the name Stewart. There is never any question about its quality.

Without a doubt you now have a Stewart Speedometer and Stewart Vacuum System. Why not have the other Stewart Accessories too?

You need a pair of Stewart Lenses on your car. Aside from the fact that they legalize your headlights, they will give you an improved driving light that will make night driving a pleasure. Make the road clear as day. Provide 100% illumination. Increase the efficiency of your headlights for only $2.00.

You will never know what a really efficient searchlight is until you try the Stewart V-Ray Searchlight. It is not an ordinary "Spotlight," but a real searchlight that projects an intense, penetrating shaft of light to a great distance. Good to look at—convenient to handle—best in quality—low in price.

You need the Stewart Autoguard for your car's protection. It is the cheapest form of collision insurance. Prevents the numerous small accidents that are a nuisance and sometimes costly. It is the strongest autoguard made. A real "Spring Bumper" that combines great strength with springiness. Fits any car. An absolute necessity for every car. Better have your car Stewart-protected today.

Stewart Automobile Accessories are sold by leading accessory dealers, jobbers, and garages everywhere.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n
Chicago, U. S. A.

HANSEN GLOVES

Utility With Style

HANSEN builders go on the principle that the first duty of gloves is to *help* the *hands*. Hansen elegance in style and correctness of fit follow as a matter of course.

Every Hansen Glove, Gauntlet or Mitten is exactly designed for its special need, and the leathers, while durable, are pliable and soft. You enjoy full protection with flexibility of fingers and wrist.

Hansen models are smart and shapely; the latest design in style and color, lined and unlined.

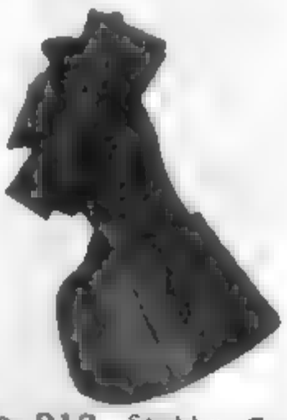
They whose work must be done in gloves should wear Hansen Service models because they protect the hands, last long and give bare-handed freedom of motion.

Write for the Hansen Style Book showing many of our 500 models. Thousands of good dealers sell Hansens. If yours does not, write us.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.

100 H Detroit St. Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 1080—Short glove for motoring and driving. Unusual design. Note flap on back to guard against wrist fatigue.



No. 912—Stubby Cuff Gauntlet. A "happy medium" combining the merits of gauntlet and short glove. Unlined for spring and summer wear.

THE FIELD MARSHAL OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

of railroad securities may not be left in suspense or in doubt. He said that the Government cannot carry forward its vital financial operations if this great mass of securities held by banks, trust companies, life-insurance companies, savings institutions and individual investors is left in a questionable position. They form such a large part of the credit basis in the country that it would be the part of stupidity to imperil them, even if the Constitution and the laws of America did not require that just compensation should be made to the owners of property when it is taken by the Government.

Mr. McAdoo said that it would be better to err on the side of liberality and get a prompt agreement with the owners of the railroads, so as to stop all questions as to damages or the liability of the Government for seizing the use of railroads and keep the question out of the courts, with all of the delays and uncertainties that that would involve, so that the general financial situation could be composed and a favorable condition created for carrying forward the colossal financial operations of the Government in the various Liberty Loans which have to be offered from time to time to the country.

"I think there is one thing the Government cannot stand for, and that is deliberate injustice to any interest, public or private, especially at a time when so much is at stake. Some may assume that whatever would be injurious to the security holders would be helpful to the Government, and vice versa, but this is by no means the case."

In reply to the question whether in his opinion the time would ever come, under either public or private ownership, when the railroads would fully meet the demands made upon them, Mr. McAdoo said.

"The more comprehensive extensions, enlargements and improvements which are needed thoroughly to coördinate and articulate the transportation system of the country cannot be created in a month. But one thing you can be sure of"—this with emphasis—"we are going to improve the railroad situation most decidedly before next winter.

"For one thing we are going to standardize cars and locomotives. This will be a tremendous economy. It is not so easy as it sounds. It will be very difficult to bring about, but it can be done, and we are working on it already. It never would have been done with several hundred differing railroad managers, who could not agree among themselves because each has his own ideas.

"We shall be able to make a far larger use of many seaports and thus effect a better distribution of traffic. The port of New York will have all it can do in any circumstances, but we must see that too heavy a burden is not placed upon it."

As to Government Ownership

The director general of railroads did not care to name for publication all the ports to which he expected to route an increasing amount of traffic, but he clearly indicated that he had a large number in mind. In regard to the proposed increased use of inland waterways to relieve the railroads Mr. McAdoo stated that this would be done to the full extent that the general traffic situation could be improved thereby. He said it was obvious that the money of the people should not be used for the development of inland waterways merely as a matter of sentiment or to gratify state or local pride, but as a practical matter and where such development would manifestly serve the public interest. Mr. McAdoo said he felt that there was a great opportunity for the development of the inland waterways of the country if they could be properly articulated with the railroad systems and made to serve the public necessity as a part of a combined railroad-and-waterways system. He regards the future development of the country as dependent in a very great measure upon the intelligent combination of inland waterways and rail systems of transportation.

Through Mr. McAdoo's entire conversation ran the thread of hard-headed business sense, a compound of the sagacity necessary to accomplish large ends and a genuine impatience with half-baked ideas. But another characteristic that stood out just as markedly was a strongly expressed contempt for those who reverence dogmas and prejudices and make them the guiding rules of action.

"I do not think government ownership of railroads is essential or necessary at this time. Perhaps a discussion of it now is premature. In any case, there is nothing in government ownership to frighten anybody. What is going to determine this question is not what we may think, say or do now, but what is demonstrated as the result of the operation by the Government during the period of its control of the railroads. There will be ample time to determine the future of the railroads in the light of test and experience. I am already convinced that there can be no permanent solution of our railroad problem unless there is a much stronger, more efficient and more intelligent regulation and control by the Federal Government of all the railroads of the country than there has been in the past. Forty-eight different state jurisdictions and one Federal jurisdiction on top of them cannot run the railroads of the United States successfully or genuinely in the public interest. The strong Federal control of which I speak is going to be indispensable to the welfare of the people of the United States, to investors in railroad properties and to the highest measure of efficiency and usefulness of the railroads themselves. The railroads will never function again the way they have in the past. The public will not stand for it."

Take Counsel of Courage

"There are men, well-intentioned men—at least I am sure some of them are—who so revere dogma that they believe they should worship the mere fear of government ownership solely in order to be consistent.

"That is one of the reasons this country is so imperiled to-day. We have no ships, or so few ships, because a number of well-intentioned gentlemen in Congress, for fear of government ownership, filibustered to death in March, 1915, a shipping bill which was introduced by the Administration in 1914 to enable the Government to begin then to build an American merchant marine.

"As a result we have lost two whole precious and irretrievable years. If it had not been for that, we should have plenty of ships and shipyards to-day, the international situation would be very different, and a whole train of troubles would have been averted.

"We have the same issue with the railroads. We are again confronted with the specter of government ownership, this sacred dogma that terrifies a great many people. There are men who would rather have the railroads under incompetent hands, with the lack of efficiency of the competitive system—no, that is not just what I mean; I mean the lack of capacity and sufficiency—than even take the chance of government ownership to save the life of the nation.

"So far as I am concerned, I never had much respect for the counsel of fear, and especially in time of war. We have got to take counsel of courage and go forward and do the things imperatively demanded in the situation. We must take counsel of anything but fear."

Mr. McAdoo said that though the railroad managers were not wholly to blame for the plight in which the roads finally found themselves, they had shown a lack of foresight and had failed to make adequate provision for the needs of transportation. The orders for motive power they had placed had been interfered with because of the war needs of France and Russia. He also referred to a previous statement he had made to a Senate committee in which he spoke of the natural hesitation on the part of the railroads in ordering materials and supplies because of greatly increased prices, but he did not think this excused them, notwithstanding the fact that their difficulties had been great. He said he did not doubt the patriotism and earnestness with which railroad men had tried to meet the problems of the war.

A permanent repair—not a makeshift.
Will outlast the usefulness of the article.

RieNie Patch
Trade Mark

Requires No Heat or Tools

No experience—just two hands and a flat spot to make a quick, easy and permanent repair on small punctures or big blowouts. Just cut the size patch required.

Road heat vulcanizes the Rie Nie Patch to the tube or casing, making it a part of them.

Will Not Leak

The use of the best possible materials and our careful and scientific construction makes porosity impossible and adds strength and durability to the Rie Nie Patch for any service.

Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money Refunded

Convince yourself by giving it the rough road test.

Ask your supply dealer. If he hasn't it in stock, order direct—use the coupon. Get the large size—three times the quantity for twice the money—fills the needs of the average motorist for an entire season.

Insure yourself against trouble, delay and expense, by keeping a can of Rie Nie Patch in your tool box.

Small Size (36 sq. in.) **$0.50** **Large Size** (108 sq. in.) **$1.00**
Shop Size (648 sq. in.) **$5.00**

Other Uses The Rie Nie Patch has stood the test for all purposes and makes a permanent repair for anything made of rubber or fabric such as hot water bottles, rubber-boots, shoes, gloves, coats, garden hose, tents, awnings, automobile tops, etc.

Dealers Investigate our quantity proposition. Ask your jobber's salesmen or write us.

Durkee-Atwood Co., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

Other Rie Nie Economies

Rie Nie Radiator Compound (Powdered) $ .50 ☐
Rie Nie Radiator Cement (Liquid) ½ Pint $ .60 ☐
Mend permanently the leaks in the cooling system.
Rie Nie Black Enamel, 1 Pt. $ .75 ☐
For retouching parts or repainting entire car.
Rie Nie Mohair Dressing and Waterproofing for Mohair tops. 1 Pint $ .75 ☐
Rie Nie Leather and Pantasote Dressing 1 Pint $ .40 ☐
Check items wanted with X.
Full information on all Rie Nie Products will be sent FREE.

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P2

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Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered

Ask for the Florsheim Shoe—see the Styles of the Times. Booklet of Military scenes on request.

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Chicago, U. S. A.

The Ensign—
Fits the ankle and hugs the heel
Look for name in shoe

Shelltex Rimmed
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EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

GOOD to look *at* as well as *through*—for Shelltex Shur-ons combine style and distinction with perfect comfort. And Shelltex rims reduce lens breakage.

Look for the name Shur-on or Shelltex in the bridge—it's your best guarantee of sure satisfaction. At your dealer's.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
240 Andrew Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Makers of rimmed and rimless Shur-on eyeglasses and spectacles. Established 1864.

In the more strictly financial field the secretary of the treasury appears to have as little reverence for dogmas and tamorous fears as he entertains regarding government ownership. I asked him if he had any use at all for the proposal to issue lottery bonds to finance the war or thought we should ever have to come to such an extreme measure. He shrugged his shoulders in deprecation and denied the likelihood of such a policy, but suddenly added:

"I would do anything within the range of civilized warfare and decency to lick the Kaiser, but I do not think we shall have to resort to lotteries or to repugnant measures of any kind to get that result. All we have to do is to remain united, resolute and courageous and make proper use of our splendid resources of manhood and of wealth. I have no respect for pessimists, but I almost revere courage and capacity. Those are transcendent qualities in wartime."

On the fiercely, almost frantically, debated subject of inflation Mr. McAdoo's views are incisive and almost positive. I asked him what could be done to prevent the tendency toward inflation.

"I am not an economist," he replied, "and I do not mean to imply that I have any superior knowledge on the subject, but there are many men who theorize about inflation without knowing what it is. The theorist sees inflation in everything. We cannot fight this war without an essential expansion in credit, and the problem of the statesman is to have it soundly directed."

The War-Finance Corporation

"We should try for a healthful credit expansion. To finance our own necessities and those of our Allies is a tremendous problem. There is not enough credit for everything. Let us assume an insufficiency of credit for both sound and unsound development. If that be the case inflation will come from the development of unsound enterprises. The purpose before us now must be to conserve credit for wise uses. Not only is it necessary to facilitate helpful operations, but it is equally necessary to prevent harmful ones."

Mr. McAdoo described in some detail his plan for a war-finance corporation, which he had just then presented to Congress, and explained that it provided for an expansion of credit but not of currency.

"There is no necessary ratio between credit and currency. There is a relation, of course, but the ratio between credit and the circulating medium is not fixed. We must have an expansion of credit but not necessarily of currency. I am confident if we use our credit resources intelligently enough we won't have any difficulty."

"Can you see any reason to look forward to a decline in the cost of living?" was the next question.

"There will be no reduction so long as the demand for goods continues so extreme," he replied; "not so long as we must support the continent of Europe. But there is some compensation in this winter. We should thank God for the snow and blizzards, which give hope of a wheat crop big enough to afford relief.

"This subject of the cost of living, of prices, is extraordinarily difficult. The minute you begin to talk about scarcity, or even about high prices, people begin to hoard and make things that much worse. There is no sovereign remedy. If you fix low prices by legislation you may check production. To encourage production, prices may have to be fixed higher than they should be and then everything else goes up and you lift the general level. And then we have the vicious circle."

"What with railroad embargoes, lack of fuel, high labor costs and high inventories, is not the prospect for the average business man a poor one?" I asked.

"I think that the business man generally is moving along with the great stream of the country's prosperity. If that is to remain continuous in its present huge volume and is kept within its banks the business man will continue to move along with it happily. Business prosperity is inseparable from a condition like the present. It is inevitable.

"You speak of embargoes. They have been imposed because of the very prosperity in which the business man has shared. He has overtaxed railroad facilities."

"The average citizen, wanting to do the loyal thing, is puzzled, Mr. McAdoo, by the conflicting arguments of those who advocate strict economy and those who say that in order to float Liberty Bonds and pay taxes it is necessary to keep business going at a high pitch. What is the sensible attitude to take on that subject?"

"There must be a balancing between war needs and others," said Mr. McAdoo, "a readjustment, a shift and changing over from peace to war industries. There are not enough goods in certain lines to go round, and the demand for labor and materials by industries not contributory to the war must be kept within bounds."

Mr. McAdoo said that in cases where luxury manufacturers had appealed to him to put the soft pedal on the thrift campaign he had urged them to shift as far as possible over to war industries. He admitted that the readjustment of industry would work injury here and there, but he seemed to believe that losses in some directions would be more than made up in others.

Patch and Half-Sole

In no subject did the secretary of the treasury display such keen interest as in the economical use of materials the world's supply of which is very short. He spoke especially of leather and wool.

"I am proud to wear half-soled breeches and half-soled shoes, and I would not only be ashamed to go out and buy a lot of new shoes and pile them up in a closet when I still have old ones—I should consider it treason. We must save these supplies for our soldiers and for the Allies."

One impression that is sure to be gathered from a conversation with Secretary McAdoo is that no man is more profoundly convinced of the seriousness and urgency of the war situation, and in none is this conviction less a theory or more of a mainspring of action. Just round the corner, as it were, of every view he expressed lurked the determination and settled belief, sometimes expressed and sometimes not, that others must sacrifice besides those who die on the battlefield; and if necessary he would see that they did.

Along with this outstanding quality of determination and aggressiveness one also gathers the impression of a man eager and, indeed, impatiently on the trigger to find concrete and specific remedies for many present business and financial evils. He is constantly urging Congress to hurry up, and has repeatedly told Senate committees that he disliked to "encumber the record with unnecessary matters," evidently being eager to go ahead rather than talk about it. He is not afraid of power for either President Wilson or himself.

"I think that too frequently in wartime troubles come from too much division of power. Somebody has got to exercise it."

To Freeze or Not to Freeze

It is said that when Mr. McAdoo first suggested rushing coal trains through the Pennsylvania tunnels under the Hudson River certain railroad men thought such action would meet with much opposition, but he went ahead at once. In explaining the action to the Senate later he told how ordinarily coal is sent to New England and Long Island across New York Harbor by floats, but because of the ice none could be moved, and added:

"There was great danger of people's freezing on Long Island and in the military camps. If the President had been obliged to make application to the state authorities for permission to use those tunnels to save the people of Long Island from freezing, people would probably have frozen to death before he could have gotten it. But I ordered it done and it was done immediately."

The last question I asked Mr. McAdoo was: "How do you manage to do so much work?" Back of that lurked another query that was not put into words: "Is it right that one man should have so much power?" But his answer to the first question would go far to explain his belief in concentrated responsibility and power.

"When one gets deeply immersed in all these subjects he learns their interrelations, how they are interlocked. Then no matter how much work and responsibility there is, it becomes something like sitting down before a piano—if you know how to play you can bring order and harmony out of a multitude of sounds."

The situation which Mr. McAdoo occupies to-day is a startling proof, a sort of shock in evidence of how horribly intermingled and complex the modern industrial system has become. Banks, government loans, taxes, railroads, public utilities, life-insurance companies, savings banks, foreign exchange, financing of war industries, financing of peace industries, commercial paper, investment securities—these and scores of other cogs in the machine of modern life all hang or fall together. And the harmonious management of these things is closely related to the production of ships, coal, food and every other necessity of life itself.

So Mr. McAdoo finds himself the master wheel at the center of a vast, whirling, confusing mass of disks. Only because he is quick, bold and aggressive does he keep from snapping to pieces under the strain. The words "worry" and "vacillate" are not in his vocabulary. When I asked him how he did so much work he said a great part was due to his subordinates, to the organization round him, and urged upon the interviewer their effectiveness, loyalty and unselfishness. But these men would be the last to deny that the distinctive qualties of their chief are what make his tremendous activity possible. And with that lack of false modesty already spoken of, he quickly added that "I decide questions of policy myself."

"We have no debating societies round here," he said with a mixture of humor and grim determination in his eyes.

The Do-It-Now Policy

Much has been made in the newspapers of the fact that Mr. McAdoo wakes up during the night to write down ideas on a pad of paper by his bedside. But this memoranda habit goes with him all through the day; and, more than that, during the relatively few light seasons in the summertime when Congress is not in session and he is supposed to be resting. His desk is always littered with piles of ideas, as it were, saved from oblivion by pencil and paper. But, though capable of originating many ideas and of sustained application to details, his most striking trait is his top-speed mind, the lightninglike rapidity with which he reads through a letter or makes a decision. In one sense this is nothing but a form of courage raised to an extraordinary degree. Sometimes when subordinates gather in the secretary's office and argue they are suddenly cut short with an almost curt "Here, I will make a decision now."

Of course there is always the danger that the total nonvacillator will make mistakes. What history will say of Mr. McAdoo's present policies I do not know. But there can be no indiscretion in reminding readers that he was one of the two or three men chiefly responsible for driving through the Federal Reserve Banking Act, though many, very many, eminent bankers raised the howl of calamity. These same bankers now admit the country was saved by the Federal Reserve and can hardly find sufficiently extravagant praise for this great piece of legislation. A more recent and somewhat more debatable case is that of the first Liberty Loan. Bankers said it would be far better to sell a much smaller issue of bonds, and predicted all manner of failure for the huge emission the secretary of the treasury had in mind.

"That may all be, gentlemen," he said, "but the necessities of the Government are such that we must sell more."

Of course the striking success of the loan was largely due to the yeoman work which the very bankers who criticized it put upon it, rather than to anything that any secretary of the treasury could do; but as far as soundness of judgment and nationally minded vision are concerned—well, at least it is a nice question.

Mr. McAdoo himself, I am confident, would like nothing better than to have history weigh him with a due regard for his evident determination to consider the welfare of the whole rather than any part of the nation. I asked him if he thought it desirable to sell Liberty Bonds continuously here, the way England sells its National War Bonds, rather than keep up our present method of great single campaigns.

"English conditions might not necessarily work here. You cannot always carry them over. I do not think the United States needs to take its pace or set its pace by any other country. I find American methods are sometimes very much better than the methods of other nations, and so far as I am concerned I am never afraid when America thinks originally or acts upon her own initiative. I do not mean that we should not draw upon the wisdom and experience of other nations for what they are worth; we should always avail of the experience of others in determining a rule of action."

Public preference for ScotTissue Towels emphasizes the progress of Personal Hygiene

Individual towels are as necessary nowadays as individual drinking cups. But personal hygiene demands even more—it demands that each individual towel shall be used just once—and by one person only.

That is why ScotTissue Towels are used so widely. They are the commonsense solution of the washroom towel question. ScotTissue is the only towel that economically combines *all* the qualities of the really fine towel with the "clean towel every time you wash" idea.

Soft and comfortable, fully absorbent, ScotTissue Towels give that feeling of good grooming and cleanliness so essential to men and women.

Wherever modern standards of cleanliness prevail, ScotTissue is the economical towel. It costs little, eliminates laundry expense and prevents the washroom becoming a source of illness.

Every hotel, club, school, store, office, or factory, that maintains *the* standard of real cleanliness will find ScotTissue Towels the most economical and satisfactory towels they can use.

"For Use Once by One User"

Look for ScotTissue Towels on the shelf or in the ScotTissue cabinet

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Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

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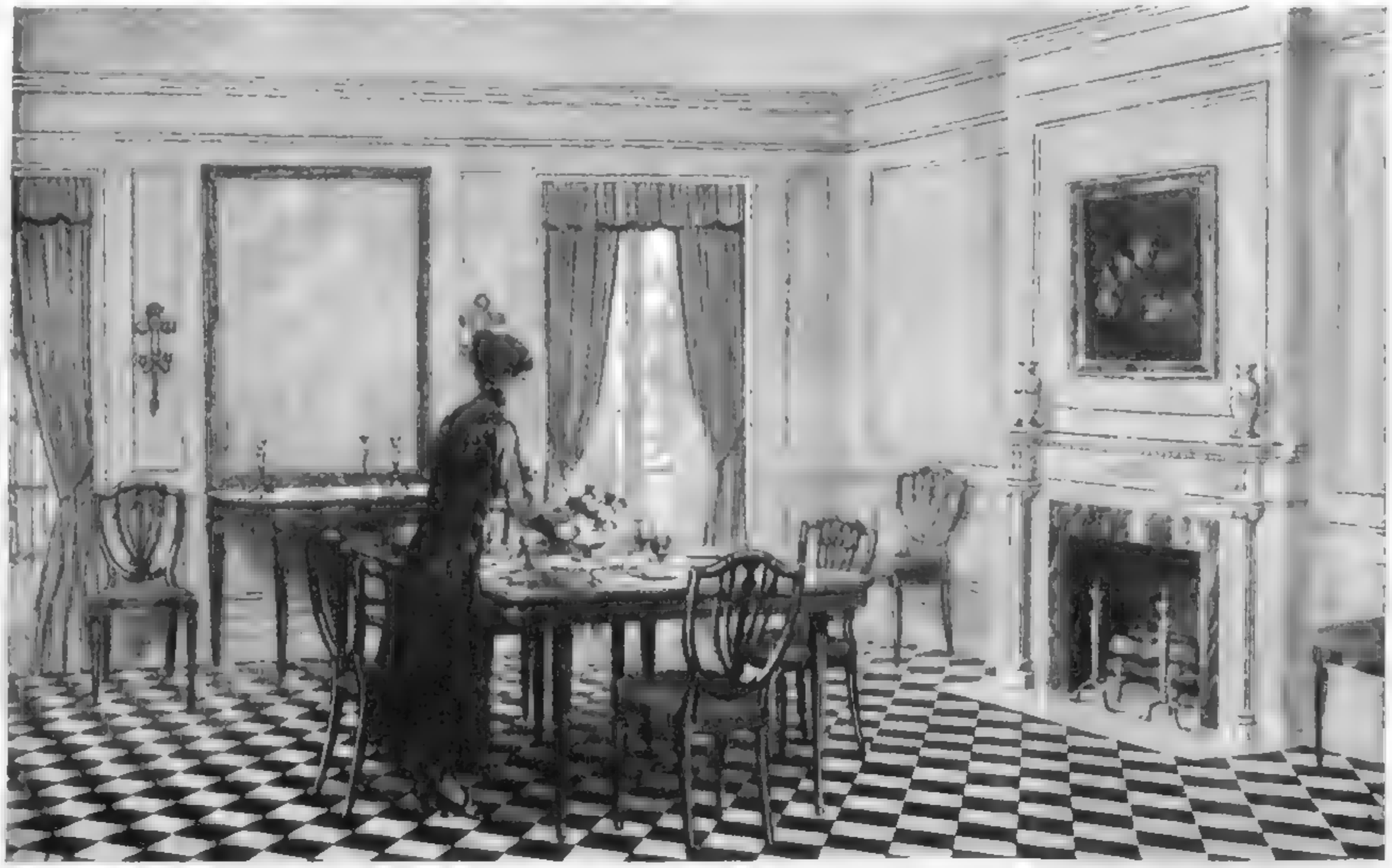
30 Church Street, NEW YORK
356 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO
311 East Austin Avenue, CHICAGO
Address nearest office

ScotTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene



The qualities of cleanliness, cheerfulness, and comfort—so necessary to the successful dining-room—are here apparent. The bold black-and-white linoleum also gives the feeling of "chic," so admired. At the same time it is a decidedly decorative element. The furniture and hangings introduce the essential decorative color effects. If rugs are used, they should be plain and in harmony with the furniture and hangings.—FRANK ALVAH PARSONS

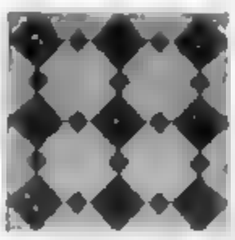
THIS dining-room greets you hospitably the instant you set foot across the threshold. The very attractive floor is an Armstrong's Linoleum Floor, in an inlaid marble effect (Pattern No. 350). It offers the charm and effectiveness of marble, at only a tithe of its cost.

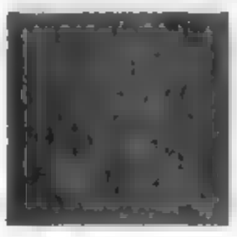
It's an easy floor to keep spick and span. The occasional use of a good floor wax adds a beautiful polish. The durability of the material is unquestioned. The colors run clear through to the back. Its economy must appeal to every thrifty housewife.

Armstrong's Linoleum is appropriate for every room in the house. It can be had in colors and patterns to harmonize perfectly with your walls and draperies. It costs less than hardwood, marble, or tile. It provides a thoroughly sanitary floor on which to place your fabric rugs.

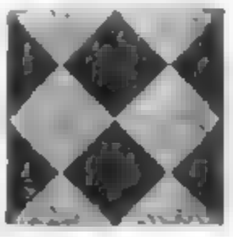
The new plain colors (without any pattern) include blue, green, rose, brown, tan, light gray, and dark gray. The new Jaspé (moiré effects) comprise blue, green, brown, tan, and gray tones. There are Parquetry Inlaid designs most appropriate for living-room, library, and dining-room. The matting and carpet patterns are specially suited for bedroom and nursery.

Let your house-furnishing store show you the new Armstrong patterns. You will understand then why linoleum is used so extensively in European homes, and why the same custom is rapidly coming into vogue in America.





Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum: First, look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there is a difference.



Send for our new book, "The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration," by Frank Alvah Parsons, America's foremost authority on interior decoration. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home and tells how linoleum may be used effectively in typical rooms. Sent with portfolio of de luxe color-plates of home interiors for 20c in stamps. The names of merchants near you, who handle Armstrong's, will be furnished on request. Also write the Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions as to patterns and color schemes to meet your particular needs, or for any other help in solving your floor problems. No charge whatever for this service. Don't hesitate to use it at any time.

The four Armstrong's Linoleum patterns shown at the sides may be substituted for the dining-room floor above, changing hangings and furnishings to match.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT, LANCASTER, PA.

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room (A) in the House

SHOT WITH CRIMSON

(Continued from Page 24)

on the inside of everything, the spokes of the inner wheel, the people who knew what was going on in Washington, in London and in Paris. No alien ears were here to listen, no alien eyes to watch; sanctuary for the true and loyal.

One man there held his tongue, and spoke not of the things that were vital: Capt. Derrol Steele. It was not modesty alone that kept him silent in this imposing group, not the recognition of his own insignificance. He had had his lesson. He was young enough to profit by it.

True, the wine may have had something to do with it. It usually does. A beguiling lubricant is this thing that gets into the rustiest of brains and produces a smooth combination of thought and thoughtlessness. In any case, tongues wagged loosely and wits were never keener than in this atmosphere of ripe security. A good many secrets were out for an airing. They were supposed, in good time, to get back into their closets and lie there as snugly as if they had never been disturbed.

Mrs. Carstairs was never more brilliant than on this particular evening. Always clever, but never witty, she was at her best when surrounded by personalities such as these; when confronted by problems which permitted her profound mentality to rise to its highest level and her singularly clear-headed vision to project itself across spaces that defy even the most far-seeing of men. She went below the surface of everything; she saw nothing from a superficial point of view. What men liked in her, and what other women envied and sometimes hated, was the rare faculty of saying little unless she was prepared to say a great deal more.

More than one great statesman had said on occasion that it was too bad she wasn't a man! With a mind like that—well, there's no telling! No wonder Davenport Carstairs was proud of her!

And yet, with all this unstinted praise, with all this respectful admiration, there was not a man among them who would have exchanged places with Davenport Carstairs. Despite her beauty, her no uncertain charm of manner, her strangely old-fashioned femininity, no man coveted her. As a matter of fact, they were a little bit awed by Frieda Carstairs.

The foreign ambassador was leaving early. He explained to his hostess that a very important conference was to be held that night in his rooms at the hotel. He was profoundly apologetic, but if she knew how much depended on the outcome of this very, very important meeting—and so on, and so on. She said she understood perfectly; affairs of state, she went on to say, always lead up to a state of affairs; and that, of course, is hopeless unless taken in time.

He was a little bewildered. Fearing that she had not fully grasped his meaning, he proceeded to elaborate a little. It wasn't really a state of affairs or, for that matter, an affair of state. Time, of course—yes, time was the essence of everything in these bitter days. She was quite right; the whole trouble with the Allies had been the wasting of time; now they realized the importance of doing things promptly. She said she was glad that they were not letting the grass grow under their feet. He mumbled something about winter, and of nothing much growing outside the tropics, and floundered with further confidences.

Leaning quite close to her he whispered something in her ear. It left her perfectly calm.

"This, you understand, my dear madam, is not to be repeated—strictly confidential; absolutely—ah—on the quiet, as you say over here."

"I shan't even repeat it to my husband," said she.

The ambassador looked relieved. "I fear he would not approve of my mentioning a matter that he seems to have withheld from you himself."

She smiled.

"Possess your soul in peace, my dear ambassador. I am as good as he at keeping a secret."

"It is—ah—most imperative that this shouldn't—ah—get out, so to speak," said he, wishing in his soul that he had not let it out himself.

"You have spoken to the Sphinx," said she gravely.

She happened to glance down the table at this juncture. Something hypnotic drew her gaze directly to Captain Steele. He was regarding her steadily. There was a queer, intent look in his eyes. For an instant their gaze held, and then he looked away. She turned to speak to the man on her left. If he had been an observing person he would have noticed the tired look that suddenly clouded her eyes—briefly, flittingly, it is true, but remaining long enough to have been detected by one less absorbed in himself than he. No doubt his pride would have been hurt had he observed it.

The little Italian countess spoke very frankly of conditions in her country, of specific needs that called for immediate action on the part of the American Government, of plots and counterplots in the very heart of the army, of political intrigue that sapped the courage of the people, and of the serious situation on the Isonzo, where victorious Italian armies were in constant danger of collapse because of lack of support from behind the lines. She went so far as to say that in the event of a supreme assault by the Austro-Germans the Italian armies would have to relinquish their hard-earned gains and fall back—perhaps in actual defeat.

"But the Austrians are down and out themselves," declared the cabinet member. He spoke loudly, for he was at the far end of the table. "They haven't a good solid kick left in them, much less anything like a supreme assault, countess."

"Let us hope you are right," returned the Italian woman, the line deepening between her eyes. "I only know that the Italians are in no condition to withstand a great offensive if it should come. Oh, if only England and France—and you, gentlemen—could but be made to realize the importance of a real victory over the Austrians; if you could only be made to see how desperately we are in need of all the support you can give us in men and guns and food, and—aye, in confidence too. If the German Emperor knew the truth about our position on the Isonzo and in the Trentino, he—ah, he would not wait, he would not hesitate. He would move like lightning. He would send a million men to the aid of the Austrians. He would strike with all his might; and then, when it was all over, you—all of you—would grate your teeth while he laughed over another of your blunders."

The men all smiled tolerantly. She was a woman. That was just the way a high-strung, emotional woman would talk.

"It would be quite simple, countess," said Davenport Carstairs, "if the Kaiser had even half a million men to spare. He is being kept pretty busy in France and Flanders just now."

"Ah, but in Russia!" she cried vehemently. "What of the damned Russians?" In her excitement she spoke the language of the army. Of her hearers the men seemed a little more shocked than the women. "Are they keeping him pretty busy? No! Are they holding his vast armies in check? No! They are doing more than that. They are shoving him back, driving him and all of his men and guns out of Russia. Driving them down into Italy and over to Flanders, that is what they are doing. And you—you and France and England—will not wake up until it is too late.

"When the Russians have driven the Germans into Paris, and across the English Channel, and down to Rome—then you will understand."

"But the Italians will hold the ground they have gained," protested one of the men. "I talked with members of the commission before they sailed the other day, and there wasn't one of them who expressed the slightest uneasiness about the Italian Front. On the other hand, they were of the opinion that the Italians would continue to advance. The Austrians are shot to pieces."

"Italy was not represented in that secret mission, my dear sir," said the countess, a trifle curtly. "You do not know what the Italians know, and what they are actually dreading. They know they cannot resist a great offensive."

"Well, as long as the Germans are ignorant of the true state of affairs I can't see that there is much to worry about," said Carstairs pleasantly.

"But the Germans will not remain in ignorance forever, Mr. Carstairs," exclaimed the countess. "They find out everything—everything, in time."

This big, three-cylinder, triple-action pump is a "bear" for quick action. Built for the vigorous man who can do the job in a hurry and wants a pump that works fast. 18-inch stroke. The top notch in a dependable three-cylinder pump. Ask for "Sunderland No. 3" (formerly our "Hercules" model). Price, $4.50.

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Sunderland No. 10 at $2.25—a high grade, single cylinder pump with floating piston—something new—20-inch stroke.

Sunderland No. 100 (formerly called our Dixie model) at $1.40—a good quality single action pump, plenty capable for 3-inch tires—18-inch stroke.

Every Sunderland Tire Pump has heavy steel cylinders—nickeled or black—strong, smooth handles—finest leather piston washers—and sturdy construction beyond the ordinary. Each pump tested to 125 lbs. pressure. Built to satisfy the car owner—we do not make cheap pumps for automobile manufacturers to give away.

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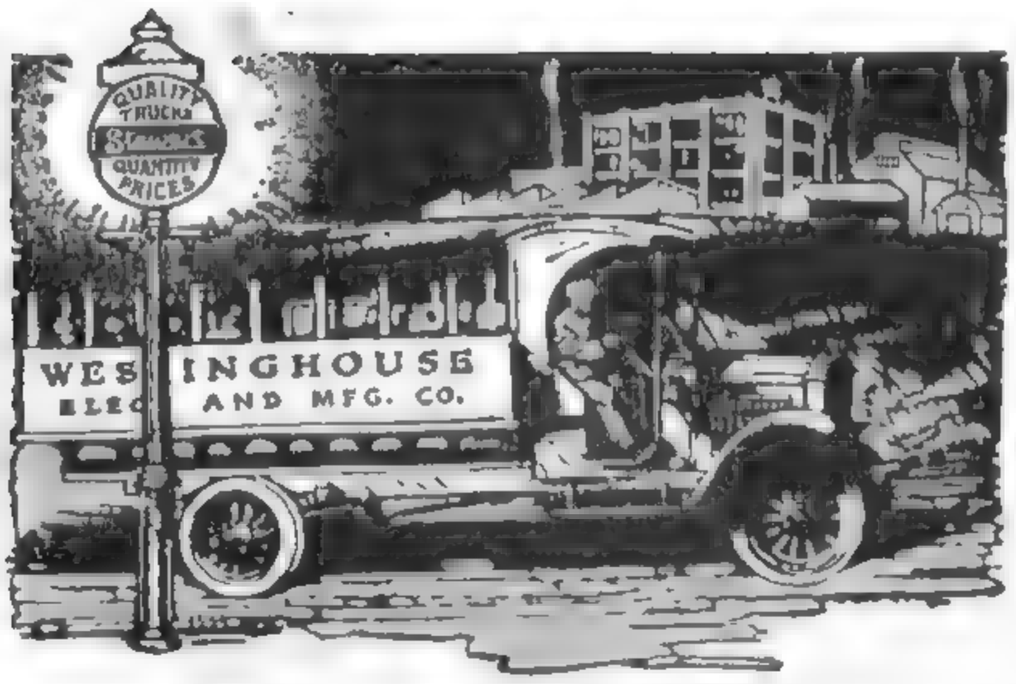

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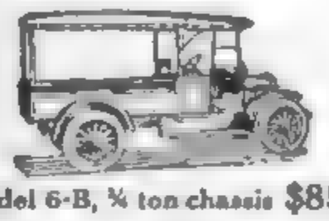
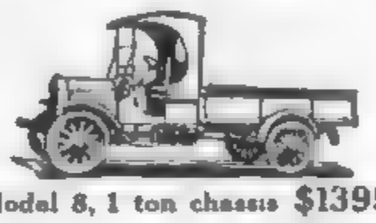

Model 6-B, ¾ ton chassis $850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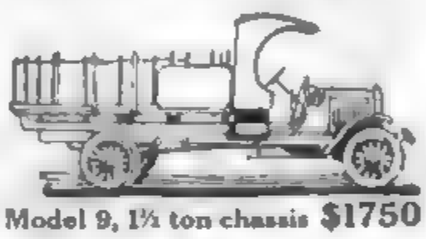
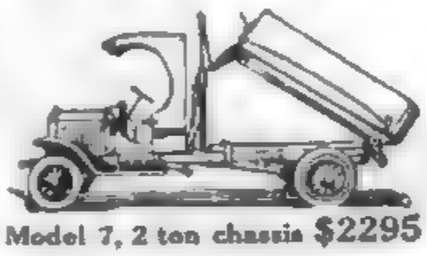

Model 9, 1½ ton chassis $1750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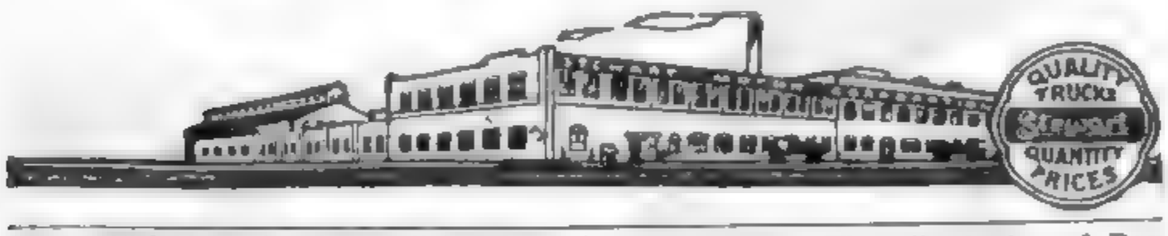

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"Not everything," said the admiral blandly. "Their marvelous spy system failed completely in the case of the Franco-British special mission. The members of the party came, remained here for more than a fortnight, sailed for home last week, and Germany never had so much as an inkling of the visit. By this time the Campion is no doubt safely through the danger zone. I call that beating the devil with his own stick."

"The Campion?" fell sharply from the lips of Mrs. Carstairs.

"You are mistaken, admiral. They sailed on the Elston," said her husband.

The admiral beamed. "My dear sir, the entire party was transferred to the Campion ten hours after the Elston sailed out of this port. The secretary took no chances. He had that devilish Kitchener betrayal in mind. There was the possibility, you know, of a leak somewhere. One never can tell. So everything that could be thought of was done to frustrate the 'system.' The destruction of the Elston with those men on board would have been a greater disaster to the Allies than the loss of Kitchener or half the battle front in France. I happen to know the transfer was made safely and according to plans. The Elston continued her voyage in convoy, but she was laden with nothing more precious than food for the Germans."

"Food for the Germans?" cried the Italian countess, aghast.

The admiral's smile broadened. "The most indigestible food that is made in America," said he. After a moment's perplexity she smiled and clapped her hands.

Once more Mrs. Carstairs' gaze was drawn irresistibly to the young captain halfway up the table. His eyes were fixed on her again; and again, as before, after an instant they were averted. Something in his steady look seared her like a hot iron. He seemed to be searching the innermost recesses of her brain—and she quailed. His face grew suddenly pale and drawn, paler even than her own.

The admiral having come sharply into prominence continued to play his high cards. He leaned back in his chair, neglecting a dessert of which he was especially fond, and with considerable bumptiousness rambled on sonorously.

"We've been expecting word all day from Admiral Sims. The convoy is a swift one. Both the Campion and the Elston should reach port to-day or at the very latest to-morrow. I confess we've all been anxious. They are wiring me from Washington as soon as —— By the way, Mrs. Carstairs, I took the liberty of instructing my aid to telephone me here in case the report comes to-night. Hope you don't mind. I thought ——"

"Of course I don't mind, admiral," she said warmly. "On the contrary I am glad you thought of it. We are all terribly interested."

Late in the evening—in fact, just as the guests were preparing to depart—the admiral was called to the telephone. When he rejoined the group a few minutes afterward his expression was serious.

"Our precautions were well taken, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "The Elston was torpedoed this morning. Practically everybody on board was lost."

There was a moment's silence. Then Captain Steele spoke:

"So the Germans did know that the commission sailed out of New York Harbor on the Elston. It would seem, admiral, that the spy sits pretty close to the head of your board; I mean, of course, your board of strategy."

"By Gad!" growled the distressed sailorman. "It—it is incredible! There couldn't have been a leak down there!"

"Have you an idea how many people actually knew that the party was sailing on the Elston?" inquired the young man. His face was very white.

The admiral glanced round the room rather helplessly. "Of course the fact was known to quite a number of people—such as we are here—but what are we to do if we can't trust ourselves? Nothing could have been more carefully guarded. Not a line in the newspapers, not a word uttered in public, not a ——"

"The information could not have come from anyone directly connected with the Navy Department, admiral," said Steele slowly.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir," said the admiral, stiffening.

"For the simple and obvious reason that it was the Elston and not the Campion they went after. A spy in such a position would have known of the transfer."

"On the other hand, it may have been pure chance that they attacked the Elston," said Davenport Carstairs, a queer huskiness in his voice. "Coincidence, and nothing more. Thank heaven, they didn't get the Campion."

Steele was the last to leave. He said good night to Louise Hansbury in the little hall outside. He had rung for the elevator. The door, on the latch, had been closed behind them and they were quite alone for a few minutes.

"Louise," he said, and suddenly his voice, scarcely more than a whisper, sounded strange and unnatural to her, "it's a horrible thing to say, but the—the trouble is right here in this house. You heard what the admiral said? I can't explain how it all happened, but suddenly I had a—well, a revelation. A great flaring light seemed to flash in my face. I give you my word, it was actually blinding. I thought my heart would never beat again. I saw through everything. It is all as plain as day to me. God help us all, dearest—it's—it's unspeakable! I've just got to tell you—so that you may be on your guard. To-morrow—or as soon as possible, at any rate—you must make an excuse to get away from here—for a visit or anything you can think of. But get away you must!"

"Do you know what you are saying, Derrol?" she whispered, clutching his arm. She was trembling like a leaf, and swayed. An expression of the utmost dread and horror filled her eyes.

"Yes—yes, I do. It is terrible—but, by heaven, it's true! As true as we live and breathe."

She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Derrol, I felt it too—to-night. What are we to do? What can be done?"

"Hush! Here is the elevator. I can't say anything more to-night. I don't have to go back to camp till to-morrow night. To-morrow morning I'll call up. I must see you alone—and not here."

"I go out every morning for a walk—about eleven," she breathed.

The elevator door slid open.

"Good night," said he.

She clasped his hand in silence. Then she went back into the apartment, and as one drugged passed the drawing-room door and staggered down the hall toward her bedroom.

Mrs. Carstairs, alone in the drawing-room, saw the girl pass and stepped quickly to the door.

"Louise dear, are you ill?" she called out.

"No, Aunt Frieda. I—I'm all right. Good night."

"Good night, dear. Sleep late."

The door down the long hall closed softly, and Frieda Carstairs turned back into the drawing-room with a sigh. Her husband was looking over the night mail that had been piled on his desk in the study. She went in to him.

"I wonder if poor, dear Alfred is struggling with that abominable nightmare of his," she said. "Really, Davenport, the boy is wearing himself out. I don't see why physics should be so difficult for him."

"It was difficult for me, my dear," said he, looking up. Their eyes met and she smiled gently, lovingly. He took her firm, steady hand and pressed it to his cheek.

"I think I'll run in and shoo him off to bed. If only he wouldn't smoke that dreadful pipe while he studies. He breathes nothing but smoke."

"Doesn't hurt him a bit," said he. "They've got sheet-iron lungs, you see—these sophomores."

She left him and went down to her son's room. Carstairs was staring fixedly, intently into space when she returned—he knew not how long afterward. He came out of his reverie with a start when she spoke to him from the door.

"Alfie is going out for a breath of fresh air," she said. "It seemed to me his room was stuffier and smokier than I've ever known it to be before. Really, dear, he is dreadfully trying. He ——"

"My dear, you've never been a boy," said he, collecting himself and smiling. "You don't know what it is to be completely self-satisfied."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," said Alfred, coming up behind his mother. "Are you going to sit up much longer, mother?"

"A little while. Hurry back, dear. Don't go out without your overcoat. There is quite a chill in the air."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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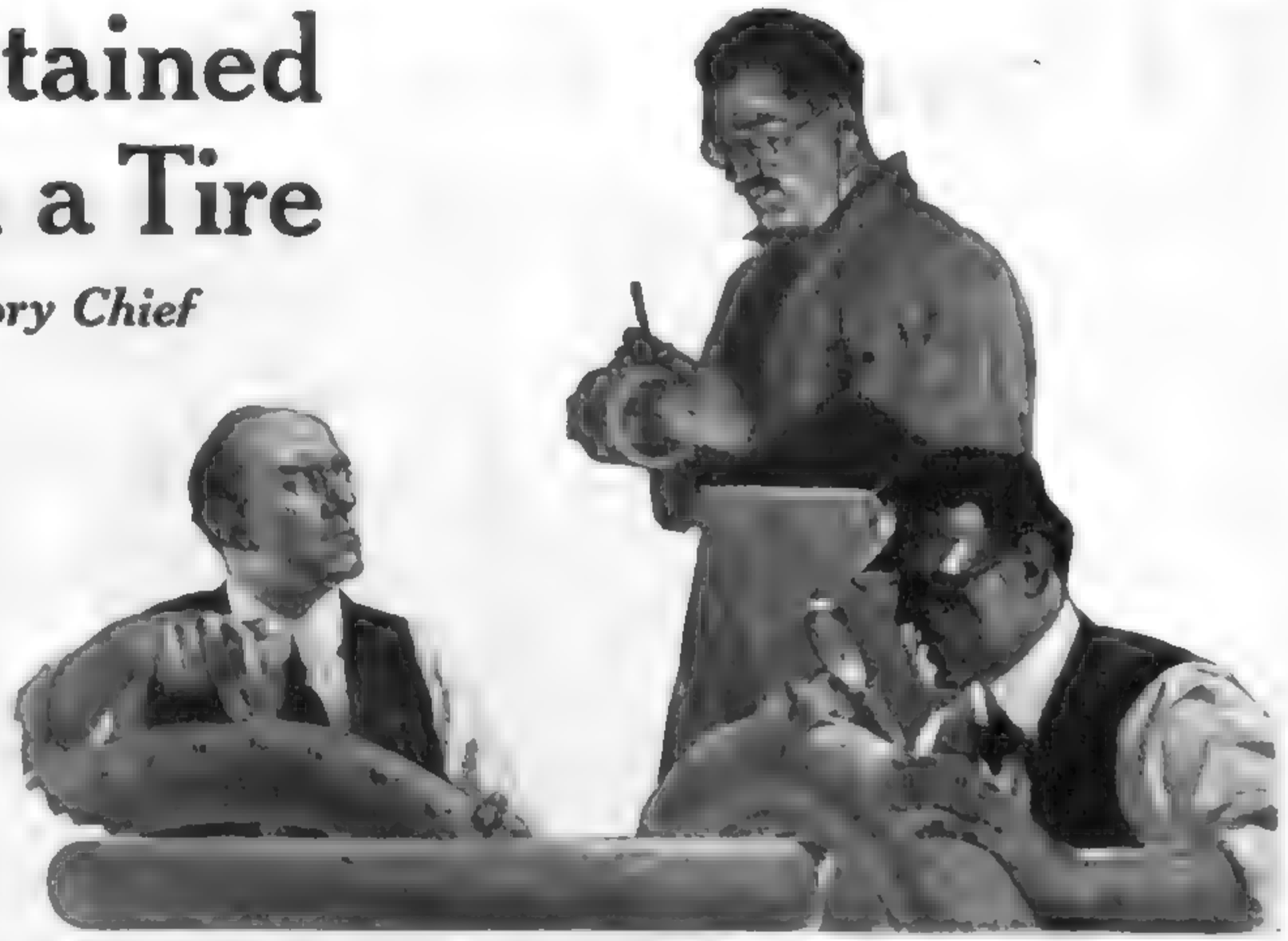
As Told by Our Factory Chief



We analyzed and tested over two hundred tires

THE story of the Brunswick Tire is one which all of us will ever be proud to tell.

The world-famed House of Brunswick, in 1915, decided to apply the Brunswick principles to tires.

In other lines they had always built the finest thing produced. To everyone and everywhere Brunswick means perfection. To stake that prestige on a tire was a momentous step.

First they gathered together a brilliant staff. Not an expert among them had spent less than 20 years in tire making.

Each was a master of this craft. And each, above all, believed in maximum standards. All realized that success must come by building better tires than others. Men cannot be fooled on tires.

This entire staff spent two years in careful preparation. They built and equipped a model plant with every up-to-date facility.

In the meantime, over 200 types of high-grade tires were analyzed and tested. We proved to a certainty what was best in every varying detail.

Model tires were made up embodying all these known supremacies. They had the best treads in existence. The fabric met our highest tests.

They had all the reinforcements—all the extras—which actually improve a tire. And each was a known improvement, demonstrated by a 20-year experience, by comparisons and tests.

Then these model tires with their quantity costs were submitted to the Brunswick directors.

Sold at usual prices — as they are — the margin is extremely small. We pointed out a dozen ways of possible economy. But the Brunswick people — to a man — said, "Make those model tires."

And that is what we are doing.

There is no secret in an ideal tire. All formulas, all methods are well known. A perfect tire is simply a question of care and skill and cost.

Formulas, fabrics and standards vary vastly in cost. And they vary as much in endurance. Reinforcements, plies and thickness are a matter of expense.

In every tire factory the great question is, "How much can we give for the money?" And the tire depends on the policy.

The Brunswick idea is to give all that is possible — all that anyone gives — all that any cost can buy. Then they save in distributive methods through their nation-wide organization.

The result has been an instant and sensational success. Never has a new tire met such a welcome.

If these ideals appeal to you we ask you to try these tires. They are sold on a 5000-mile adjustment basis. They are sold on our pledge that a better fabric tire is impossible.

By the end of this year there will be a vast army of Brunswick enthusiasts, and even one tire will place you among them. Get it.

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F C Huber, whose clever advertising and merchandising plans get big sales results. And his exact business knowledge gets equally big results in management.

F. C. Huber of Larrabee, Iowa, tells how he makes a high score on collections

In a store where ordinary prudence is used in extending credit, bad accounts usually come from *not knowing what's on the books*. That's a chance I never take.

My simple system of figure records keeps me in touch with credit facts just as faithfully as with cash facts and merchandise facts. I always know just how every account stands today, at a minute's notice.

It isn't difficult to keep close to all the facts about a business. With a Burroughs Machine to do the figuring, information comes almost automatically. Less than half an hour every morning is required to make up for me a report which tells me these things:

Yesterday's sales in our six departments—both cash and charge, with cost of goods sold, gross profit, expense, and net; sales comparisons with day before and same day last year; total of accounts receivable and total owed creditors; cash on hand and in bank; inventory figures for all departments. And the monthly recap of these daily reports is obtained just as quickly.

I know I couldn't get all these figure-facts without my Burroughs —I couldn't afford to, in the first place; and they couldn't be done on time by pen-and-ink figuring. You see, it's the time saved on routine work by Burroughs speed and accuracy that provides the "spare time" in which it does these other jobs. The Burroughs gives me something to work with in planning and managing my business.

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Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada.

Burroughs offices are also maintained in the principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125

PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

ONE TO THIRTY-ONE

(Continued from Page 18)

community and to enable each individual to do his duty according to his ability during the period of the war; to conserve and render most efficient the personal services and financial resources of the entire community through a single coördinating agency; to reduce to a minimum the number of money-raising campaigns; to insure adequate support for all future war needs; to interest and educate the entire community; to encourage thrift; to distribute fairly and equitably the funds collected; to develop among all the spirit of war service."

The specific duties of this executive committee were to build up a campaign organization, raise a fund that would be sufficient, in its opinion, to meet all war needs for a year, and to act as sole trustees and administrators for that fund, with final jurisdiction over all disbursements. Wherefore it was necessary, imperative, that the executive committee should not only be representative of all classes of population in Columbus but that the men on it should have the entire confidence of the community. The men selected are among the most important men in the city and thoroughly representative of all classes. These men are: S. P. Bush, who is president of the executive committee, and is president of the Buckeye Steel Castings Company; F. A. Miller, of the H. C. Godman Shoe Company; L. M. Boda, of the Valentine Company; John G. Deshler, banker; W. E. Bird, secretary-treasurer of Columbus Typographical Union, Number Five; S. D. Hutchins, of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company; Simon Lazarus, of the F. & R. Lazarus Company; A. T. Seymour, attorney; Robert F. Wolfe, publisher and manufacturer; and John Briggs, of Briggsdale.

The Scale of Percentages

After a visit to Canada by some of the divisional heads of the organization, where men who had been occupied with war funds were consulted, the task of deciding on the war needs of Columbus for 1918 was undertaken—a war budget was made. The executive committee called in representatives of all organizations that had raised war money during 1917 and secured estimates of the probable sums to be required of Columbus. Allowances were made for emergencies and for shrinkages because of poor collections. It was determined that three million dollars was to be the size of the war budget of Columbus, and the wage resources of the city were surveyed. It was soon discovered that to get this amount of money practically every person of income must contribute, and must contribute on a definitely fixed ratio of his income. A scale of percentages was prepared a month before the campaign opened.

That scale of percentages was as follows:

Wage and small salary earners, one day's pay out of each month—1 to 31.

Incomes of $2000 and under $3000 a year, one day's pay out of each 20 days—1 to 20.

Incomes of $3000 and under $5000 a year, one day's pay out of each 18 days—1 to 18.

Incomes of $5000 and under $10,000 a year, one day's pay out of each 15 days—1 to 15.

Incomes of $10,000 and under $15,000 a year, one day's pay out of each 12 days—1 to 12.

Incomes of $15,000 and under $20,000 a year, one day's pay out of each 11 days—1 to 11.

Incomes of $20,000 and under $25,000 a year, one day's pay out of each 10 days—1 to 10.

Incomes of $25,000 and under $30,000 a year, one day's pay out of each 9 days—1 to 9.

Incomes of $30,000 and under $35,000 a year, one day's pay out of each 8 days—1 to 8.

It was the original intention to publish this scale in the newspapers early in January, before the work of collecting began, in order that everybody might be impressed with the size of the job; but there the astute publicity men stepped in and argued that though the scale of percentages was impressive it also was depressing. They urged that the people must be brought up to this by a publicity campaign, and they won their point. They worked out a plan whereby the cold figures of the percentages were transposed into terms of pay days. This imposed a burden of one day's pay out of each thirty-one on the producers of the lowest scale of wages, and it gradually led up to the "One to Thirty-One" idea which swept the town. Presently I shall go into the work of this publicity committee, on which the success of the whole campaign rested, and which was brilliantly effective; but first I shall continue the outline of the work of the committee.

The biggest money-raising campaign in Columbus had been the Red Cross drive in November, 1917. In that week three hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars was raised from a total of twelve thousand five hundred individual subscribers. The committee knew that to get its required three millions this number of individuals must be increased to at least sixty-five thousand. When the campaign did come there were ninety thousand individual subscribers, and the three millions were raised in five days, beginning February fifth and closing February ninth, when the required sum was pledged. It had been thought to use seven days, but five sufficed, and then, true to its promise, with three million three hundred thousand dollars subscribed, the committee stopped its work of solicitation. To attain this result the men in charge of the work built up an educational and money-raising organization of seven thousand people. The advance work had been done so thoroughly that the war-chest idea was familiar to everybody in Columbus.

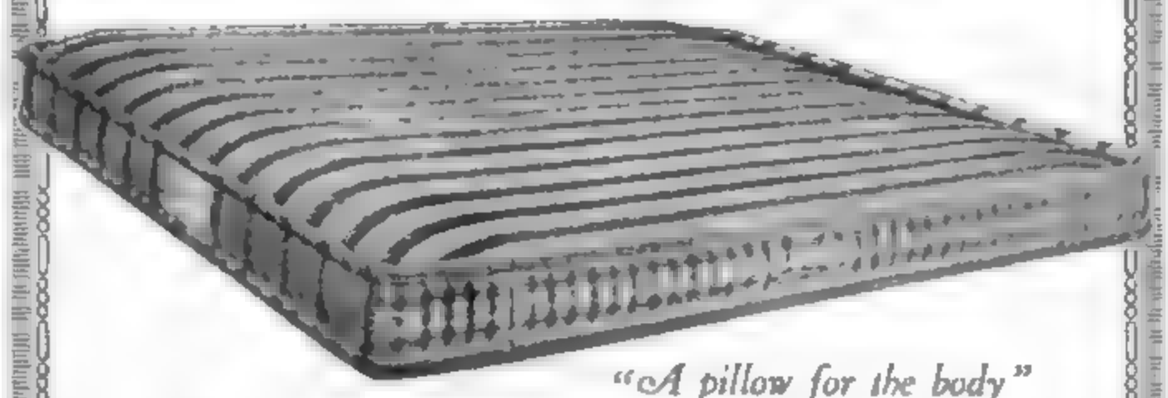
The plan of organization was this: The General Committee and, acting for it, the Executive Committee. Next came the Administration Expense Committee, the treasurer and his staff, the Campaign Organization Committee, the Education Committee, the Publicity Committee and the Budget Committee. Subordinate to and acting with the treasurer was the office organization. Subordinate to and acting under the direction of the Campaign Organization Committee were the Individual Subscribers Division; the Outlying Individual Subscribers Division; the Township Subscribers Division—for the campaign included not only Columbus but all of Franklin County; the Factory Employee Division; the Utility Employee Division; the Retail Employee Division; the Public Employee Division; the General Employee Division and the Homes Division. Each of these divisions had its captains and teams for active work of solicitation, covering wards and towns and various subdivisions of the persons to be reached. The Education Committee directed, also, the Homes Division and the Meetings Division; and the Publicity Division handled all publicity.

The Wrecking Crew

An intensive survey of the city was made and the approximate number of people who might be reached through each division head and his lieutenants reported. The manner in which these divisions worked out and what they comprised were as follows: The individual subscribers were those, on the basis of former contributions, who might be expected to give considerable sums, the usual contributors. There were about ten thousand of these, and they were card-indexed and assigned to twenty-eight squads of solicitors. Their incomes were known, and they had definite expectations set after their names. When the campaign was in progress a wrecking crew was organized, to pay particular attention to these men. The wrecking-crew members were bankers and manufacturers, and they were in session at all hours during the campaign. If when the subscriptions came in any of these individual prospects did not assay up to expectations the wrecking crew took them in hand, and usually got results.

The outlying individual subscriptions were the small stores, barber shops, saloons, and so on, outside the downtown commercial district; and the township subscribers were those living in the eighteen rural townships in Franklin County. Columbus has approximately thirty-three thousand factory workers scattered through a large number of plants. The head of the Factory Employee Division established a separate soliciting agency in each plant employing more than ten persons. He carefully selected an employee who was influential with his fellow workers. In the larger plants the

The Sleep-Bringer



"A pillow for the body"

Edward Earle Purinton, author of "Efficient Living," by inference indorsed the Sealy when he recommended *"a thick, sanitary mattress, warranted to stay smooth."*

The Sealy is known America over as "the sanitary mattress, warranted to stay smooth." Being made of immaculate cotton, and tuftless (the cardinal exclusive Sealy feature) it is both permanently smooth and sanitary.

"Sleep sixty hours a week or more, and as nearly out-doors as possible. Have bed, springs, mattress, coverlets hygienic and scientific—here economy is out of place" advises Purinton, the eminent apostle of efficiency.

The Sealy is intended by its creators to be as fine in every particular as it is possible to make a mattress. So they gather from the Sealy Plantation the choicest of fresh, long-fibre cotton, air-weave it into a resilient batt, covering the whole with exacting care.

A Twenty-Year Sleep Insurance Policy

is issued against packing, spreading and lumpiness with every Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress.

Tho the Sealy will grace the most sumptuous sleeping-room, it is available for the modest home. It lends abiding comfort and style wherever installed.

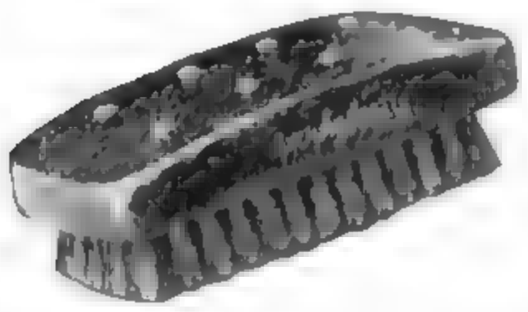
If you write us, we will send you a booklet on the relation of mattresses to health, some charming covering samples and the name of a dealer authorized to sell you a Sealy on a sixty-night trial basis

Sealy

Sealy Mattress Company

Dept. P. SUGAR LAND, TEXAS

A Six-Year-Old Hand-Brush



Ever have a hand-brush in daily use six years? The one in the picture has been in an office and has stood up under the strain like a thoroughbred.

It's the Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand-Brush, and not everyone knows about it. Sells for one dollar, whereas most of the others you can pick up anywhere for 10 to 25 cents. This hand-brush is made for particular people who know the economy in buying articles of supreme quality—even when it comes to hand-brushes.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand-Brush is a fine, generously sized brush—bristles of the best quality boar possible to get in the world's market—set in aluminum, and riveted to a specially finished hard-wood back. Good looking, but nothing coarse about it; built to stand many years' hard service. The *feel* of the brush is firm, but the bristles are not *harsh;* it will clean the most delicate hands and finest skin without scratching. The bristles will never come out, become soft, or slop over the sides. Will stand soaking in any temperature or hardness of water and the rawest soap can't hurt it.

To have a hand-brush like the Pro-phy-lac-tic—don't you honestly think a dollar would be well spent? Remember, you use a hand-brush practically every day in the year, and this one will last years. If so, ask for one at a store. Failing to find it there send us a dollar and your brush will be mailed you at once, packed well in a box.

If when you receive your brush you feel you haven't your dollar's worth, let us know. Your dollar will be returned.

In Canada the Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush is $1.25. Canadian address: 425 Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

250 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

We make the well-known Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

same plan was followed except that there was an organization for each department of the plant. In this way the plants were all organized from the bottom up, and a rivalry established between the different departments of each organization. An idea that worked effectively in this factory solicitation was the One Hundred Per Cent celebration. Any small plant which secured a subscription from each individual employed was given a certificate of membership in the War Chest One Hundred Per Cent Club. Then they began publishing the names of the One Hundred Per Cent Clubs, and thus established a rivalry between different plants that had tremendous results.

The Utility Employee Division was organized for the street car, gas, electric, telephone and other utility operatives, not many of whom had contributed to previous campaigns. The Retail Employee Division covered the stores in the downtown district, and the same Hundred Per Cent spirit of rivalry was fostered and had its good results. The Public Employee Division covered the large number of Federal, state, city, county, school and other public employees, and the General Employee Division was to catch others not classified, such as bank and office employees. Wage and salary information was at hand, and percentages were insisted upon. The primary principle of money collecting was to solicit only at the place of business, and not accept subscriptions at any other point. This caught the prospect who said he had subscribed somewhere else. He hadn't, for he had had no opportunity, and his subscription was sought and received only at a certain point. Thus the alibi boys were thwarted.

Educational Work

To get the results that were attained it was necessary to educate the people of Columbus and of Franklin County to an understanding not only of the plan but of the need for it, and the war necessities of the country; in short, to waken them to the vast importance of the war. The three educational divisions were the Homes Division, the Meetings Division and the Publicity Division. The Homes Division built up a city-wide precinct organization. There are eighteen wards in Columbus, and a captain was appointed for each. These captains in turn selected precinct captains, about two hundred and seventy-five in all. Each precinct captain had four assistants—two men and two women. Meetings were held before these precinct and ward workers were turned loose, at which they were thoroughly instructed in the object, scope and necessity of the work.

These workers went out in their precincts a week before the actual money-raising campaign began. They visited each home and explained to the women in the house just what was in progress and what was hoped for, and answered questions. They could not collect any money. Their work was entirely educational. Whenever they found a man or woman of income who had no place of business they filled out a card, and that person was solicited at home, but this was the only deviation from the plan of collecting at the place of business. These missionaries had pamphlets explaining the plan, which they left at the houses they visited, and the main and successful object of them was to acquaint the women with the necessity for the subscription that was expected of the breadwinners in their families.

Meetings played a great part in the preliminary work. Fifty good local speakers were selected and thoroughly coached in the presentation of the facts concerning the campaign. They were pledged to respond to any call at any time, and on an average during the intensive period of the week preceding the campaign and the week of the campaign itself fifty meetings a day were held in shops, churches, neighborhoods and halls. Nearly every singer in Columbus was pressed into service to furnish music for the meetings. Every effort was made to get the audiences to singing.

These meetings, next to the general publicity, were the greatest factors in the success of the loan. They held them at all hours—at midnight for railroad men, and at three o'clock in the morning for crew shifts in the steel plants; at six in the morning for early factory workers, and at nine at night for late men on their jobs. Always there was a man to address the meeting who had some relation to the group of workers at the meeting, a "key" man who spoke in commendation of the plan. This followed a vigorous ten-minute speech by one of the staff of speakers, and the rest of the time was musical. The people present were cajoled into singing. There were great mass meetings, also, held in the big city halls. General White and the British and Canadian recruiting missions spoke and brought first-hand information from the war, and Charles H. Whitehair, International War Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spoke at another meeting. There were a number of wounded Canadian soldiers in Columbus, brought there, as will be explained later, by the publicity men, and at this tremendous meeting they grouped a hundred mothers of Franklin County boys who were in the American service on one side of the stage and the wounded Canadians on the other side, making a tremendously effective picture. They used all the brass bands in Columbus, and these meetings were fervently, chorally, wildly enthusiastic and patriotic. The speakers also visited the churches and the theaters, and everywhere there was a gathering of people.

This brings me to the Publicity Division, which, under the leadership of George V. Sheridan, made the campaign a success; to the story of the twenty-five wounded Canadian soldiers and the mystic "One to Thirty-One" that had Columbus guessing for several days and that concentrated the attention of the city on the work at hand. The publicity campaign had three phases, or periods, divided as follows: From December twentieth to January twenty-sixth, from January twenty-seventh to February second, and from February third to the close of the campaign; and each period had its systematic appeal.

The first job was to impress on the people of Columbus and of Franklin County just what was in mind, how great the undertaking was, and how necessary, and to incite the men who were responsible for the work and made up the organization to the greatest effort by personal publicity. Before the selections for the executive heads of the general divisions were made the publicity young men indulged in pleasant speculation in the local papers as to who would be selected, and said the Executive Committee was searching for "the twelve biggest-calibered men in the city." Thus when the selections were made the men who were selected had much kudos from that fact. And after they were installed the publicity men kept them up to the mark by more personal publicity. Nobody dared to shirk. They starred the chief men and made them perform.

The Element of Mystery

The second task was to explain the plan so thoroughly to the people during the week preceding the actual campaign that the solicitors would not be compelled to lose any time in explaining it themselves, nor in argument, nor urging, but could devote all their effort to getting the money. The third task was to enforce these explanations and drive home the necessities of the plan and of the nation by patriotic awakening and appeal—to push Columbus over the top.

There were two outstanding features of this publicity campaign, and the greater of these was "One to Thirty-One." Early in the planning for the campaign it was found that to make the plan a success it would be necessary, as it was advisable, to get the active and financial coöperation of practically every able-bodied man in the city, every person of income, no matter how small. It was a hard thing to do. The table of percentages, quoted above, had been figured out, but in its bald form it seemed to imply too great a burden. The figures seemed forbidding, frightening, especially to the man of small income.

In mulling over this the publicity men decided that while it might frighten or deter a worker to tell him that he would be required to give a certain amount, expressed in money figures, each month, there was a way of making the burden seem less oppressive. When the campaign began Columbus people had not reached the proper stage of patriotic fervor to assure a great response to a plan to give a certain stipulated amount of their fixed incomes for any purpose whatsoever, much less for a war that was not yet visualized by them. Some bright young man discovered that what was asked if the three million dollars were to be raised was practically a contribution from the wage earners of one day's pay out of each month—a ratio of one to thirty-one. That gave them the idea for the slogan. But before they began to incite the wage earners with that slogan the publicity men proceeded on their campaign to get all the preliminaries set forth, to till the minds of the people until their mental soil should be eagerly responsive to the seed, and to reap the harvest from that seed.

Thus the basis of giving required was not mentioned until January twenty-eighth, when the plan had been thoroughly inculcated. On January twenty-eighth the publicity men covered the city of Columbus and the county of Franklin with that mysterious sign "One to Thirty-One." No explanations were made, but everywhere a man in Columbus or a man in the county turned he saw "One to Thirty-One." Placards were on every post. The mysterious numerals were painted on every street car, inside and out. They were on the mirror of every barber shop. All the restaurants had the figures on their menu cards. The newspapers carried them on their first pages in each edition, and on most other pages—simply "1 to 31" in big black type, with no word of explanation. All the cartoonists played up the figures. They were all over the place. Nobody but the publicity men knew what they meant; and they didn't tell.

The result was that in a day's time all Columbus and all Franklin County were buzzing with inquiry about the mysterious figures, and by the end of the week they were the chief topic of incidental conversation. Saloons served a "One to Thirty-One" cocktail. The actors in the theaters made jokes about the mystery. The moving-picture houses threw the figures regularly on their screens. Columbus was mystified and interested and excited.

How the Canadians Helped

On the Saturday afternoon preceding the campaign the newspapers carried an explanation, with big headlines all across their first pages, and the Sunday papers followed with an elaboration of the explanation showing that what it all meant was that it was merely the basis of contribution required from the smallest incomes, one day's pay out of thirty-one—one day's pay from the man at home as set against the thirty-one days of service the soldiers of Uncle Sam are giving each month.

On Saturday, January twenty-sixth, when the first explanation was made, the Canadian soldiers arrived, and as they came the city, so intelligently prepared, burst into a great fervor of patriotism. On the Monday following the flag decorative scheme was put in operation, and the publicity men were shown to have won their point. Columbus was ablaze with patriotism. The basis of payment was accepted without argument. The shrewd psychologists of the publicity committee believed that if the percentages were set forth earlier there would have been arguments and discussion over their ratios, and their justness, and so on, to the detriment of the general result. As it was, nearly fifty thousand contributors followed the "One to Thirty-One" ratio exactly.

Coincident with the culmination of the "One to Thirty-One" assault on the purses of Columbus came the Canadian soldiers, twenty-five of them, veterans. Each one of them had lost an arm or a leg in the war overseas. A chief problem of the publicity men was the necessity of bringing home to Columbus acutely what war really is, and various plans were discussed. When the Columbus men went to Toronto they were deeply impressed with the number of maimed and crippled Canadian soldiers. Legless, armless, blind, shattered, they saw; and they understood for the first time why Canada gives so freely and so generously to war needs. Arrangements were made to bring twenty-five of these men to Columbus, and they arrived late in the afternoon of January twenty-sixth. Meantime all the hoardings in the city had been covered with big posters reading "Welcome Canadian Heroes," and much newspaper space had been devoted to that purpose. The newspapers of Sunday morning, January twenty-seventh, carried big feature stories about the arrival of these legless or armless veterans; and also carried the full explanation of the "One to Thirty-One" slogan—the statement that every man in Columbus and Franklin County would be expected to give of his income in that ratio for the Columbus Community War Chest.

(Concluded on Page 97)

This year, more than ever before, thoughtful men are looking behind the product toward the institution which stands sponsor for it. What are its standards? What are its resources?

Kahn-Made-To-Measure-Clothes, Civilian or Military, are produced by one of the largest, finest-equipped and longest-established Tailoring Organizations in America.

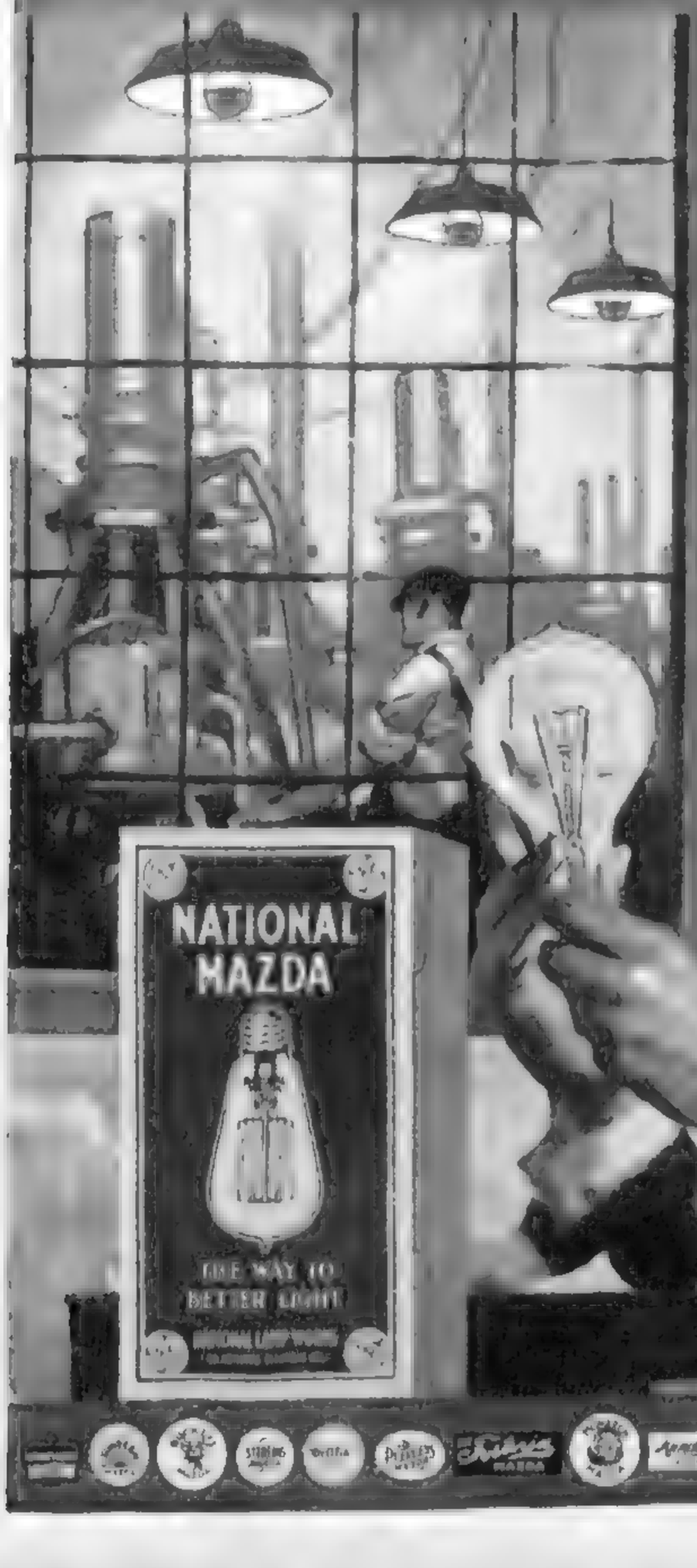
An Authorized Representative in your City and at every Camp.

KAHN·TAILORING·CO

OF·INDIANAPOLIS

NATIONAL MAZDA C

Better Light for Better Work



INDUSTRY has learned the folly of "saving" on light and losing many-fold on Production! Plant after plant has built up its output, cut down its spoilage, and reduced the number of accidents by means of better lighting.

Compared with any *one* of these savings, to say nothing of the three, the cost of ample light is trifling indeed. NATIONAL MAZDA C Lamps, with proper shades and reflectors, will give you any intensity of light required—with economy of current, and a consequent saving of the fuel employed to produce that current!

The use of these lamps is a conservation measure worthy of your attention in war-time—or any time.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
41 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

... of labels below it a guarantee of National Quality

(Concluded from Page 94)

The presence of the soldiers, the visible evidence of what they had given for their country, caused most people to forget the financial obligation laid upon them by the ratio of One to Thirty-One. Every citizen began to figure out how he could fix things to contribute, and how much he possibly could spare for the war chest. The Canadians stayed most of the week in Columbus. They were featured and pictured in the newspapers, spoke at meetings, were constantly in evidence, and added greatly to the success of the campaign.

There were nine committees in the Publicity Division, each headed by the best available man in the line covered. The chairman was in general charge, and each subcommittee chairman reported to him directly. A difficulty that rose early was the necessity for quick action on the part of the publicity men, and the impossibility of getting quick action at all times from the full Executive Committee, because of the multitude of things that committee had in hand. As their decisions often entailed the expenditure of considerable amounts of money, a way out was found by the delegation of two members of the Executive Committee to act in publicity matters in conjunction with the chairman of the division. This gave a board of three, with powers, and expedited the work.

The advertising subcommittee had charge of the display advertising in the Columbus and county papers. Full pages were used, and the best men in the city made the copy and superintended its display and its appearance. Newspapers and other mediums were not asked to donate space, but were asked for the minimum rate, which was what was paid. Nearly half a million pieces of printed matter were prepared, printed and used by the printing committee. This work was in charge of a man thoroughly familiar with the printing conditions in the city, skilled in costs and in contracting for large orders. The copy department had trained newspaper writers who turned out the stories of the progress of the campaign. Understandings were had with the managing and city editors of the papers; and the man in charge, when the campaign developed to the point of being news, kept in touch with the papers and acted as general press representative. Many special articles were prepared and printed.

Advertising on moving vehicles was an effective method of publicity. Gummed stickers, five by eighteen inches, yellow in color and with "War Chest" on them, were printed, and every moving vehicle, including all automobiles, was decorated with these. The decoration crew visited all the garages with their labels and stuck them on the cars. They put labels on every car parked in the streets. They stopped every moving car and decorated that. At first there was protest, but it was soon apparent that the crew was playing no favorites, and the citizens generally assented. The effect of these thousands of yellow labels with their red legends was remarkable. The traffic policemen helped by stopping cars with no labels on them and holding them up until the labels were affixed. The labels were mostly stuck on wind shields, but if the car was operated without that device some place was found to put them. A larger card was used for trucks, vans, brewery and delivery wagons.

Able Publicity Work

Street cars were utilized extensively. Muslin banners three by thirty feet were placed on the sides of each moving car during the week before the campaign and the week of the campaign, and posters were placed on the windows inside the cars. During the week of the campaign a street car was covered with signs, battle pictures and other incitements to patriotism and kept moving constantly about the city. An extensive poster program was carried out, with effective work by W. A. Ireland, called The Kaiser's War Chest or Ours, and other posters. These were distributed and put up by regular billing men of the city, who secured the ordinary routine billing.

Then the committee took up the work. The city was divided into districts and posters were put about everywhere. Tags were used and the motion-picture theaters utilized extensively. There never were so many flags flying in Columbus as there were during the week of the campaign. The flag committee saw to that. Two special posters were printed to use in the factories, as the interesting of the thirty-five thousand factory employees was the biggest single job the publicity men had. One of these was argument and the other was patriotic appeal.

There was a stunts committee. This body of active young men had for their task the doing of anything that would get Columbus to talking about the war chest.

This in a general way outlines the plan used by Columbus in so successfully creating and filling her community war chest. Other communities have developed similar plans, all meritorious, and Columbus has been used here to typify what can be done by a determined citizenry, as Columbus' experiment is the most successful of which I know at the present time. It is expected, as the money is to be collected in twelve monthly installments mostly, that there will be loss through failure of collections. Each subscriber signed a card of one or another kind. The salmon-colored cards authorized the employer of the person signing it to deduct his subscription from his pay and to remit it to the committee; and the white cards pledged personal remittance.

To offset possible loss of collections a city organization of women is being formed, which will place one or more women in charge of collections in each city block. If a subscriber fails to pay his subscription within a reasonable time after it is due his name will be referred to this volunteer collecting agency and an effort will be made to get the money. These women are expected to interest new residents to offset losses by sickness, removal and death.

There will be a constant propaganda maintained throughout the year, and a complete publicity campaign, but not a cent will be collected. If any organization wants money for war needs it must come to the Executive Committee to get it, and will not be allowed to make any campaign whatsoever—no drive or whirlwind or anything like that. Any war organization that gets money out of Columbus this year will get it from the war chest and not elsewhere.

The Advantages of the Plan

The expenses of the Columbus campaign were paid by private subscription. Thirty-five men subscribed one thousand dollars each. The committee adopted the plan of paying cost price for all supplies and commodities furnished, paid for its newspaper space and for its office supplies at net cost. This was done to emphasize the point that no man is expected to contribute more than once, even indirectly. His action in pledging his certain amount relieves him of all further necessities for war subscriptions of this sort during the year 1918; and there was no violation of the rule by requesting merchants to donate goods and subscribe also. The Executive Committee holds open sessions—there is no star-chamber work—and considers itself, as it is, the custodian of public funds.

An interesting feature of the Columbus campaign was the discovery of some disloyal persons, who were reported to the proper authorities and were attended to by those officials. An analysis, only partial as I write, shows that the great bulk of the subscribers accepted the one-to-thirty-one ratio. There were four subscriptions of fifty thousand dollars each, one of forty thousand dollars and several of twenty-five thousand dollars each; but mostly the subscriptions were on the proportional basis. The mayor has prohibited by proclamation any money-raising campaigns in Columbus, and the county commissioners will enforce the inhibition in the county.

This, in a general way, tells what Columbus has done. The advantages are apparent: Time and effort are economized. Fakes and unimportant needs are eliminated. All appeals must come before eleven of the most representative men of Columbus, who work in the open. The stopping of various drives makes possible one great annual drive, wherein all the energy of the city can be utilized and all the resources tapped. This campaign brought in ninety thousand instead of the ten or twelve thousand who usually did all the contributing. Machinery is erected for handling not only the future campaigns of the War Chest Committee but for the necessary Liberty Loan and other governmental demands. But best and greatest of all, this campaign woke Columbus up to what war is, how vitally it concerns every person in that city. This campaign fused Columbus into an ardent and understanding Americanism.

G & J

TIRES

Behind every G & J Tire is not only an honored name but more than 25 years experience in tire making.

The value of this experience is proved by every G & J Tire. It is proved by unfailing reliability, by increased mileage, by the true economy that lies in greater service.

In no product of the automobile industry does "know how" count more than in tires. Experience in selection of materials, processes, construction—all these mean additional miles in actual wear on the road.

Buy your tires by "The Name Behind the Tire." Buy G & J Tires because "The Name" has consistently stood for highest standards of tire construction.

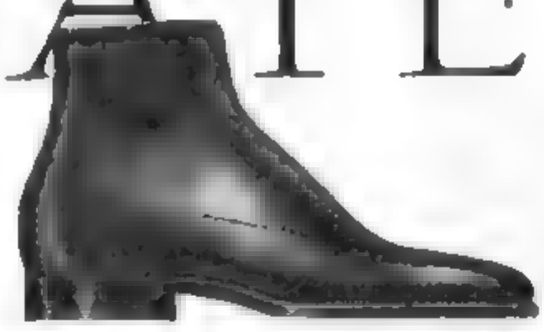
G & J Tires are made with the well-known "G" Tread, Stalwart and Plain Treads and in a cord construction of the finest type.

The G & J Tire Co.
1794 Broadway
New York

THE NAME BEHIND THE TIRE

G & J G & J

BATES



VAN DYKE LACE, IN BLACK OR THIS SEASON'S ANGULAR CHOCOLATE BROWN
FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN DOLLARS

MEN in uniform and out, looking closely to the worth of things these days, find in Bates Shoes those enduring qualities of serviceability and style that bear out the truth of the statement: *"Anything less than the price you pay for Bates Shoes is not economy."*

Bates reputation surpasses chiefly in two respects: style authority and shoe construction that gives foot satisfaction. When you wear the Bates Shoe you know you are wearing shoes built on the same sort of faultlessly correct lasts as those of the best dressed New Yorker—correct styles for every foot with this important additional consideration—lines of comfort.

A. J. BATES CO.
EST. 1885
WEBSTER MASS.

Bates SHOE

WAKEFIELD
NEW YORK
CHICAGO

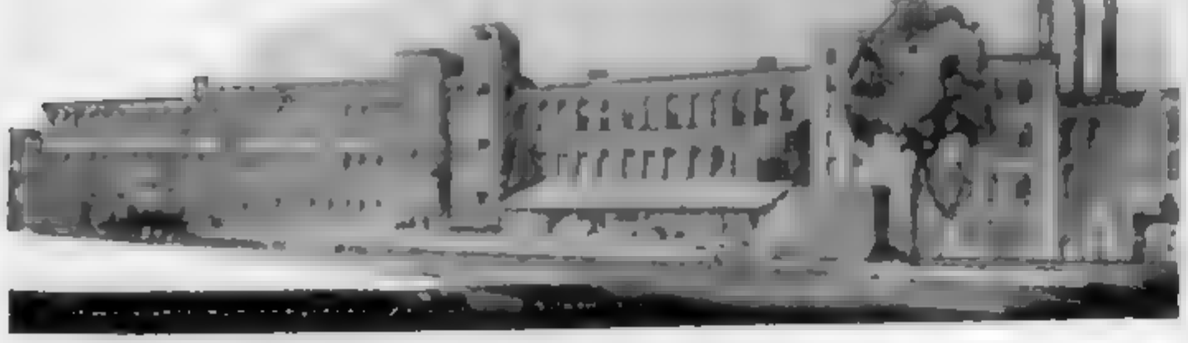
Write us for your copy of Shoe Life. It tells you all you should know to insure getting out all the comfort and wear built into the shoe. Name of our dealer in your locality on request.

SHOES

The One Star which represents an entire plant.

WITH much pride we announce that the entire product of our factories and the entire effort of our organization is now devoted to helping win the war.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
1432 Savage Avenue
Utica, New York



AMERICA MUST ADVERTISE

Continued from Page 12

for newspapers and magazines which sought information from government departments. So far as publicity can be carried on by facilitating the work of the newspapers in gathering the news at Washington the correspondents there are beginning to admit that the Creel committee is an invaluable adjunct.

But there again we are reasoning in terms of Washington—a single city; important to be sure, but only relatively so. What are the big things that touch our emotions? How much of human interest do we get out of Washington's series of orders, rules, regulations, proclamations, debates and chronicles? And where is the war? Certainly not in Washington. If anywhere in America it is in the fields, in the shipyards, in the cantonments and camps. Only a few months ago hundreds of thousands of clerks and students, lawyers and engineers, farmers and mechanics, rich and poor, donned the uniform of the United States. Since then they have been drilling tirelessly, training earnestly, moving about restlessly, awaiting the summons to France. Yet until very recently there actually existed a censorship on military camps throughout the United States! It has just been removed; but how many valuable months were lost, how many valuable opportunities to transmit to the folks in the cities and towns, who had seen the boys march away, something of the thrill and drama of the tasks in which they became subsequently engaged, something of the sacrifices they were making, of the nights under canvas and in barracks away from loved ones!

All this while hundreds of thousands of others of the same age were living comfortably at home or grumbling petulantly because the band at the hotel insisted on playing the Star-Spangled Banner just as one was about to eat one's steak or sip one's cocktail.

Who would have groaned out loud about coalless days if he could have read of the hardships of our troops encamped both in America and in France? But no, there were all-wise censors who believed such things would make depressing reading, that "hardship stuff" would make the people sick of war and therefore ready to take any kind of peace they could get, that tales of privation would be bad for the morale of the people at home and make parents worry! True enough some parents are worried, but it is really to the other fellow's parents—they are the majority—who have no contact with war but who must be awakened to it, that the message of suffering is sent. There is only one synonym for good publicity and that is the truth—no matter how few or how many it hurts.

Suppressed Stories of Heroism

Our million and a half troops—a small percentage of our man power—are nearly ready for battle. Already many have made the supreme sacrifice. The dreary list of the heroic dead is coming back to us—but not the inspiring deeds of those who march onward. We are depressed by our casualties—but we are not permitted enthusiasm over the names of our living. Over there, far away, they are fighting, but the cables and telegraph can bring them near to us. Correspondents eager to describe for us in graphic tints the battle front, the picture of the greatest struggle that the world has ever known, are on the spot; but they are involuntarily silent. They can neither speak their thoughts nor paint the scenes that lie before them. They cannot send back to us the deeds of valor in terms of individual Americans, the men we know, the men whose friends back home would be stimulated to greater effort thereby, who would be challenged in heart to give themselves, too, to the cause. Publicity can bring home the thrill of service. It has not done so yet. It can—but from the Government must come first the edict to "open up." That edict would be the open sesame to national enthusiasm.

For what is patriotism, after all? Isn't it inculcated year after year by reading of the deeds of valor in American history? Aren't the exploits of our young commanders who fight the submarines comparable to the sea fights of earlier wars? Aren't Americans on the battle front doing every day what Americans of other years did so gallantly before them?

Yet very little is being written about them—comparatively little. To tell what they are doing—the soldiers and sailors—is publicity. It is worth more than reams of Washington-made news. It constitutes the human and personal, not the impersonal side of war. For publicity processes are most effective when self-starting. There is no need for belabored substitutes when real news is available. And isn't a war full of real news? From every viewpoint it is the newsiest event or series of events in the history of script. But the Government has undertaken a work of suppression—of interference with the natural lines of communication between the people and their armies and navies, a work in utter disregard of psychological values. Military necessity is, to be sure, very often a valid reason; but often it is not. Sometimes it becomes more of a military necessity to instill enthusiasm in the people back home than to quibble about the names of individuals belonging to units the identity of which would be of no particular aid for the enemy to know; especially with aëroplane detection developed to the extent and efficiency attained in this war.

A Public Starving for News

Left to themselves during the past year American newspapers and magazines would have covered the war in typical American fashion. They would have overcome thousands of miles of distance. They would have made the man in Omaha feel as if he were next door to France. They would have had correspondents with every regiment, with every brigade, with every division that was made up from the several states of the Union. They would have been photographing John Jones at camp and sending back the pictures of John Jones enjoying himself behind the lines or perhaps actually moving into battle formation. They would have omitted no opportunity either by the written word, the photograph or the sketch to bring the war home to the American people. They would have done this not merely out of a spirit of patriotism but because they know what is news—or interesting reading. That is what the people want. That is what makes newspapers and magazines attractive. And give the people what they want to read and see—and you have good publicity.

Rules and regulations galore have prevented. American publications have tried to point out that the people were not being kept in tune with the war, but to no avail. General Pershing sent word that the number of correspondents in France must be limited, that he didn't have time to bother with them and that they were a burden. And General Pershing's word was law. Nobody stopped to figure out how that burden might be removed, how those correspondents could be picked from among men who knew how to make themselves useful instead of a bother, who were pledged not to write military facts of value to the enemy and who could be cared for by an officer or two in each regiment detailed for that purpose. How many newspaper men in the United States would have jumped at the chance to be commissioned in the expeditionary forces abroad to protect the interests of the army and yet to see that the correspondents were given every legitimate chance to send the real news to the people back home! That would have been publicity!

There was a time in the history of big business when it, too, considered newspapers and magazines a burden and a bother; when it, too, slammed doors on inquirers and said such things as "The public be damned!" but those days have gone. Most every good corporation that depends upon the public for patronage has a publicity man, though some are called managers of public relations and titles of similar camouflage. Some of them never issue a statement to the press or give out news, but they are always ready to answer inquiries—to see that the newspapers get the right impression when their firms are conspicuous in the news. Obviously such publicity men must have the right impression to give, and the most successful publicity directors are those who are not only honest themselves but insist on similar integrity and frank dealing on the part of their employers. The newspapers learn to distinguish between

(Continued on Page 101)

This comparison of the old and the new shows Mr. Alexander Winton in his 1903 Winton car, and in one of his later models Both cars are equipped with Timken Roller Bearings.

One Specification that Hasn't Changed

If you should see one of these old models on the street today, would you recognize it as the forerunner of the impressive touring car or limousine of 1918 made by the same company?

So swift and sweeping has been the development of the automobile, that hardly a trace survives of the original design.

Mechanical changes are as great as those in outward appearance. Motor-construction, lubrication, cooling, carburation, lighting, starting, ignition, suspension—wherever you turn you find many radical changes.

But out of sight at the points of hardest service is one important link between past and present, one part so good that it could not be improved in design, one specification that is unchanged after all these years—*Timken Roller Bearings.*

Cars cover greater distances now than they used to in the early days. They are higher-powered and carry heavier loads; but Timken Bearings stand up to all demands of road and load in modern models as perfectly as they did in the earliest ones. In fact, there has never been any demand for a better bearing than Timken.

And when now and then we run across a survivor of that first generation of motor-cars, we almost invariably find the original set of Timken Bearings still in place, and giving a good account of themselves.

Timken steel and Timken refinements in manufacturing have given Timken Bearings still finer quality; but in every principle of design the bearings started right—and no improvement has been either possible or desirable.

This record is so unusual, so remarkable, that you owe it to yourself to learn the reason why. You'll find it in the booklet "How Can I Tell?" sent free at your request.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN BEARINGS

Williams' Shaving Cream

In these days when economy is the rule, the shave need not suffer. Not while the big tube of Williams' Shaving Cream still delivers its full quota of rich, creamy, lasting lather.

A small war-time bit of Williams' Cream, squeezed onto your wet brush or directly onto your face, yields all the lather needed to put the most stubborn beard out of action.

But beyond the form in which you prefer your shaving soap, beyond the price you pay and beyond the convenience of the package, is the quality of the soap. Lather is the test no matter what the form. Lather that comes without effort, that sees the shave through and leaves the skin refreshed—that's the kind you get from every tube of Williams' Shaving Cream.

It is a luxury only by virtue of its quality, a quality that since 1840, has never varied and never failed in its work.

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

A few drops of **Williams' Aqua Velva** after the shave is comforting and refreshing and keeps your face like velvet.

There is no room in the soldiers' kit for a make-believe shaving soap. Send Williams', the soap that knows the life and does its bit under any conditions.

(Continued from Page 98)

the honest and dishonest publicity men, and the firms they respectively represent are in good or bad public repute according as they follow the advice of these advisers.

There is nothing new about that. The value of publicity has never been in argument in times of peace. But in war, when it is even more important, we find it minimized, neglected or amateurishly handled.

Little by little some of the government bureaus are beginning to see that they would have fared better with public opinion if they had attended to the matter of publicity earlier. Nearly every division of the War Department now has its own publicity officer. These men are experienced newspaper or magazine writers. They are commissioned officers. They endeavor to see to it that the things which the public ought to know are given out, and they try to answer the queries of newspapers and magazines. They have a hard time, these captains and majors, with the higher officers, who err on the side of suppression; but usually when some senator or representative makes a speech condemning the work of a bureau, frantic efforts are made to reveal everything wonderful that said bureau has done. Frequently it happens that the same material out of which a speech of criticism is fashioned in Congress was sought by a newspaper or magazine. Frank explanations would have forestalled the congressional outburst. Not that explosions in Congress can be avoided or ought to be, but frequently charges are of such wide-sweeping character as to give the public an inferential impression of incompetency much greater than warranted by the incident or facts adduced. Then the army officers involved recognize promptly the value of publicity.

The same is true of the entire Government and the army in general. Just so soon as a few instances of bad treatment, neglect or mismanagement are discovered and the halls of Congress echo with denunciation there is a hurry call for correspondents to come and investigate for themselves. There are reputations to sustain and promotions to conserve. But apologetic explanations are not half so effective as constantly keeping the people advised—being on the level with them all the time. Criticism would often be less severe if all the circumstances under which an error was made were known. Sympathy and appreciation of the limits of human endurance and foresight frequently serve to temper the public's judgment on a mistake honestly made. But the man who has concealed, who has refused to let the public know what he has been doing, often finds that he has forfeited that sympathy.

Neglected Spurs to Patriotism

Secretary Baker has only lately come to appreciate that he must open things up to permit the people to get a fair judgment of what the War Department is doing. Some reforms have been introduced, but on the larger question—the development of a genuine enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land for the war, an enthusiasm that means the concentration not of a few million minds but of all minds on a collective effort to obtain maximum efficiency—very little has been done.

Many a conference has been called in Washington of coal operators, of farmers, of canners, of oil producers, of steel manufacturers. Common counsel and coöperation for the purpose of getting as cheaply as possible the commodities possessed by private interests, including their brains—for many a man has been drawn into the government service through casual visits—all this has been effectively done in everything except publicity. But editors of newspapers and magazines or their representatives have never been summoned to Washington. Those who edit farm or special trade journals have been called, but usually the government officials have confined themselves to the task of telling their visitors what they ought to do for the Government and have cared very little to hear what the Government ought to do for the press. But of the many magazines and newspapers that to-day mold public opinion no group large or small has ever been invited to lay before the Government suggestions that would tend to help the people better to understand the Government and the Government better to understand the people—in other words, make the two work in enthusiastic coöperation for victory.

There is such a thing as constructive publicity. Whoever it was who thought of service flags to mark the homes and business houses that have sent men to war had fundamentally a publicity sense, for by revealing to the public the pride of the home in service to the nation the patriotism of the remainder is constantly challenged. But while these flags mark the response to the military call there has been no analogous inspiration to industrial, financial or agricultural service. The farmer youth, for instance, who stay at home to cultivate the soil must often contend with an impression of slackerism which an unthinking neighborhood is free to put upon them. Why? Because the Government has not seen fit to make of the man behind the lines as enthusiastic a part of the war machine, as much a soldier, as the man in uniform. The man who works with bended back all day that the Allies may not starve is as important as the man who brings up an ammunition train from the rear of the battle line. Insignia, rolls of honor, and other devices that would distinguish those engaged in war service could be designated by the Government; but the newspapers and magazines that reach our reading millions would follow it through. They would cause communities to rival each other, individuals to emulate one another in winning these badges of honor. And if publications in one part of the country hit upon a novel way of rousing public sentiment there ought to be some means by which the Government could distribute information about the idea to publications in other parts of the country. Thus far there has been no analysis or survey that amounts to anything of what really is being done voluntarily through our publications to rouse enthusiasm for war service.

Advertising Genius Enlisted

If there had been there would be less controversy, for instance, concerning the use of advertising columns for Liberty Loan, food and fuel conservation appeals. No one would think of asking all the owners of coal mines to give their coal to the Government for nothing. No one would ask the United States Steel Corporation to deliver its steel gratis. Publications can't as a rule live on the money they get from their circulation. Five cents or three cents or two cents hardly pays for the white paper on which the weeklies or dailies are printed, let alone the multitude of other costs that go into the printing of a journal or periodical. Every newspaper or magazine that was ever printed, with the exception of the few backed by philanthropists, has been sustained, first of all, by revenue from advertising, and secondly, because the people read the advertisements and purchase goods accordingly.

Advertising space is a definite marketable commodity. Every bit of it donated to any cause or institution brings many a newspaper or magazine closer and closer to bankruptcy. Somebody suggested as a more or less temporary measure that all the department stores and business houses be persuaded to contribute from the space they had bought by the year one or two pages a month for the use of the Government. Advertising writers came forward to write the copy without charge. As a consequence you may have noticed lately that the billboards and the large display ads in the newspapers and magazines have a gripping appeal. The advertising genius of the nation has been brought to bear on behalf of the Government.

But the average legislator or official at Washington hasn't given much consideration in recent months to whether magazines or newspapers lived or died. Zone postal rates that will make it impossible for many periodicals to circulate throughout the nation have been imposed. Instead of developing along national lines at a time like the present we are compelled to become sectionalized again. The policy is as short-sighted as it would be for Congress to legislate that General Pershing pay tolls on all messages sent by him to Washington or that every soldier be required to pay an income tax on his army pay.

The relationship is just as close. To do anything that impairs the value of the transmitting medium in the midst of a war is to enervate the nation itself. For what else are newspapers and magazines but the daily, weekly or monthly spokesmen of the Government, their recruiting officers, their petitioners for food and fuel conservation, their solicitors for labor?

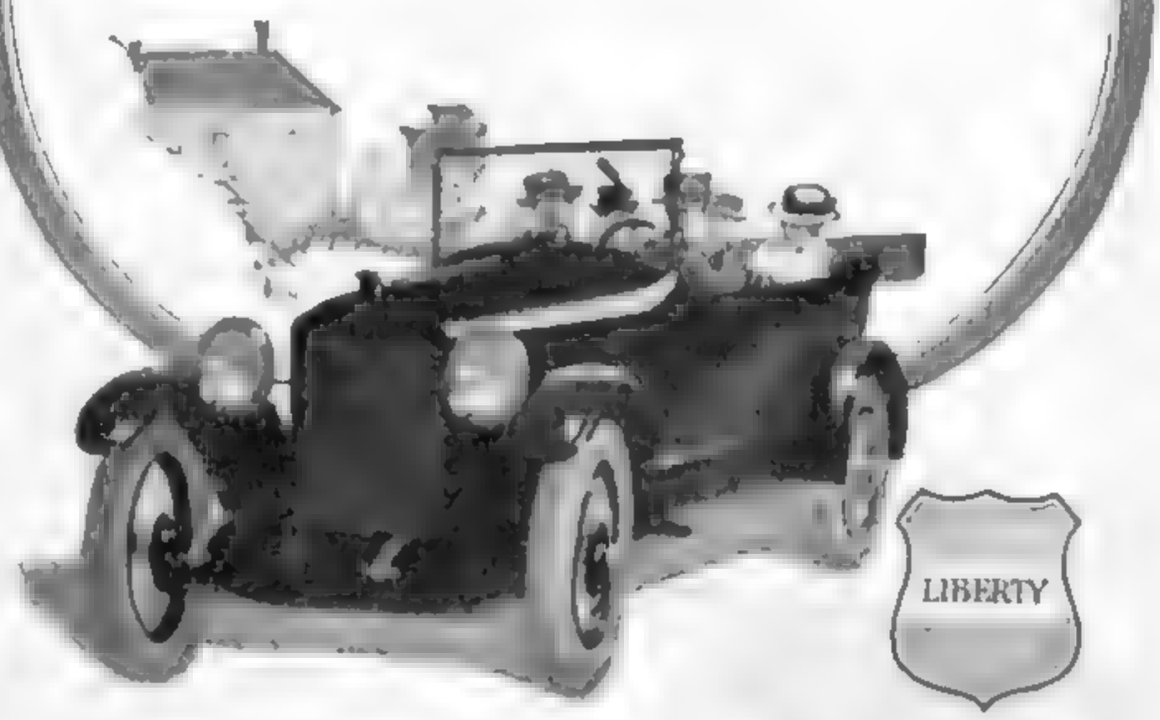
Never before has our country been divided up into so many units. There are councils of defense and patriotic societies

LIBERTY SIX

THE LIBERTY secures ease of riding by its scientific balance.

It gets excess power by not having to overcome dead weight.

It keeps owners friendly by its light service requirements, and by the difference in the way it rides and drives.



LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT.

The Easy Way To Mend Tubes

SHALER 5-MINUTE VULCANIZER
ONE OF THE FAMOUS SHALER LINE

Touch a match to the non-flaming chemical fuel. In 5 minutes you have a perfect, lasting, "feather-edge" repair. So simple a child can do it. No acid, cement or gasoline. You can use this safety vulcanizer anywhere—in any weather. Carry it in your tool box—save cost of spare tubes and repairs.

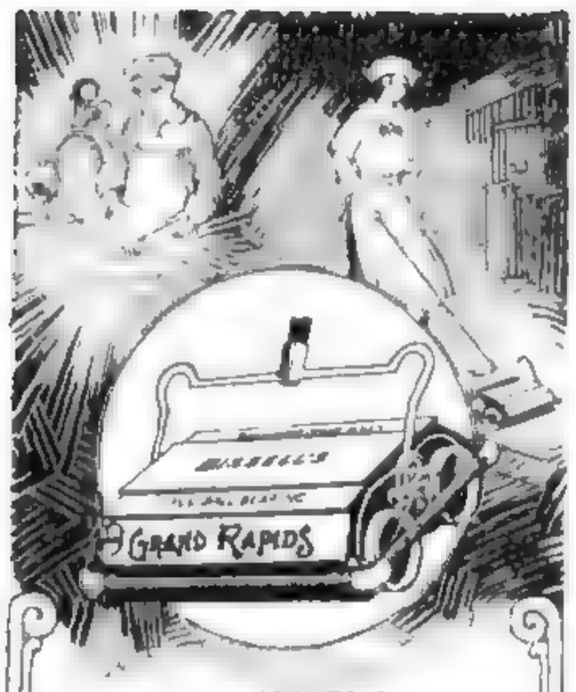
Complete Outfit (With 12 Patch & Heat Units) $1.50

The vulcanizer, six round Patch & Heat Units for punctures and six oblong units for cuts and tears—with full instructions, only $1.50.

Sold by Accessory Dealers and Garages

Let your nearest accessory dealer show you how easily you can mend your tubes *anywhere* with the SHALER 5-Minute Vulcanizer. Write for Free Book—"*The Care of Tires.*"

C. A. Shaler Co., 1401 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.



Now Women as Well as Men Demand Efficient Tools

Don't be content to do your housework in the old fashioned ways. They mean more work, extra hours, added household [illegible]

[illegible] appeal of modern efficient improvements [illegible] Why not women?

You owe it to yourself—to your family—to your pocket book—to take full advantage of such time and labor-saving conveniences as the

BISSELL
Carpet Sweeper

Your daily sweeping is done in one-half the time. And done far better.

In place of [illegible] broom sweeping, you have the [illegible] of the Bissell "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweeper.

The savings you make on dollar brooms, carpets and rugs will pay many times over the initial cost of this wonderful household convenience.

Get one today. Each day you delay is exacting its toll in energy and dollars.

Bissell Carpet Sweepers, with the patented "Cyco" Ball-Bearing [illegible] to $5.00 Vacuum Sweepers, $6.00 to $12.50—depending upon style and locality. At dealers' everywhere. Write today for booklet.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too

THE "ROADSTER"
An Entirely New Auto Hat

Regal MADE $2

Made from featherweight whipcord
THOROUGHLY WATERPROOFED

Finely quilted throughout and practically indestructible. Can be rolled up and carried in the pocket. Resumes its shape instantly on being unrolled. Light weight, snappy looking, comfortable and serviceable. Suitable for motoring and general wear.

DON'T ACCEPT AN IMITATION
LOOK FOR THE "REGAL" NAME

Your dealer can supply you if you insist. If he will not do so, remit direct to us, stating size worn. We will see that you are supplied

THE REGAL HAT CO
[illegible]
Regal Bldg., 643 to 651 So. Wells St.
Chicago

that reach not only into every state and county but into every city and town and hamlet in the whole country. There are organizations upon organizations. And all are bent on getting publicity. All are pressing the local newspapers or the magazines for space. Most of these organizations have no conception of what publicity means. They think it comprehends long typewritten outpourings daily. If they don't see something about their activity in the newspapers every day they are peeved. They are dissatisfied if their work is not exploited at least twice a week. But the lesson of publicity which has been learned by some of the more successful institutions is that anything not worth while saying had better be left unsaid. And few of these organizations have anything worth while to say every day in the week—from the point of view of the editor, who knows what is interesting and what is uninteresting, based upon years of experience with the ups and downs of circulation.

It is a strange thing—this American genius for putting over a personality or a product. President Wilson doesn't address Congress whenever he has something urgent that must be enacted into law. Everything, relatively speaking, is urgent and important. He usually talks on the larger things—the tariff, currency, foreign relations, war, peace. He doesn't make a nuisance of himself on Capitol Hill with speeches on Porto Rican citizenship, war-finance corporations and things of lesser importance. He waits until he has something vital to say—and then says it with all the Congress and the country, and often the whole world, for an audience.

Selling the War

The same principle applies to a judicious use of publicity power, whether by the President of the United States or the chairman of the local Liberty Loan committee. That is why it has been found necessary incidentally to set aside a week for a Red Cross drive and a certain period for Liberty Loan appeals, and so on. In the interim these institutions can afford to keep quiet and give the stage to others. Publicity needs cooperation as much as any other war industry.

Curiously enough all the publicity reforms that have been revolutionizing England and France were made in America. The English official rarely received correspondents before the outbreak of the present war. It was a group of American newspaper men who taught the British Government something of publicity in 1915 and 1916. Our correspondents abroad managed to open up things that for generations were tightly sealed.

Our Committee on Public Information is modeled after the British Bureau of Information, though in this country as the time approaches for a congressional election and we must be Republicans and Democrats again instead of nonpartisan Americans the outcry in Congress is that the government bureaus of publicity will be used to defend the incumbent Administration. But that outcry is based upon the assumption that the American newspapers and magazines and, of course, their readers can't tell the difference between political propaganda and patriotic propaganda. Here again, if the Government either gives out the facts, omitting opinion, or permits the regular channels of the press to be kept open so that newspapers and magazines alike may have no difficulty in getting at the facts, the truth will not only redound to the credit of those who deserve it but it will make for national unity and effective war.

Day after day the Government has been appealing for coöperation, but in dull platitudes to which the mind has grown calloused. The fault if we have not been intensely enthusiastic thus far is not in the American people. They have shown a marvelous eagerness to do what they are bidden, to follow leadership wherever it has been intelligently exhibited to them. If the war is still three thousand miles away it is because there is a great chasm between them and the real purport of the struggle. It is because, to use the commodity phrase, the war has not been "sold" to the American people. And so long as the great mass of our people are not brought heart and soul, mind and body into the drive, the mental as well as physical drive, the concentration of all thought and all labor on the achievement of success, by that much will the terrible conflict be prolonged.

Why is it that the war hasn't been "sold" to the American people? Why is it everybody isn't doing something to help win the war? Why is it that only a few billions out of our hundreds of billions of resources are being devoted to the organization of a war machine to compete with the most thoroughly and completely equipped war machine in the world? Because of any inherent disbelief by a large proportion of our people in the urgency of the conflict? No. It is because the right appeal has not yet been made to the heart and conscience of America, individually and collectively. And the right appeal means good publicity, good salesmanship, good advertising, effective distribution of ideas that stimulate men to fight, to dedicate themselves and their fortunes to winning the greatest struggle in which their country has been a partner in all history—a struggle for existence, the right to live; the right to have our children live in a free world, free from the burdens of overtaxation, free from the intrigues of ill-gotten power, free from the scourge of armies kept en masse not merely for the sake of national discipline but for the business of organized murder, free from the sword of impending death kept dangling before nations to the whim of the autocrat, free from that perennial menace to advancing civilization—militarism.

Effective Publicity

Open diplomacy—which is but another phrase for publicity—is now conceded to be a most powerful weapon of defense and offense. For publicity can not only unite us but it can disunite our foes. Ideas are sometimes more penetrating than bullets. Publicity is not mere propaganda, with special brands manufactured for every occasion—mere words that abstractly call upon us to do something we somehow do not comprehend, triteness, mere eloquence, mere oratory, mere diction and phrases—but ideas and events forcefully expressed and truthfully interpreted. Publicity proceeds not out of the unnatural but out of the natural, not out of the unreal but out of the real. It is the living nexus that binds a people to the men they have sent to battle fronts or distant seas to fight for their liberties. It tells truthfully on a background of fact what those men are doing; it records the throb of their hearts' blood, the thrill of their achievements as they laugh at death and cross No Man's Land to the Great Beyond, descendants of those who have given their lives for human liberty, crusaders and cavaliers, knights of a new faith but an ancient tradition.

Many things combined will win the war—materials promptly mobilized, men quickly marshaled, ships quickly built, funds generously bestowed. They mean sacrifice. And sacrifice can be taught by the right appeal.

Obviously the right appeal does not mean artificiality. Dozens of committees on public information will not summon the nation to service. Only one thing will do it—the genius that has made America famous, that has brought success to our wares, that has organized us industrially and that has upon occasion bound us together spiritually. It is the genius of expression operating in a normal and natural manner but with greater intensity than ever before.

We don't need publicity as a chronicle, as a boast of power. We don't need publicity to perpetuate governments or administrations or cabinets or individuals thereof, but we do need publicity to touch the soul of America, to move it to a deep fervor, to point the way in which every man and woman and child may serve the great cause for which we are fighting. We need publicity to mobilize the energies of the people, to waken enthusiasm and unremitting determination. It is natural for our military officers over there to fancy that all of the war machine is in Europe. But the big reservoir of man power is over here. The people who must produce the essentials of war are on this side of the ocean. They must be kept constantly in mind. And where differences occur it is the Government at Washington—charged with final responsibility—which must weigh viewpoints on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Government can, therefore, coöperate with the press—or it can obstruct. It can restore natural channels of communication or it can rely on makeshift expedients. Twelve months have seen some change, but not enough. How can the Government be fully convinced? Possibly by publicity.

Renew Your Walking Power

Long experience with feet that have strayed from good health gives us the knowledge to make the Coward Arch Support Shoe.

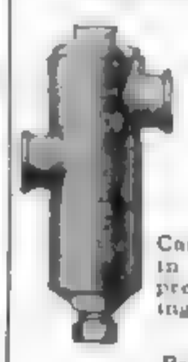
It is so designed as to reshape the region of the instep accurately and normally. The extension heel adjusts the weight of the body. The long counter and elastic span below gradually remold the arch structure and bring it back to natural usefulness. The women's model is pictured here.

We are experienced in fitting by mail.

JAMES S. COWARD
262 274 Greenwich St N Y
(Near Warren St)
Mail Orders Filled Sold Nowhere Else

The Coward Shoe

Insurance Against Trouble



MOTOR
SASCO
STRAINER

Cast aluminum and easily installed in any gasoline line absolutely prevents dirt and water from entering the carburetor.

PRICE $3.00
Postpaid to any address
SAGE BROS., Inc.
780 Union St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

GIRLS!

A most interesting way any girl can earn extra money in spare time.

TEACHERS, business girls, wives and mothers turn spare time into spare money, for needed Spring clothes, Red Cross, Thrift Stamps. *How they do it—and how you can too* is told in an interesting booklet "Girls Who Made Good," sent you on request.

Address the Manager of The Girls' Club, Box 322, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1. Cylinder walls.
2. Pistons.
3. Piston rings.
4. Wristpins.
5. Wristpin bearings.
6. Crankshaft main bearings.
7. Crankshaft.
8. Connecting-rod bearings.
9. Connecting-rods.
10. Valves.
11. Valve seats.
12. Valve cams.
13. Camshaft bearings.
14. Camshaft.
15. Timing Gears.
16. Ignition driveshaft bearings.
17. Generator shaft bearings.
18. Oil circulating pump.
19. Spark plugs.

19 places where sediment damages your engine

WHEN your engine loses power, knocks, bucks and overheats, nine times out of ten it is sediment in the oil that is to blame.

Just look at the long list of vital parts that will quickly show serious wear when sediment is present in any considerable amount.

Ordinary oil cannot resist the intense heat of the engine—200° to 1000°F. It breaks down quickly. The resulting sediment crowds out the oil with true lubricating qualities from points where it is needed most. Moving metal surfaces, which should always be separated by a protecting film of lubricant, are thus thrown into direct contact.

Why sediment causes wear

A strong magnifying glass reveals millions of microscopic teeth covering the apparently smooth surface of a bearing or other working part.

When the cushioning oil film between these surfaces is destroyed or excluded by sediment these tiny metal teeth grind together, thus causing friction and wear.

When this happens in any important part of an engine, costly *replacements* soon become necessary. Damage due to sediment in ordinary oil *can never be repaired*.

That is why you cannot afford to buy ordinary oil at any price. The cost of using it is appalling, because of its injurious effects on your engine.

after use *Veedol after use*

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running

How the problem was solved

As a result of exhaustive research and comprehensive practical tests the formation of sediment in dangerous quantities has been successfully overcome.

A. Ludlow Clayden, Engineering Editor of Automobile Engineer, who entered the motor-car research engineer's office at the age of [illegible] In the [illegible] attention which has been paid to lubrication. Oil needs to be [illegible] for an engine almost more care [illegible] food for a child

P. M. Heldt, recognised authority on [illegible], and author of [illegible] declares [illegible] for the [illegible] engine but also its life"

Chas. E. Duryea, consulting engineer and a pioneer in automobile construction, states:

"Dirty or inferior oil is the greatest [illegible] and a modern [illegible] must be [illegible] cost [illegible] consumption, loss of power, fuel consumption, heat and repair bills.

"Good oil costs a little more per gallon, but far less per mile."

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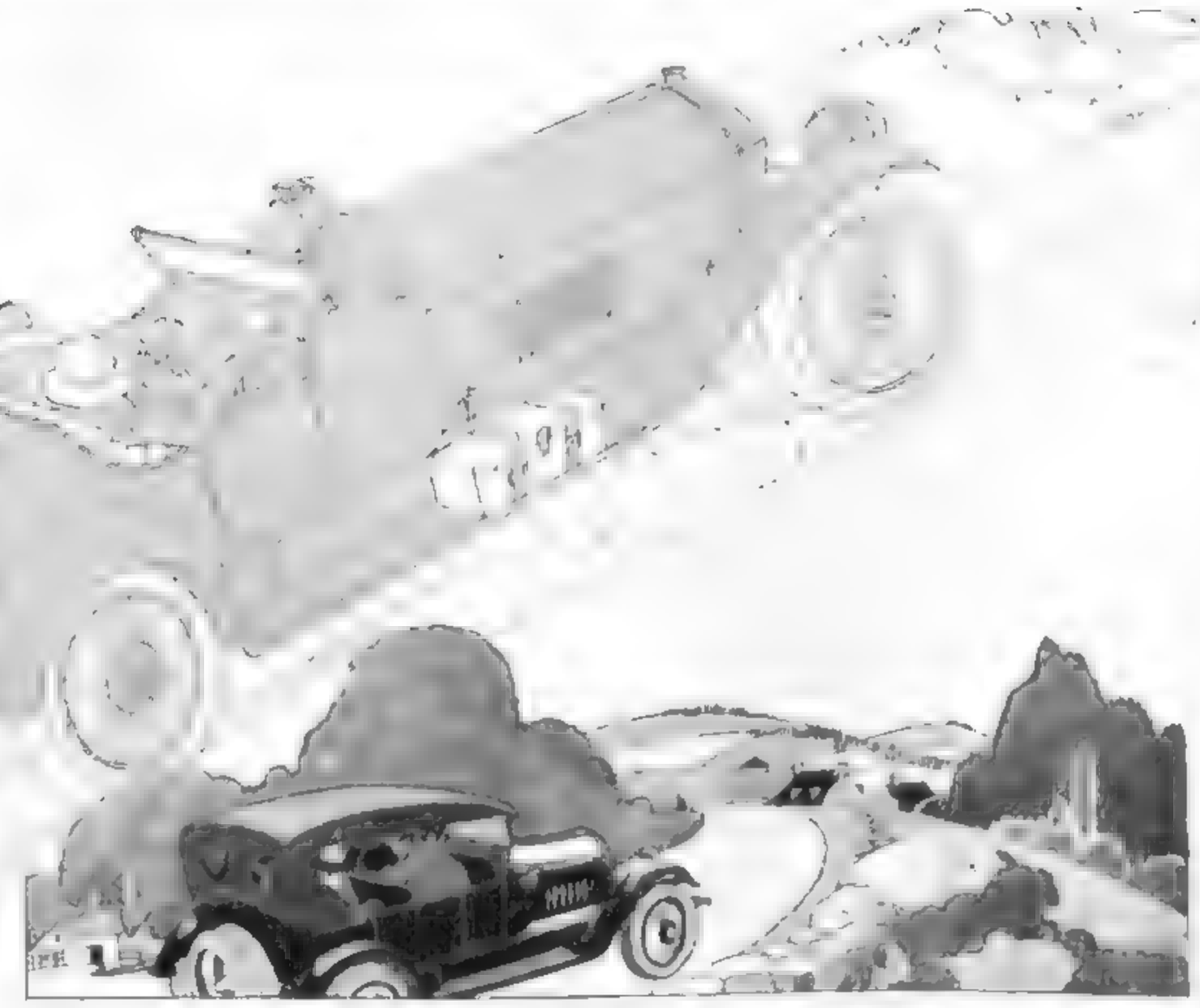

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When you are forced to take a hill on low, don't blame the car. It may be the spark plugs. Professional hill climbers use Rajah Plugs. They don't guess. They know. You have access to the same evidence about Rajahs. You ought to be satisfied with nothing less than the same efficiency.

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Adapter for Dodge, Ford, Hup, Hudson, Maxwell, Mitchell, Packard Twin Six and Pullman.

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Rajah Auto-Supply Co.
Bloomfield, N. J.

Sales Department
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280 Madison Ave., New York

SWEET HONEY IN ALL MOUTHS

(Continued from Page 15)

which is outwardly calm at the starting point but is boiling with excitement within. Sadie swirled about.

"What do you want coming in here for?" she all but shouted. "Can't you get enough bums on the water front and the park benches? And you come in to get a man like Meyer! To go for you! I'll tell you something ——"

Very dignifiedly Mordaunt rose.

"I'm sorry I mentioned it," he said stiffly. "I hope you'll pardon me." He went across the room and shook hands with the old lady. She held his brown muscular hand for a few instants longer than usual. He bowed to Sadie Rosenblatt, and received a glare in return. He nodded to Meyer.

"See you later, Meyer," he said offhandedly. The door swung to.

Another instant of silence. Outside they could hear the faint tinkle of the elevator bell.

"The low-lifer!" Sadie was saying to herself. "The nerve of him coming here. He's still outside at the elevator, ain't he? Well, here's something for him!"

Her hands crashed on the piano. Her voice rose shrill and strong:

"I did not raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy. . . ."

Meyer was looking at his grandmother intently, and she at him. There was a queer happy smile on her face as she saw him working toward a decision. The decision came. She nodded her head toward him in approval. He slipped down the hall and got his hat and light overcoat. He looked into the room for an instant through the half-open door.

"I think I'll go out for a few minutes," he said quietly; and the door closed.

III

NOW this part of the story I write on information and belief, as the law term goes. I get it from Captain Hobens, and I believe there is no man further removed from being a liar than Richard Hobens. By a long and circuitous route they moved a battalion from the rest camp on lorries. The men climbed out. They marched for a while along a road and then entered a series of traverse trenches. There was a lot of humor and a lot of pathos on that march; but that is not germane to this story. The point is this, that with his company—all but him and three others experienced soldiers—Meyer Levy was placed in the front trench of battle, and at pitch dark of night.

He had had already two or three accesses of fear before he stood in the murk and mud of that first-line trench. There had been a gripping fear in his heart the moment he put on the marine's uniform.

There had been the semiunconscious state in which he found himself when the green Irish hills rose up before the transport and all hands aboard were ready for the whitish wake of a periscope. Those had been the principal two. In camp he conducted himself as a trained soldier might. On the battleship to which he had been assigned, Williams, the executive officer, picked him out and mentioned him to the marine captain.

"What do you want that Jewish boy for?"

"Because he'll fight," Hobens answered.

"He won't fight," Williams laughed shortly.

"Oh, he won't, eh?" Hobens was getting hot. "And why won't he? Because Turkey and Russia never gave them arms in their hands? By the Lord Harry! Give them a couple of years in this routine; give them the soldier's feeling and see whether they'll fight or not! Don't you remember that Jewish sergeant I had in the Boxer rebellion? Maybe he didn't fight! Look at him. He came white and panicky. Now he looks like an Afghan. Ah, for heaven's sake!"

He had been crouching now on the firing step of the trench for a year, it seemed to him. In reality it was less than three hours. From the west, behind the trenches, the ordnance crashed like near thunder. Rockets went up, bursting prettily like fireworks at a country entertainment. From somewhere came the pup-pup-pup of a machine gun. Occasionally a thing whinged through the air like a violin string breaking. Now and then silently, unexpectedly, abruptly, a lurid ball of red flame showed in the air, followed by a sound like the breaking of a gigantic child's balloon. The company commander came briskly along the trench.

"The colonel wants some prisoners to examine," he whispered. "In fifteen minutes you go over."

The man on the right of Meyer—Delancy, from the Bronx—spat on his hands and drew a long sigh of relief. The left file was silent. Delancy turned to Meyer.

"Now you'll see something, my son," he whispered. "How do you feel?"

"Fine!" was all Meyer could say without letting his teeth chatter.

"Listen, buddy!" the Bronx man whispered. "You're a new one, and I want to tell you something ——"

A vast crash, as of all the stellar bodies smashing together in space, came from behind them. Fire burst about the lines before them like the culmination of some pyrotechnical display. Delancy was shouting now:

"Keep low, and if you stick your bayonet home and can't pull it out ——"

Meyer wasn't listening. Queer little thoughts ran through his head. He had always been lucky. His grandmother's blessing was on him, and no harm could come past that. To-morrow he would write home a letter telling, and it would be shown over all the store ——

"Listen, buddy!" Delancy was shouting: "—— just fire a shot and blow it out. An' here's something else ——"

"Over!"

Mechanically he swung over the sandbags with the rest and began the hundred-and-fifty-yard run. He didn't quite understand it. Beside him shadowy figures were running forward like deer. Little sparks of fire showered in front of them, like an alignment of fireflies. Behind was the monstrous thunder of the ordnance. In front the irritating pup-pup-pup had begun again. Delancy jumped high in the air, gave a grotesque somersault, and lay in a crumpled heap. Meyer ran forward.

There was a queer sound, like a stick slapping dough, and he felt a prick like a pin prick in his left breast. He was suddenly on his hands and knees. He was suddenly on the ground.

"Oigh!" he grunted with pain. With a supreme effort he made his mind function. He was only ten yards from his own trench. If he could only crawl back there and let himself down on the sandbags he would be safe. He pulled himself together and tried. His teeth set and he turned round again. He pulled himself a yard farther toward his comrades, dragging his rifle with him. In the distance he could hear the savagery of the fighting—a whip-cracking of rifles; a yell of rage; a high-whinging voice demanding mercy. He made another yard forward.

If he could get to his trench he thought there would be ambulance men who would take care of him. Somehow he felt that he was dying and if he got there in time he would be saved.

He put the thought behind him like a physical thing, thrusting it away. By some superhuman effort he got to his feet and staggered a yard forward, and dropped again. Rockets seemed to flare all about. In the calcium radiance he saw forms leap off in retreat from the enemy trench. He fumbled for the trigger of his rifle and held it until the hot barrel blistered his hands. He couldn't tell if he had gotten any of them.

He put his hands on the ground again and tried to get up. He would, by heaven, show his comrades what he was made of and what his people were made of! He would stand with them and fight what they were fighting for. The trench behind? The eighty black years to the trench behind!

He rose to his feet again and suddenly dropped. A queer numbness came about him. His hands gave way at the wrists and his knees slid from under as something electric seemed to fly from his body upward. And then very quietly he turned over on his empty rifle, his face toward the Rhine.

IV

VERY straight and proud she stood up in the gallery of the little synagogue on Fifty-seventh Street. By her side little Sadie Rosenblatt half crouched, her handkerchief to her mouth. They could never take her away from that dingy temple. The great Oriental worshiping places on Fifth Avenue meant nothing to her. They had

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On all sides the thunder of artillery; in the air bursting shrapnel.

He faces danger with that unconquerable spirit of war service which permits him to think only of maintaining the telephone connections.

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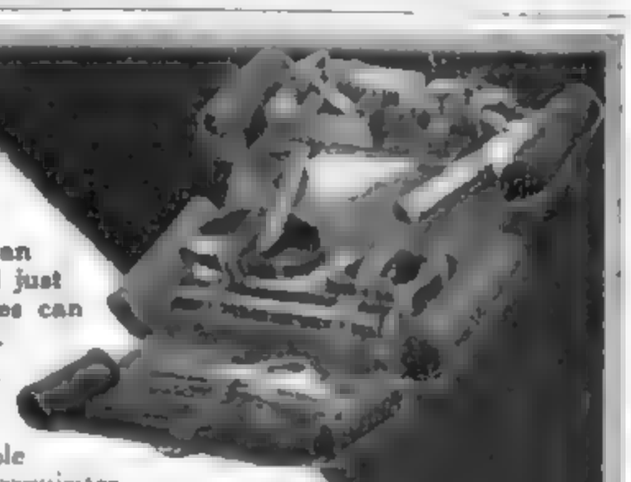

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advanced theories, but she clung to the places where the Law was preached in its primitive integrity. Below her old men moved about, bearded, exalted, giving the response to the anthem in the queer Talmudic singsong with the dying pathos.

The rabbi moved to the altar to recite Kaddish. She stood more erect still. The Rosenblatt girl broke into a torrent of suppressed tears.

"O Lord, what is man that thou takest knowledge from him ——" went the sonorous anthem. She smiled proudly. The Master of the World would take knowledge of her boy, who was dead.

She kept her eyes glued on the great branched candlestick. Occasionally the rabbi, hooded in his black-and-white canonicals, came into her line of vision, but she felt somehow that she needed no intermediary with the Upper One. The Upper One knew!

The alternate reading of the rabbi and congregation ceased. The girl by her side was still sobbing. The singsong of the worshipers faded away like a chord on a violin. The choir broke into its short rolling prayer.

". . . man relinquishes his grasp on earthly possessions only when death overtakes him," went the rabbi's full tenor.

Her grandson had not waited until death! He had cast them aside to go and do his duty. And when death had come to him, as the captain wrote her, the thing in his mind was not earthly possessions, but a desire to get up and join his comrades and die or win beside them. So had the men of old done—those who had stricken the Amalekites and the Hittites and the Philistines who worshiped false gods. So would the newer race do, whether fighting now for the place of their refuge or for the old land which had been promised unto them once more—the land which Moses had seen from the mount called Nebo.

She had not been following the rapid service, so intent had her own thoughts been. Neither the sobbing of the girl beside her nor the pealing of the hymn had roused her. Dimly she recognized the versicle and anthem. She stood up straightly, her fine aquiline face toward the scrolls. The rabbi's voice went out:

"There be some who have left a name behind them whose memory is as sweet honey in all mouths."

The rolling litany ceased, and the choir began again. The soft sobbing of the young girl changed to a staccato wrenching of body. For the first time since the news came tears rolled down the old lady's furrowed face.

"Whose remembrance is as sweet honey"—she murmured over and over again—"as sweet honey—sweet honey in all mouths."

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN HUNTER

(Continued from Page 17)

"Hello, candy man! Candy man! Candy man!"

The coconut-headed servant shoved her head out the kitchen window and back again like some strange animal out of a circus wagon. And I stopped the horse and got out and passed the kid over her candy. Better candy this time—more expensive; and done up in one of those plain cream-colored-and-gold boxes.

She grabbed it and came leading me by the middle finger round the house—while her father was sleeping on the side porch in a hammock.

"I had to stop and see the kid again, going by," I said to him. "I hope you won't chase me off the place."

"No. Come in. Glad to see you," he said, waking up.

He would be—or anybody else. It was one of those endless Sunday summer afternoons in the country, with nothing stirring but a pig back of the barn; and the noise of a cow way off somewhere, now and then; and a million grasshoppers singing; and the smell of hot dog fennel everywhere on the road. I'd go jumping crazy there alone the second hour.

We sat down on the porch and smoked my cigars again, while the kid poked her candy round in the candy box and chased out and brought me grass and old flowers and walked all over my feet and clothes. I noticed then she left her candy box round more common than the other time, after he'd told her she couldn't eat any more candy.

"How are you getting on with your stock business?" he asked me finally—thinking it was safe to now, I suppose.

"I'm through—practically all closed up," I said, watching him.

"That's good," he said. "You ought to be well pleased."

"Yes," I said. "I suppose I am. But I knew in the first place it wouldn't take any time. The proposition is too good."

And then I got in some more about it—the profits and how safe it was. Land—not oil or gold mines or patent rights! Just land! The one thing they understand about, and have seen the money made in west of the Mississippi.

"I wish you'd been in with us," I said, "because we're all aboard and we're going to make some money."

"I wish I had been," he said, moving in his chair. The cheap stiff!

"Too bad," I said, watching him. "If you'd only had the farm now you could have taken a little of it, and never known the difference—besides signing your name once. That's all you'd know about it—except when your profits came in. I thought at first," I said, "it would make a good chance for you and the kid. I thought of course you had the farm. What do you do," I said, looking up quick at him—"rent your place?"

And he got eight shades of red and yellow. The poor stiff—thinking of how he'd slipped me; scared I was going to sell him some stock after all.

"No," he said; "not exactly."

"Not exactly! What do you mean?"

"No," he came out finally with a kind of sickly grin. "It belongs to my little girl. It's all in her name."

I just sat and looked him over.

"That's it, huh?" I said finally.

"If it had been my money," he started up, trying to wriggle out and make himself a good fellow again, "I'd have been tempted to buy some. It looks awful good to me."

I just gave him a stare.

"What is it?" I said. "Are you afraid I'm going to trim you?"

He never had such an idea.

"What is it then?"

"It isn't my money," he said, "or it would be different."

"You'd take it, huh?" I said. "You think it's good. But you wouldn't give your poor kid a chance at it—is that it?"

"I couldn't," he said, stammering. "I haven't got a right to."

"Why not, haven't you?" I said. "Ain't you her guardian?"

Yes, he was.

"Well, why haven't you got a right to, then?" said I.

He didn't mean that.

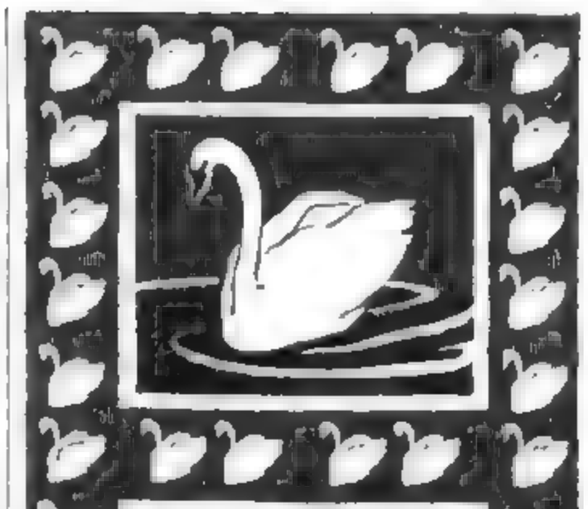
"What do you mean, anyhow?" I said, getting right after him.

"I haven't—I haven't got a right to speculate with my little girl's money," he broke out finally. He was sweating like a horse, all over his face.

"Speculate!" I said. "Who's asked you to speculate? Now I ain't going to talk about it any more—not now," I said. "I ain't going to argue with you. I'm going off to fix something up—so safe that even you'll see it."

No. He couldn't possibly.

(Continued on Page 109)



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Pour Hebe diluted, or undiluted if preferred, over corn flakes, wheat flakes, puffed grains, porridge, oatmeal, etc. Cereals cooked with Hebe are most appetizing.

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Guaranteed to be pure and wholesome

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SUPPOSE one cylinder of your engine was cracked clear through! Suppose it leaked so badly that the water gushed into the crank case and filled the other cylinders!

Naturally, you'd think the only way to get your car in shape would be to tear down the engine and get a new block of cylinders—a one hundred and fifty dollar job!

You'd be far from happy over it!

Now, suppose your accessory dealer told you that one can of "X" Liquid would repair the cracked cylinder in 10 minutes as good as new! Would you believe it?

Neither did Mr. Robert Hoffman of Pittsburgh. Yet "he took a chance" with a $1.50 can of "X" Liquid, poured it into his radiator—and saw that the water stopped leaking. His own eyes told him that a crack over four inches long and about quarter of an inch wide was repaired. And the repair is standing up today in a hot cylinder under 2,000 pounds explosive pressure!

If this had happened to you—wouldn't you be convinced that "X" Liquid is a most marvelous product?

And wouldn't you believe that if "X" can repair cracked cylinders it certainly can repair leaks in the radiator—or anywhere in the cooling system?

THE trouble with a good many human beings is that their minds run in grooves. They doubt the unusual things—mostly from lack of desire to investigate.

Ford size

For instance—the traditional method of repairing leaks—for years the only way—was to tear down the radiator and have it soldered. This was time-wasting and expensive. And it also frequently weakened the radiator. So in the course of motor car progress soldering had to be eliminated. Something more scientific has now taken its place.

Some car owners today don't know that soldering leaks is out of date. Yet there are nearly half a million open-minded motorists and thousands of repair shops who repair all leaks with "X" Liquid—the first and most scientific preparation for the quick, permanent and economical repairing and leakproofing of the cooling system.

THE simplicity with which "X" Liquid does the work appeals to every motorist. "X" is simply poured into the radiator. It instantly combines itself with the water. Automatically it flows through every leak or crack. The oxygen in the air aided by the heat in the water turns the "X" Liquid to a metallic-like solid. This makes a life-time repair. Vibration cannot loosen it. "X" is a pure liquid. Contains no solid. It has no chemical action on iron, steel, brass, aluminum or rubber.

Whether the leak is in the radiator, connections, motor-head gasket, pump or elsewhere—"X" quickly repairs it. There is NO NEED TO DRAIN THE RADIATOR. No need to fuss or bother.

Some cooling systems are like sieves. They are always leaking—somewhere. With "X" Liquid kept constantly in the water all leaks are automatically repaired the instant they appear. The entire cooling system becomes leakproof.

FEW engines after about 1,000 miles of running are properly cooled. That is because an abnormal amount of rust and scale chokes up the water passages—causing overheating, loss of power and poor engine performance.

Now, it is a remarkable fact that at the same time it is repairing leaks—"X" Liquid loosens the rust and scale already present. And because it absorbs all free oxygen in the water "X" Liquid PREVENTS NEW RUST FROM FORMING. Moreover "X" holds in the water the lime and magnesia which would otherwise deposit scale on the metal walls. "X" Liquid keeps the water passages as clean and bright as the day you bought the car.

Every car owner appreciates the fact that a cooling system free from leaks, rust and scale means better cooling of the engine. This means more power. A saving in oil. And increased mileage from gasoline.

"X" Liquid has been adopted by the U. S. Government, Standard Oil Co., General Electric Co., American Telephone & Telegraph Co. It should be used by every owner of a water-cooled motor car, truck, tractor or aëroplane.

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"X" Liquid is the only scientific process for making the cooling system Leakproof—Rustproof—Scaleproof.

Your dealer can supply you with "X" Liquid or will ship direct on receipt of price and your dealer's name.

LARGE SIZE $1.50
Does $25 in repair work

FORD SIZE 75c.
Does $15 in repair work

"X" LABORATORIES · 630 WASHINGTON ST. · BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 106)

"Who's been knocking this to you," I said; "anybody?"

No. Nobody.

"Then what is the matter? What would keep you from talking about it? Not buying—talking, listening to me?"

He couldn't do it possibly. He couldn't think of it. That farm had been left his baby, for herself, by his wife. He couldn't do it.

"Your wife!" I said.

I had him swallowing.

"Let me ask you something," I said. I must have had a hunch, some way. "Would your wife, if she was back here, want to see her kid tied up here—in this place, all her life? Was she so satisfied herself here," I asked him, "as all that?"

Just the minute I said it I saw I put my finger on something.

"What—what do you mean?" he said; that scared look jumped up in his eyes—like a fat boy seeing ghosts.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing, only this: I'm going to fix up a plan. I'm going to make up an offer to you for the benefit of the kid. You can take it or leave it. It's nothing to me.

"I've got this stock sold. And I wouldn't give a stingy man's damn for you—to sell you a million dollars' worth. Understand? It ain't you, it's the kid I'm thinking of."

I had him standing still now while I harnessed him up.

"Now all you've got to do in this thing," I said, "is just one thing. You know So-and-So," I said, mentioning that old boy I'd fixed it up with to steer me and shave my notes.

Sure, he knew him.

"Well, you go and see him first," I said, "and see what he says about it. And then after that I'll come round and make you my offer. If I can do it now!" I said. "If I can save out enough from the rest of them to make it worth while. Will you do it—what I said? Go and see him?"

Yes, he would. He didn't want to. But he couldn't refuse that much. He couldn't hold out without seeming to think I was trying to put something over on him. And he wouldn't do that. He'd be afraid of getting me mad—hurting my feelings. That's the kind. Give me one of those and I'll sell him five times out of six—if I keep getting to him.

"And now," I said, "let's go and find the kid; because I've got to be going." And I got up and called to her, where she was out in the road, picking some more dog-fennel flowers for me.

"Come on, sister! Come on, girl!" I hollered out to her. "I've got to go home now."

And she came a-running—one of her crooked stockings down.

Was I coming again?

"Sure," I said. "Unless you come with me."

And her father got down and went to fastening her up.

"Where's your candy?" I said.

"It's over there," she said, pointing to where it was lying on the porch.

"Have you got it all eaten up?"

"No," her father said. "I made her stop."

"I believe you're fed up with candy. I don't believe you care for it the way you did the other," I said, remembering how she toted that first box round in her arms, all done up in a special paper.

"There is a difference too," I said to her father. "I guess you've noticed it."

"It's the boxes, I think," he said after a minute. "That's the only difference."

"The boxes!"

"That picture on the other one," he explained to me. "She liked the picture."

"I see," I said. "She thought it was pretty."

"It isn't that exactly," he answered me.

"What is it then?"

"She thought it looked like her mother," he said to me—over her head so as she couldn't hear it. "She always does. Those pretty kind of fancy pictures like that. She's been crazy about them ever since her mother died."

"Does it look like her?" I asked him.

"Well, no," he said. "But she had red hair."

"That's a damn strange thing, ain't it?" I said.

"I don't know. I suppose it's natural enough," he told me, and that look came back into his eyes—I was watching him—like he had when he spoke of her before. That look of a fat boy seeing ghosts.

"Look here," I said to the kid, turning to her. "Look here, old sunshine, would you like another box with a picture on it—like that first one?"

She was all over me, finishing up ruining my clothes. She acted just like a crazy pup that had been left alone, when you make friends with it—standing off first, then rushing in, all over you.

"All right then. I'll tell you what I'm going to do," I said: "Next time I'm going to bring you the biggest box of candy in the world—and the picture of the prettiest lady on it."

They stood there watching when I went away—he holding her up so as she could look, and she almost waving her arms out of her sleeves, screaming at me: "Come again! Come again, candy man!"

And he stopping again, and trying to straighten her out, and hold her clothes together.

"This thing is moving finely," I said to myself. "I'll sell him all right. I've got them feeding out of my hand. If I can only keep them so."

And I stepped into the telegraph office and sent a wire to Al, at the office:

Express at once five pound box of candy mixture chocolates and colored bonbons fancy box picture of red headed girl on cover last without fail

Coming home I thought about that funny look that came into his face when he talked about his wife. That's the way you've got to do if you sell them. You've got to notice them—every little thing. You've got to be watching all the time, studying human nature, or you miss your bet.

I went over to Aunt Martha's for Sunday night's supper. We were there alone together and I got the old woman talking. She'd talk her head off to me now.

"What was there about his wife?" I asked, taking a shot at it.

"What do you mean?" she said, looking up sharp. "What do you ask that for?"

"Wasn't there something?" I said. There was of course. I saw it right off—the way she acted.

"Who's been talking to you?" she said.

"Nobody," I answered her. "What was it? What'd she die of, in the first place?" I asked, taking another shot.

"She killed herself," she said, coming out with it finally.

"Killed herself!" I said. I saw I was getting it now. "What for?"

"She was crazy," she told me. "So everybody thinks."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Just sitting round the farm. She was a kind of up-and-coming, ambitious girl. He was kind of a slow, easy-going fellow without any push—that never got anywhere. They didn't get along together from the first. And finally she killed herself."

"I see," said I, sitting listening—now I'd got her going.

"She blamed him for it," she said. "She left a note saying so. He found it when he found her."

"Judas!" I said, getting it. "That's where he gets that look—that scared look from."

"Have you noticed that too?" she said to me. "I have. He's never been the same since, I believe—poor fellow. She was crazy probably. But I always thought he got the idea then, and he's carrying it round in his head since that maybe he did kill her, after all, keeping her out there on that lonely farm. These big fat fellows like that are terribly sensitive sometimes."

"You're quite a student of human nature, ain't you, Aunty?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know as I am," says she.

Then she told me all about it. And I put it away. I saw then it might come in useful somewhere.

The next day I left them alone, and the day after. I fixed up my old friend who was working for me in town, so he'd know his man was coming. And I tried to sell one or two more. But no luck. The town was dead.

The second morning a letter came from Al saying the candy'd started all right, with the red-headed girl's picture on the cover, after he'd chased all over Kansas City for it all day.

"What's the big idea?" he wanted to know. "I standing here fighting them off with both hands—and you wiring in for five-pound boxes of candy with red-headed girls on the cover for some country cuty with funny notions. It's time you cut out the women and got in some cash—if we're

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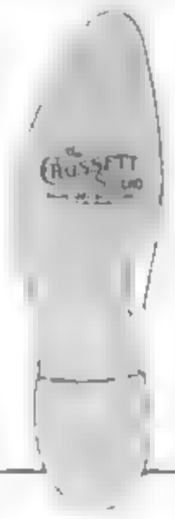

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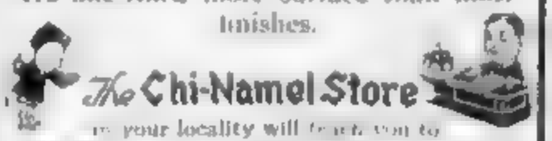

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going to last a week out. We're a sick woman ourselves."

He thought we were through, I could see that. He always did that then—when he gave up; he started joshing. He joshed along in the letter; but underneath the typewriting he'd written in by hand: "Three thousand this week—or flowers. Up to you!"

That was just it in a nutshell. Five days more, the first of the month—on Saturday—and that company was gone! And our wad with it!

I got right up and telephoned to find out if my man had been over to the old guy I'd referred him to.

"Yes," said this old duck on the wire. "He came in. I told him what I could."

"Do you think he'll buy?" I asked him.

"I guess he would if the property was his. But as it is he's hanging off."

"Hanging off? Why?"

"Well, he don't know as it's safe; he don't know as he's got the right to, with his child's money!"

"Child's money be damned!" I said. "It's just as safe whether it's hers or his, ain't it? And he's got the right, all right, to invest it as guardian."

"Yes," he said, "legally"

"You told him so, didn't you?" I asked him. And he said he did.

"What else did you tell him?"

"I told him all I could," he said. "I don't advise them, straight out—you know that."

"Yes, I know that, you soft-voiced old crook," I said to myself.

"If you want my idea," he said, "what he'll want to do after you talk to him is to talk to somebody else and get more advice"

"He will, huh? We'll see about that!" I said, hanging up the telephone. I knew I'd got to head that off—if I sold him.

"We'll see about that," I said to myself, and I called the express office right away and found my package was there

"I'll sell you," I said. "And I'll sell you to-night!"

For I saw now. It was up to me to get that three thousand dollars that night!

After supper I took my candy box and went out after it.

You know how it is—if you've ever sold anything. You've got to get them—all fixed for you, the best you can. But there comes a time when you've got to make the break. You've got to sell them. If you don't they're gone. That was me that night. It was now or never.

I struck it wrong in the first place. When I got out there in the early evening he was out doing the dishes in the kitchen, the kid helping him what she could, running round with some sort of a crazy apron he'd rigged up hanging off her. The coconut-headed servant was gone—without notice. And he was doing the housework—probably all tired out and ugly. It was lucky for me I had the kid with me. When she looked up and saw me coming she began yelling for me out the window—as usual: "Candy man! Candy man! Candy man!"

I had her trained, all right—like the rest of the women. You feed them and they're yours.

"What do you think of this, sister?" I said, opening up and showing her the big round box and the red-headed dame on the cover, with her hair down.

She didn't think. She was too far gone. She just looked, with her hands behind her. She was a funny sight, all right, with that old apron on her pinned on with safety pins. All crookeder than ever, now the servant was gone. She stood and looked. She didn't know there was so much candy in the world; nor he either for that matter. Five dollars for candy. One of those farmers! They'd drop dead first!

"Take it, sister," I said, "it's yours."

And she came over to get it.

"Don't touch it, Lotta," said the father; "not till your hands are clean." And he started washing them the best he could at the sink.

The fact was it made about as much impression on him as it did on her—just as I knew it would. So I got him and sat down and passed him out my cigars—as expensive as the candy. Just to show them—always—that money's no object!

We sat there, and the kid sat over on one side and poked her candy and ate a piece or two he picked out for her, and stared at the box with the red-headed woman on the cover and the blue ribbon round it. Not saying much this time. It was too much for her.

"You may be surprised to see me," I said to her father, "out here to-night. But I'm going away sooner than I expected. I'm going to-morrow. And I wanted to see the kid once more—and you!" I said, looking into his eyes.

But he wiggled away and talked off. I couldn't handle him—I saw that; not with her in the room. That was certain. I couldn't get his mind down to anything.

So I switched off and started talking to the kid and getting her up in my lap.

"What time does she go to bed?" I asked him over her head.

"It's past her bedtime now," he told me, and pretty soon he started her off. She put up quite a holler. She didn't want to go and leave her candy.

"Look," I said, "sister! Listen! I'm going to tell you something. You like your candy, don't you? In great big boxes? Well, your poppa and I are going to do something to-night that'll get you candy always—as long as you live. Understand? Would you like that?" I asked her, and got her bobbing her head up and down.

"Will you go then?"

"Can I take my box with me if I do?" she said, watching her father.

No. He wouldn't have it.

"Can't I, if I'm very careful?"

No, she'd get the box all dirty. She'd had enough anyhow.

And he left it on the dining-room table beside us and went into the next room with her. She was a bad loser. She went hard.

"Come on now," he said, "Lotta! No. If you speak about taking it again I'll whip you!"

She went with him finally, still making a fuss, looking back at me and the box over her shoulder, her eyes all lit up like a torchlight parade. She wasn't sleepy a little bit.

I could hear him undressing her in the next room. I sat there waiting.

"Now—by Judas," I said to myself, "now or never!"

I'd got him to myself—for once.

"Well," I said when he came back, "did you see your man I sent you to? What'd he say?"

"He spoke well of it," he said, moistening his lips. I could see right then I was going to have trouble. The way his eyes slipped away from mine—as if he was ashamed of something. He didn't want to do what I wanted him to do. And yet he didn't want to hurt my feelings. I went right along, not noticing him.

"That's good," I said, "I'm glad of it. For I've got my proposition ready for you. I've got you all fixed up."

He started backing right off. He didn't believe he could do it possibly.

"How do you know," I said, "until you hear it?"

He guessed he didn't.

"No," I said. "I guess you don't. Now here it is," I said, holding him still with my eyes. "In the first place," I said, "I found three thousand dollars of it I could lay aside for you."

That wouldn't do. That wouldn't do at all. It scared the life out of him just hearing the figures. If he put that much in and lost it they'd be ruined forever.

"What is it," I said—"do you think that the company's crooked, or I am?"

Neither one. Oh, no! He stammered and stepped all over himself, afraid of hurting my feelings again.

"You're satisfied about that, are you, all right?" I said to him. "Or ain't you?"

Oh, yes, yes, he was satisfied. He'd go in himself—only he couldn't do such a thing with the kid's money.

"That's what we're talking about, ain't it?" I said. "Trying to. I'm telling you what I'm going to do for her to make her safe."

That's the way you've got to do with that kind. Go right after them. They ain't telling you what they'll do. You're telling them.

"I'll tell you my part first," I said. "After that you can tell me what you want to do—if anything—for your kid.

"Now the first thing I'm going to do," I said, "is to knock off my commission on the sale. It ain't much," I said, "but it's something. It's ten per cent. And that'll let her have a little more. It will give her three thousand dollars' worth and a little more. And she ought to have that much, anyhow, to make it worth while. Enough to give her and you a good comfortable income."

He didn't want me to do that. He couldn't take that much stock anyway, and he wouldn't ask me to.

(Continued on Page 113)

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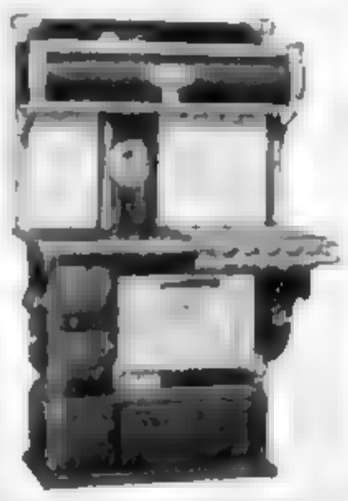

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(Continued from Page 110)

"But I want to do it," I said. "You've got to remember I'm not doing this for your benefit or for mine. I'm doing it for the kid."

Yes, he knew. But not so much. Not to-night; not till he saw somebody.

"Yes," I said, "to-night or never! I've got to go, finally. And these other people who want it have got to know to-morrow morning.

"Now wait a minute!" I said. "Shut up—and hear me!"

That's the way you've got to do—go right after them; handle them.

"Now then," I said, "we'll get down to the main idea—how to get the money and make you feel safe and comfortable," I said. "That's the first thing.

"What's the main trouble with the most of us," I said, "buying anything? It's getting the money to pay for it, ain't it? Now you say you haven't got it. All right. I'll engage to get it for you—at my bank.

"Just a minute now," I said. "Just a minute!" He tried to break loose again. "I'm going to show you the second thing now. Do you know what I'm going to do now—to get that money? Something I never did before in my life. I'm going to put my name right down beside where you put yours on the paper, representing the kid."

I had him wiggling now all right.

"You see what I'm doing?" I said to him. "I'm killing two birds with one stone. I'm getting you the money and I'm showing you where I stand on the proposition. Unless you think," I said to him, "that I'm crooked and I haven't got three thousand dollars—both!"

Oh, no, nothing like that! And he was much obliged to me. But ——

"Well, all right then," I said, not noticing him sputtering. "That's what I'm willing to do. A comparative stranger. Now what are you willing to do for your kid?"

That's the way you've got to do— shame them. Shame them into buying. I had him traveling circles.

"Now here it is," I said, whipping the paper out of my pocket, "with my name on it. And there," I said, pushing it toward him, "is where you put yours." And I moved up closer to him by the table alongside of his right arm.

"That's all there is. That's all there is to it," I said. "You sign your name as her guardian here. I'll do the rest. That's all you'll hear about it until your dividends start coming in. Now, then, what are you going to do?"

But he shied off right away, at the paper.

"What is this," he wanted to know—"a mortgage?"

"Mortgage, no!" I said. "Nothing but a common note, with my name down alongside of yours. Come on. Come on," I said, pointing. "Right here! What are you waiting for?"

But he wouldn't. He fought off and backed away. You know how they are if you've ever sold them anything. You can feel them coming or going—as if you had your hands on them.

I fought it out with him then. I'd almost get him. I dragged him up to it time after time. And he'd slip away. The sweat was pouring down off my face. By Judas! I thought I was going to lose him. I thought two or three times he was gone.

I had him trembling all over, teetering on the edge. But he wouldn't sign. The average salesman would have lost him, eased up. Just the wrong thing. I saw he'd got to have some more!

"You will, huh?" I said to myself, gritting my teeth. "Well, by Judas, we'll see about this!"

And I pulled that last thing on him—that thing that old Aunt Martha gave me about his wife. I drew back and I stuck it into him.

"I can't do that—I can't!" he kept saying in that foolish, weak voice. "I can't speculate with my little girl's property. It might ruin her—all her life."

I stopped stiff and looked at him.

"Speculate!" I said. "Ruin her! You make my neck sick. You're damn careful about your kid, ain't you? Speculate? No!" I said. "You'll put her into a sure thing."

What did I mean by that?

"I'm sick and tired of listening to you," I said. "Sure? It's sure, now, ain't it," I asked him—"what she's getting?"

What was she getting?

"Nothing!" I said to him. "No bringing up, no education, no enjoyment like other kids. Nothing, net! That's what she's getting. That's sure enough, ain't it?"

I had him swallowing like a drowning man. I kept right after him.

"That's sure," I went along. "But it's no surer than what'll happen to her the rest of her life, after she's brought up that way. Where'll she be twenty years from now," I said to him, "if she comes up like this? You know as well as I do. She'll be right here on this small farm or some other one just like it, lugging water, cooking, washing till her hands are boiled, and her hair hanging all over her face. Hung up here for the rest of her life.

"You know what it does to them here the women?" I said.

"No," he said, that scared look jumping up into his eyes all of a sudden.

"It kills them—if you want to know," I said; "half the time." I could see him scringe when I shoved it into him. "Kills them," I said, "if it don't drive them crazy."

I had him sitting there, paralyzed.

"Where do they all come from," I said to him, "anyhow?"

"Who?" he said, just moving his lips now.

"The ones in the insane asylum!"

He stopped talking entirely sat there staring with those scared fat boy's eyes.

"Farmers' wives," I said, "more than half of them. That's who it is. You know who does it, don't you?" I said, keeping right after him. "You know who's responsible? The careful boy—the one that never takes a chance; that never makes a dollar; and never takes a chance till it's too late.

"He's the kind boy, all right, to his family—to the women. He never gets drunk, or spends the money, or comes home and kicks his wife. You know what he does do, though—don't you?"

He didn't speak—just sat there seeing ghosts—with those little round eyes.

"Nothing much," I said, "but play the same old sure thing. Nothing but keep them between the kitchen and the pigpen, till they're so sick of life they want to quit it. Nothing much," I said, "but kill them!"

He gave a kind of a croak.

"What do you think of that kind?" I said. "Those sure ones—those careful ones that never do anything? Are they such good fellows to their women, or ain't they?"

"Here," he said, choking.

"Do you want to fix your little girl like that or don't you?"

"Here," he said, choking, "let me have it!" And he reached his hand for the paper.

"That's the stuff!" I said. "That's the man!"

And all at once I saw the water coming into his eyes. That's a sure sign. It never fails. When they do that you've got them!

I was right there, all ready for him. Up close beside his right arm.

"Here!" I said. "Here! Take this. Sign here!" And I had my fountain pen out—handing it to him.

"Come on. Come on. Come on," I said to myself, willing him to do it. The sweat ran right off my face. "Come on," I was saying under my breath, "sign! You've got to. I'm stronger than you are. Sign!"

And I shoved the pen into his hand.

He took it. He didn't know whether he was writing or playing the piano. I had him sold. All signed!

And just then I felt something soft touch my arm.

I didn't move. I didn't dare. I had him with his pen just teetering to sign. A feather would knock him either way. I didn't move—I just turned my eyes. And there she was—there was that kid again standing back of me, in an old half-buttoned nightgown, put on inside out.

"Sh-h," she said with her lips, making a sign to me with her finger.

I got it right off. She was out there, stealing out to get to her box of candy. And she thought I'd help her.

There's times like that when your mind acts without you. I had him doing what I told him to; right there under my will power—all worked up, all ready. But if any single thing happened then to break him loose—if he saw that kid especially down he went again, clear down back to the bottom, lost for that night—and forever. I knew it. I could feel it. It was that one second—or it was never.

I saw it all in that one turn of my eyeball; and when I saw it I knew just what I'd got

There were so many duties crowded upon W. L. Douglas while he was "bound out" pegging shoes that he did not have much opportunity to play. On one occasion when he had completed all his tasks and was told to "play awhile," he went out in the yard and dug a hole in the ground—his idea of play was to work at something.

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"What is it," I said—
"Do You Think That the Company's Crooked, or I Am?"

to do. Here I was like this: That box of candy sat there on the table just about as far as I could reach with my right arm. I sat there at his right hand, pushing the pen on him with my left one. I kept on just exactly as I was. But with the right hand I reached out and started and pushed the box of candy over to the kid.

I could tell by the way she stood up against me that she was waiting for it—standing still, keeping back out of sight.

"Here," I said again to the man. "Here. This is the place," and I reached over and almost pushed the pen on the paper. And all the time I was edging back the box of candy to the kid, keeping her occupied.

He wouldn't notice anything common—probably. He was too light in the head for that now. His hand was all over the lot. But just as I was getting the candy over toward her, on the edge, I hit a fold in the tablecloth with it. I jerked it, I suppose, too hard, and the box and all started off—on the floor! I saw what was coming now.

"No, no!" I said, talking up in his ear as loud as I could. "There! Sign it there!"

And when I said it I just grabbed the kid and put my hand over her mouth! I knew what would happen now, when she saw that going on the floor. She'd roar her head off. I could feel her starting when I grabbed her.

I caught her and held her up against me with my right elbow, squeezing her so she couldn't get away. And my left hand was on his right arm while he signed.

"That's it," I said. "That's right." His hand was shaking all over the paper. I thought he'd never get done signing it.

I held her still while her father was finishing it. Then I reached over with my one hand and blotted it and picked it up.

There it was finally. I had him signed up. I had him sold!

"Oh, you get them," he said. "You sell them—when you know how!"

His voice was sharp. There was a glint in his eye—of hate. The world-old hatred of the hunter for the hunted—never satisfied.

"What about the kid?" I said finally. "What happened—when you took your hand off her mouth?"

"I was going to tell you about that," he said. "You'll laugh your head off.

"I took my hand away right off, when he signed, and let her go. She didn't even yell at first. She couldn't. She was catching her breath.

"'What's this?' I said right away, turning round.

"There she stood—the box of candy all over the floor—that little old nightgown, inside out, hanging down sideways over one shoulder. Pifflicated! The most surprised kid you ever saw in your life.

"'Why, Lotta!' I said.

"And her father woke up, looking at her.

"'What's this?' he said after me, seeing the mess on the floor.

"'She must have come,' I said, explaining it, 'and pulled it down, reaching. I didn't hear her—did you?'

"No, he didn't hear her.

"All this time the kid just stood there, getting her breath back—looking at me and backing off.

"'What are you doing out here, anyhow?' he said to her, getting cross. 'Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you didn't leave that candy alone?'

"And just then she started yelling—catching her breath finally

"'Stop!' her father said. 'Stop!'

"He was getting raw—the way they do sometimes, just after you've sold them.

"'Don't, dear,' I said to her, grabbing her hand. 'Be a sport, sunshine. We'll pick it up for you.'

"But she pushed me away, slapping at me, and stood there crying, trying to talk.

"'He knocked it off!' she said. 'He knocked it off!'

"'Who? What?' I said. 'Me?'

"'He—he hurt me. He hurt me. That man!' she said, going toward her father and starting up crying again. But that didn't help her much either.

"'Lotta!' said her father. 'Lotta!' he said, yelling to make her hear him.

"'Yes—yes, sir,' she said, stopping.

"'That's enough. Now go to bed,' he said, 'unless you want papa to whip you. You're a bad, bad girl. It's bad enough,' he said, 'for you to come out and get your candy when papa told you not to. But it's worse to lie about it afterward. Now keep still,' he said, 'and go to bed or I'll whip you.'

"'Listen,' I said to him, from where I was, down picking up the candy—and I handed him the box. 'Why don't you let her take this with her—empty? She can't hurt it now.'

"So finally he let her have it, and turned her round and started her off to bed again. The last I saw of her she was going off with that little old crooked canton-flannel nightgown hanging off from one shoulder—trying with one hand to keep from stepping on it, hanging onto her candy box with the other—wondering just what had happened to her anyhow!

"Laugh? Honest, I never laughed so much in my life as when I got back with the three thousand and told Al Carson about it.

"'Talk about taking candy from a kid,' said Al. 'You give it to them. It's your regular stock in trade.'

"'But just the same, when I go out to sell them I sell them! You notice that!' I said to him.

"'You do, boy! That's right!' he said.

"And I do, if I do say so. It's knowing the game. It's knowing human nature, as I was telling you."

"How'd this kid come out," I said, "with her investment?"

"The war came on, that next year, didn't it?" he said, giving me his sudden stare. "The land's there," he went on, "and it's good land—when they'll let you get to it."

And he cursed the Mexicans.

"We ought to know," he said; "Al and me. It bust us. We're the chief mourners. We might have made a fortune out of that thing."

He stopped—staring off again—his mind and nerves on the lookout now for something new. He took out a cigar from his vest pocket and tore off one side from it, chewing it.

"There's only one in a hundred of those things," he remarked gloomily, "you ever make your big clean-up on. But when it comes once it's a wonder."

All at once he sat up straight and waved his hand to someone at the hotel desk—a tall stiff man in black.

"There's a fellow now," he said, "that's made one killing anyhow."

"Who's that?"

"Christian George. I'll tell you about him sometime," he said, and got up.

"I guess I'll go over and see him," he said. "We've got a game of poker on tonight."

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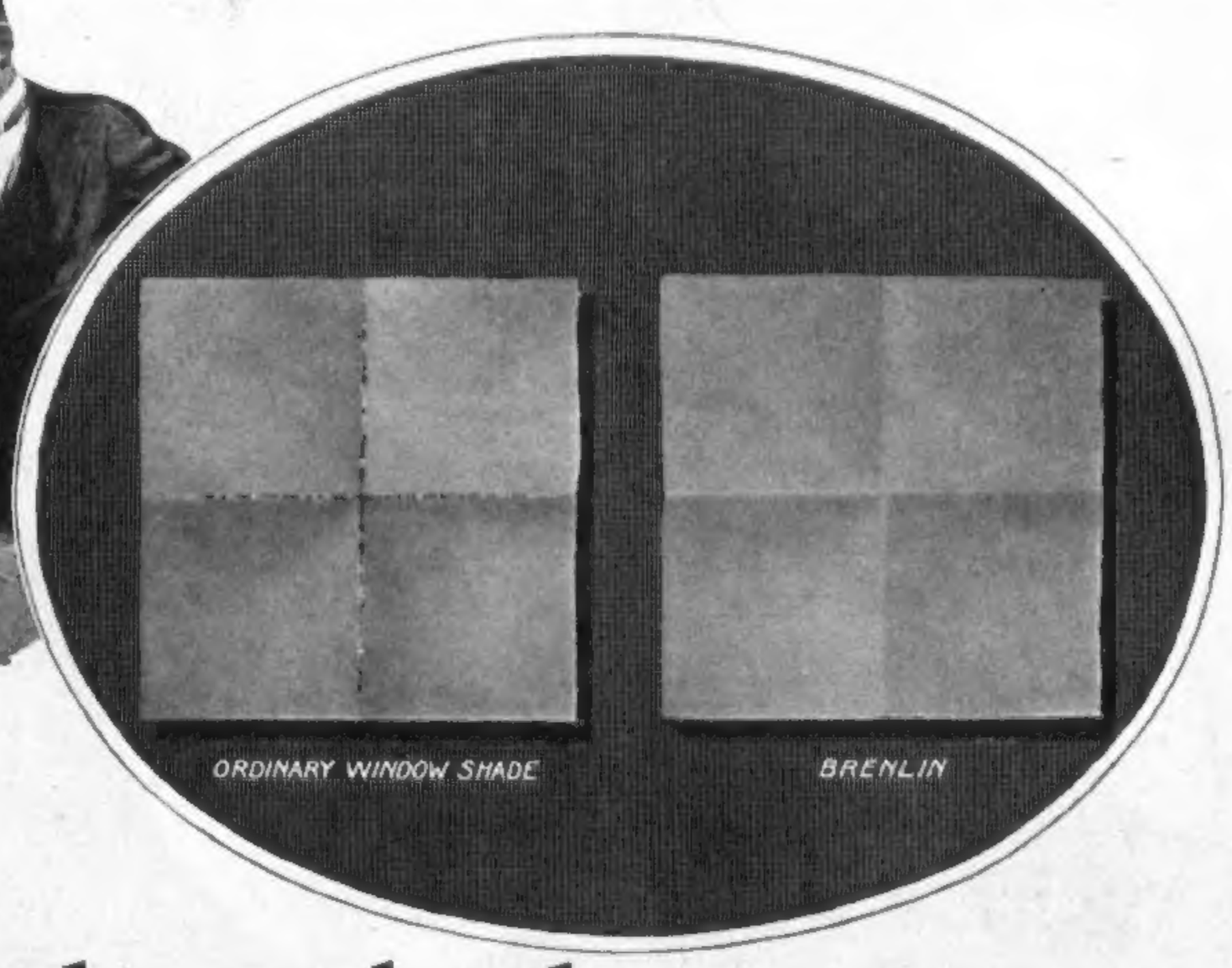

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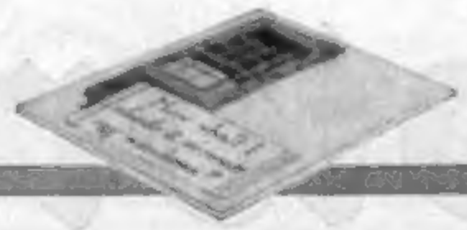

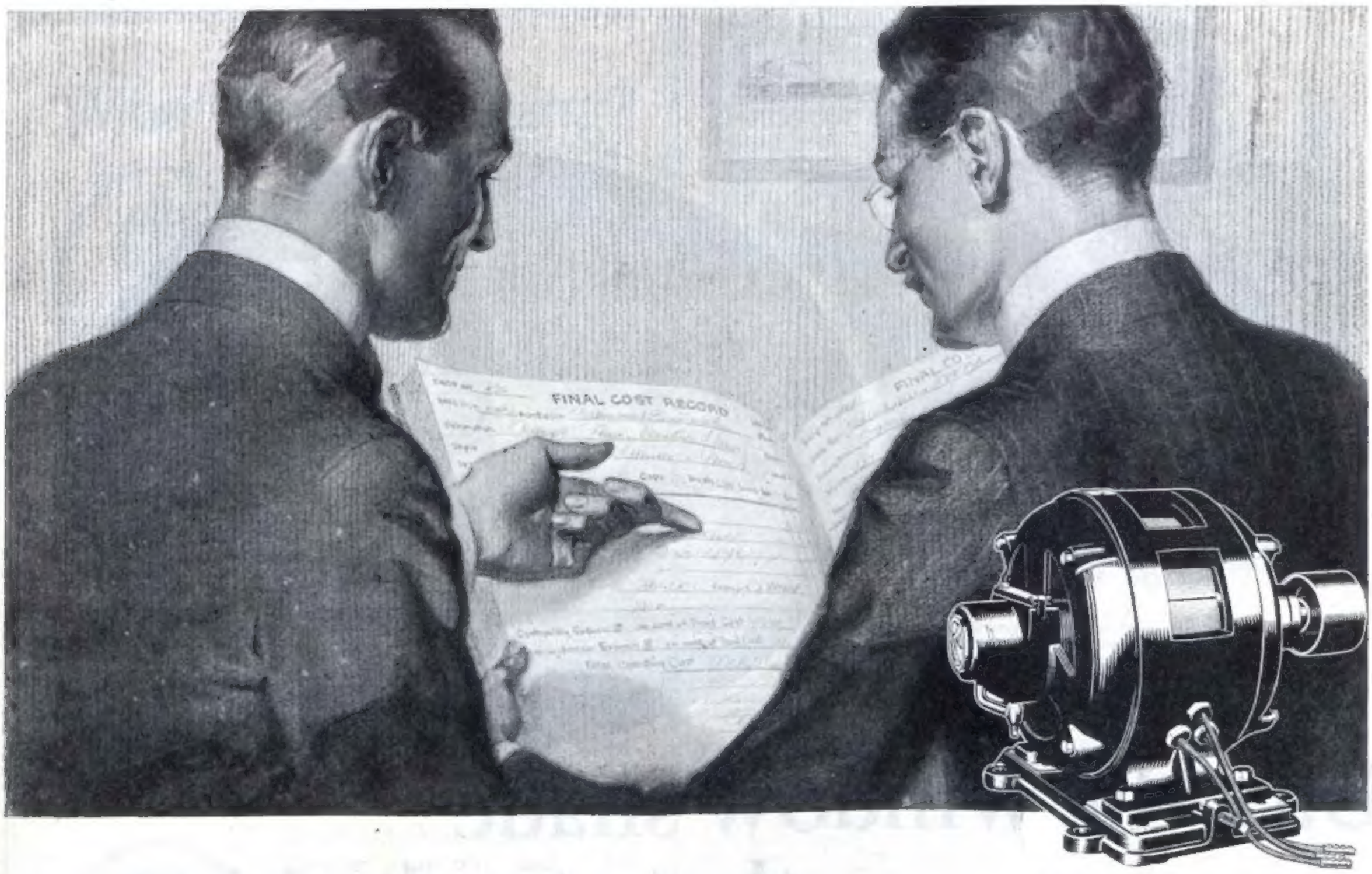

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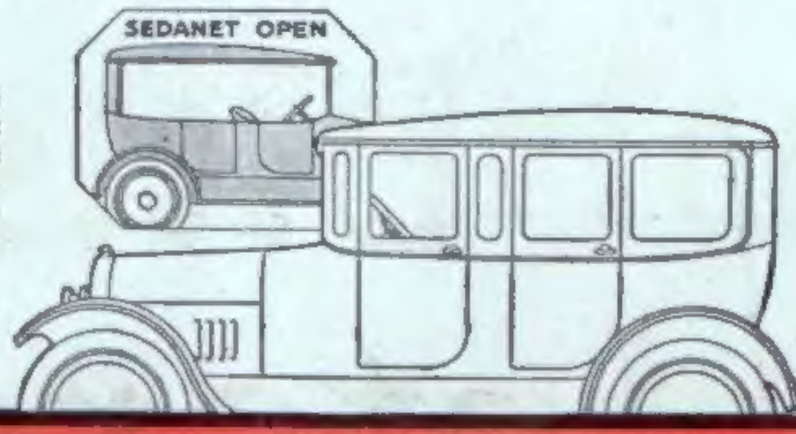

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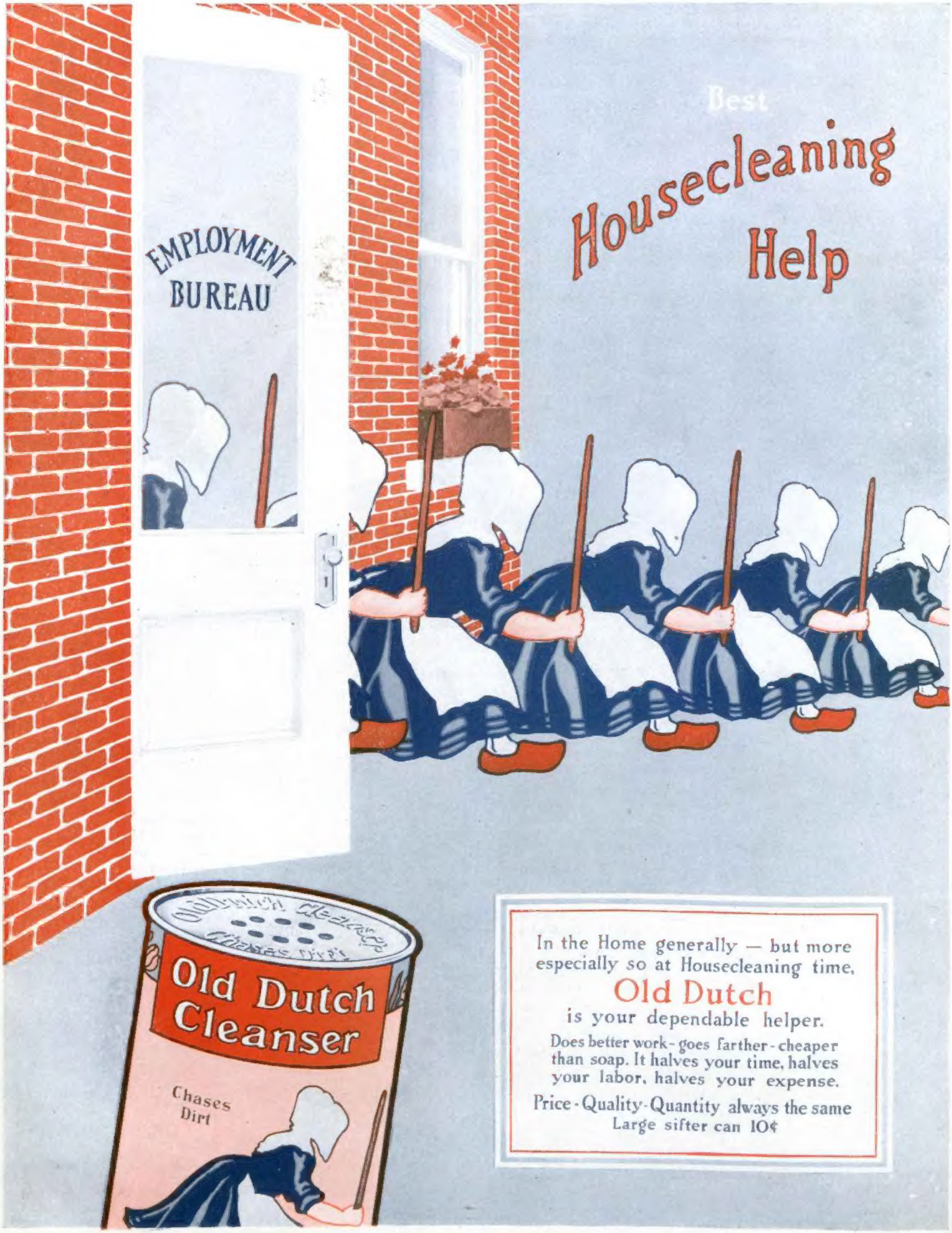
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